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CONSUMERS' GUIDE TO THE '70s — PUNK

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending October 29, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	**YOU'RE IN MY HEART**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)	3	1
2	(1)	**YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE**	Baccara (RCA)	5	1
3	(2)	**BLACK IS BLACK**	La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	7	2
4	(3)	**SILVER LADY**	David Soul (Private Stock)	9	1
5	(18)	**NAME OF THE GAME**	Abba (CBS)	2	5
6	(24)	**HOLIDAY IN THE SUN**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	6
7	(10)	**ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	7
8	(6)	**STAR WARS THEME**	Meco (RCA)	4	6
9	(7)	**NO MORE HEROES**	Stranglers (United Artists)	5	6
10	(9)	**BLACK BETTY**	Ram Jam (Epic)	7	9
11	(5)	**I REMEMBER ELVIS PRESLEY**	Danny Mirror (Sonet)	6	3
12	(8)	**BEST OF MY LOVE**	Emotions (CBS)	7	6
13	(17)	**CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT**	Carpenters (A & M)	3	13
14	(—)	**VIRGINIA PLAIN**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	14
15	(—)	**WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS**	Queen (EMI)	1	15
16	(16)	**FROM HERE TO ETERNITY**	Giorgio (Oasis)	5	13
17	(29)	**NEEDLES & PINS**	Smokie (Rak)	2	17
18	(12)	**WAY DOWN**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	10	1
19	(28)	**2 4 6 8 MOTORWAY**	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	2	19
20	(11)	**FROM NEW YORK TO L.A.**	Patsy Gallant (EMI)	7	9
21	(14)	**WONDROUS STORIES**	Yes (Atlantic)	6	8
22	(19)	**LOVE HURTS**	Nazareth (Mountain)	2	19
23	(15)	**I REMEMEMBER YESTERDAY**	Donna Summer (GTO)	5	12
24	(13)	**HEROES**	David Bowie (RCA)	3	13
25	(—)	**NEW LIVE & RARE**	Deep Purple (Purple)	1	25
26	(—)	**I BELIEVE YOU**	Dorothy Moore (Epic)	1	26
27	(25)	**GREATEST LOVE OF ALL**	George Benson (Arista)	4	25
28	(27)	**ANGEL OF THE MORNING/ANYWAY YOU WANT ME**	Mary Mason (Epic)	2	27
29	(22)	**THUNDER IN MY HEART**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	7	18
30	(—)	**WATER MARGIN**	Pete Mac Junior/Godiego (BBC)	1	30

ALBUMS

Week ending October 29, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist (Label)	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	8	1
2	(2)	**NO MORE HEROES**	Stranglers (United Artists)	5	2
3	(14)	**40 GOLDEN GREATS**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	3
4	(8)	**HOME ON THE RANGE**	Slim Whitman (United Artists)	4	4
5	(4)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	36	3
6	(11)	**LOVE YOU LIVE**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	5	6
7	(3)	**OXYGENE**	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	11	1
7	(5)	**MOODY BLUE**	Elvis Presley (RCA)	10	1
9	(10)	**A STAR IS BORN**	Soundtrack (CBS)	29	1
10	(6)	**PASSAGE**	Carpenters (A&M)	4	6
11	(6)	**GOING FOR THE ONE**	Yes (WEA)	15	1
12	(8)	**BAD REPUTATION**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	6	7
13	(—)	**HEROES**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	13
14	(12)	**PLAYING TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE**	David Soul (Private Stock)	6	9
14	(17)	**I REMEMBER YESTERDAY**	Donna Summer (GTO)	18	2
16	(19)	**THUNDER IN MY HEART**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	3	16
17	(18)	**TWO DAYS AWAY**	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	4	17
18	(22)	**GREATEST HITS VOL 2**	Elton John (DJM)	2	18
19	(15)	**SHOW SOME EMOTION**	Joan Armatrading (A & M))	6	12
20	(—)	**SOUL CITY**	Various (K-Tel)	1	20
21	(15)	**MAGIC FLY**	Space (Pye)	8	5
22	(24)	**SECONDS OUT**	Genesis (Charisma)	2	22
23	(13)	**AJA**	Steely Dan (Anchor)	5	11
24	(—)	**COUNTRY BOY**	Don Williams (ABC)	1	24
25	(24)	**20 ALL TIME GREATS**	Connie Francis (Polydor)	16	2
26	(—)	**JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION**	(CBS)	17	1
27	(21)	**HOTEL CALIFORNIA**	Eagles (Asylum)	44	1
28	(23)	**ABBA'S GREATEST HITS**	Abba (Epic)	70	1
29	(20)	**IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS**	Stranglers (United Artists)	24	4
30	(27)	**BEST OF ROD STEWART**	(Mercury)	15	14

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending October 29, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	**YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE**	Debby Boone
2	(2)	**NOBODY DOES IT BETTER**	Carly Simon
3	(3)	**STAR WARS THEME**	Meco
4	(6)	**BOOGIE NIGHTS**	Heatwave
5	(4)	**THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL**	Shaun Cassidy
6	(7)	**I FEEL LOVE**	Donna Summer
7	(9)	**BRICK HOUSE**	Commodores
8	(5)	**KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE**	K. C. & The Sunshine Band
9	(10)	**DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE**	Crystal Gayle
10	(8)	**SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC**	Johnny Rivers
11	(12)	**IT WAS ALMOST LIKE A SONG**	Ronnie Milsap
12	(14)	**HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR**	Paul Nicholas
13	(16)	**JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU**	Firefall
14	(17)	**IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY DOWN NEXT TO ME**	Barry White
15	(15)	**SHE DID IT**	Eric Carmen
16	(19)	**BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE**	Chicago
17	(18)	**COLD AS ICE**	Foreigner
18	(20)	**WE'RE ALL ALONE**	Rita Coolidge
19	(21)	**HELP IS ON THE WAY**	Little River Band
20	(11)	**ON AND ON**	Stephen Bishop
21	(24)	**WE JUST DISAGREE**	Dave Mason
22	(27)	**HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE**	Bee Gees
23	(26)	**BLUE BAYOU**	Linda Ronstadt
24	(13)	**SIGNED, SEALED, DELIVERED**	Peter Frampton
25	(25)	**THE KING IS GONE**	Ronnie McDowell
26	(22)	**STRAWBERRY LETTER 23**	Brothers Johnson
27	(23)	**DON'T WORRY BABY**	B. J. Thomas
28	(—)	**SEND IN THE CLOWNS**	Judy Collins
29	(—)	**DAYBREAK**	Barry Manilow
30	(—)	**ISN'T IT TIME**	The Babys

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending October 29, 1977

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	**SIMPLE DREAMS**	Linda Rondstadt
3	(4)	**FOREIGNER**	Foreigner
4	(5)	**SHAUN CASSIDY**	Shaun Cassidy
5	(6)	**LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE**	Doobie Brothers
6	(8)	**CHICAGO XI**	Chicago
7	(3)	**STAR WARS**	Soundtrack
8	(10)	**LOVE YOU LIVE**	The Rolling Stones
9	(7)	**MOODY BLUE**	Elvis Presley
10	(9)	**CAT SCRATCH FEVER**	Ted Nugent
11	(11)	**COMMODORES**	Commodores
12	(28)	**AJA**	Steely Dan
13	(13)	**STAR WARS AND OTHER GALACTIC FUNK**	Meco
14	(14)	**I, ROBOT**	The Alan Parsons Project
15	(16)	**ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE**	Rita Coolidge
16	(18)	**BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE**	Barry White
17	(17)	**BOOK OF DREAMS**	Steve Miller Band
18	(19)	**FOGHAT LIVE**	Foghat
19	(21)	**TOO HOT TO HANDLE**	Heatwave
20	(26)	**IN FULL BLOOM**	Rose Royce
21	(22)	**CSN**	Crosby, Stills & Nash
22	(12)	**JT**	James Taylor
23	(23)	**BEAUTY ON A BACK STREET**	Hall & Oates
24	(15)	**LITTLE QUEEN**	Heart
25	(20)	**HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE**	Bee Gees
26	(25)	**I'M IN YOU**	Peter Frampton
27	(30)	**BRICK**	Brick
28	(27)	**REJOICE**	Emotions
29	(29)	**CARELESS**	Stephen Bishop
30	(—)	**IN CITY DREAMS**	Robin Trower

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

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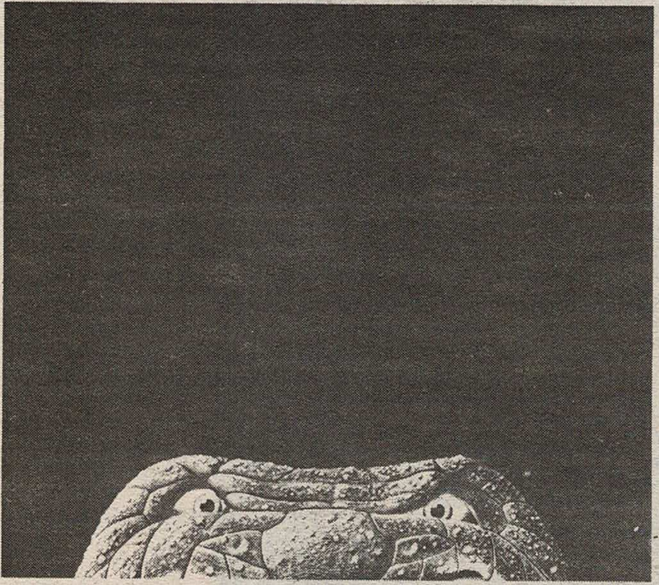


NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

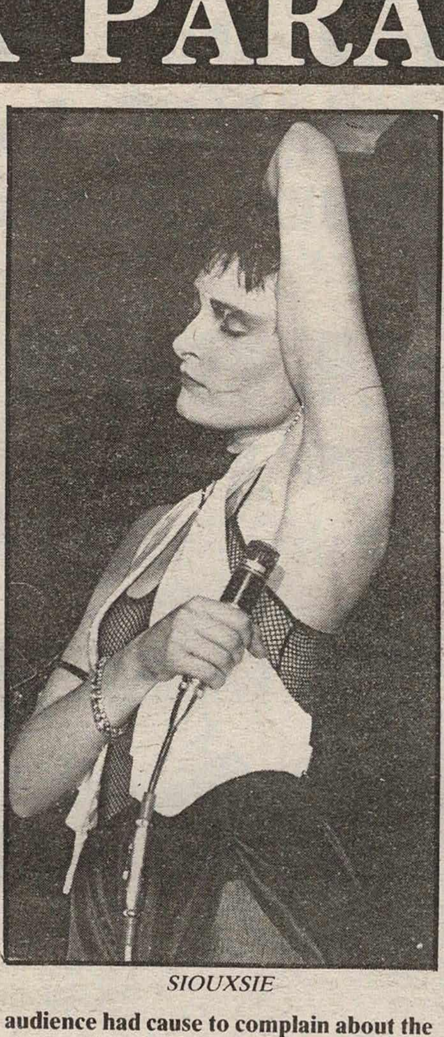
PUNK PARANOIA!

The Clash: first date called off

THE CLASH found themselves in the centre of another controversy last Thursday, when the first night of their major British tour itinerary — at Belfast's Northern Ireland Polytechnic — had to be called off. It seems that a letter, indemnifying the band against all liabilities and providing full insurance cover, did not arrive at the venue in time.

The Polytechnic said The Clash were welcome to play but that, if they did so, they would be responsible for any damage or injuries that occurred — a risk they were not willing to take, particularly in Belfast. All tickets had been sold, and hundreds of people — who were milling about outside the venue — vented their spite on The Clash when they heard the gig was off, with scenes approaching near-riot proportions.

The band contacted two other Belfast venues, in the hope of switching the show at short notice, but neither was prepared to accept them. Commented a spokesman: "Apparently they had nothing against punk in general — but for some reason, they objected to The Clash. It appears that many venues are now lumping the band in the same category as the Sex Pistols, and it's hard to understand why." The tour eventually got under way in Dublin on Friday.


SIOUXSIE

Siouxsie is nicked at London gig

JOHNNY THUNDERS and the Heartbreakers' major London gig at the Rainbow last Thursday was marred by heavy-handed officials, both during and after the gig. The band's set went smoothly enough, though members of the audience had cause to complain about the over-zealous attitude of the security men.

But after the show, three members of other bands — Siouxsie and drummer Kenny Morris (both of the Banshees) and Pablo LaBritain (999 drummer) — were arrested, detained overnight at Holloway Road Police Station, and subsequently fined for obstruction.

The Banshees had earlier supported the Heartbreakers at the Rainbow, and eye-witness reports suggest that — after the incident leading to the arrests — they were treated very brusquely by the police. It's alleged that Siouxsie was made to walk barefoot down the street in the rain, and Morris had his head banged against the side of a police van. After a night in the cells, the three musicians were each fined £20 — and as LaBritain did not have the money with him, he was further detained until the fine was paid.

Pistols in copyright wrangle

AS THE RESULT of legal action by the Belgian Travel Service, 60,000 picture bags intended for the Sex Pistols' single "Holidays In The Sun" were removed from Virgin Records' offices last Thursday. It was alleged that the art-work infringed the copyright of the BST's summer holiday brochure.

Meanwhile the Pistols' debut album is being rushed out this Friday (28), a week earlier than originally planned, to ensure availability at the same time as imported copies. Unlike the imports, it will contain not only the 11 tracks listed last week, but an additional song called "Submission".

As the LP was already in production when this was decided, a small quantity of the initial 200,000 pressings will include "Submission" as a one-sided single. Plans for an alternative Pistols album have now been dropped — which means that sole elpee will not be stocked by some multiple stores, due to its controversial title and the inclusion of "God Save The Queen".

Buzzcocks are banned by Wigan!

THE BUZZCOCKS, who were forced to delay the opening of their British tour when they sacked bassist Garth at short notice, have run into problems with one of their venues — even before the revised opening date of the tour next Tuesday (1). They have been banned from playing Wigan Casino on November 17, following the intervention of the local police.

And the venue has been forced to cancel its Thursday punk night series, because the police will not allow them to hold punk shows of any description. It's ironic that earlier this year the Wigan Council launched a massive publicity campaign to attract visitors to the town!

AND NOW FOR THE GOOD NEWS . . .

THE STRANGLERS, whose two gigs scheduled for Dublin National Stadium on November 12 and 14 were cancelled after pressure from the local council, have re-scheduled the concerts for Dublin Trinity College on November 11 and 12. The snag is that the hall holds only 550 and, as ticket prices are being pegged at £1.80, the band will lose money as a result of the switch. Nevertheless they are determined to play the dates "as a gesture".

SHAM 69 are to appear in a TV schools programme for the Inner London Education Authority! They contribute two numbers to a documentary about new-wave in the "Confessions Of A Music Lover" series. The programme, to be screened on closed circuit to schools and colleges, also includes an interview with Mark P.

Latest dates for Sham 69 are London Enfield Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Crawley Technical College (Friday), Harrogate P.G.'s Club (November 2), Leeds 'F' Club (3), Liverpool Eric's (4), Manchester Rafters (10), Scarborough Penthouse (11), Derby Bishop Lonsdale College (18) and Guildford Technical College (19).

PENETRATION, the fast-rising Teesside punk band, are on tour throughout November and December to promote their first single "Don't Dictate" — issued by Virgin on November 11. Dates so far confirmed are London Ealing Technical College (November 10), Newcastle Eustace Percy Hall (12), Canterbury Kent University (14), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (15), Swindon Affair (16), London Wardour St. Vortex (22), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (23), Huddersfield Polytechnic (25), London Kensington Nashville (December 4), Manchester Rafters (8), Chislehurst Caves (9), London Pentonville Bell (10), Uxbridge Technical College (15) and Plymouth Top Rank (20). More are being finalised.

KEN HENSLEY (left) and JOHN LAWTON

Heep tour

URIAH HEEP set out on their annual autumn concert trek in a month's time, playing a dozen leading venues around the country, including a major London show at Hammersmith.

Their dates are Manchester Palace (November 20), Edinburgh Usher Hall (21), Glasgow Apollo (22), Liverpool Empire (23), Birmingham Odeon (24), Southampton Gaumont (25), Bristol Hippodrome (27), Newcastle City Hall (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (December 1), London Hammersmith Odeon (2), Ipswich Gaumont (3) and Brighton Dome (5).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50 — except at Hammersmith where they are £3, £2.50 and £2. All shows start at 7.30 pm, and the tour is promoted by Neil Warnock of the Bron Agency in association with Kennedy Street.

The band, whose new single "Free Me" was issued last weekend, have their latest album "Innocent Victim" released by Bronze on November 4.

A Moscow newspaper last week published Russia's first-ever Top Ten. It included an early Heep track "July Morning" at No. 7.

Rod and Mac: Wembley '78

ROD STEWART revealed to the NME at the weekend that he will be headlining a major open-air concert at the giant Wembley Stadium early next summer, probably at the beginning of July.

This will be part of his football stadium tour, originally forecast by NME back in August, which is now confirmed to take in six leading soccer grounds around the country.

Fleetwood Mac are expected to appear in the Wembley show as special guests. Stewart said that Mac are very interested in the venture, and this was confirmed by the band's Stevie Nicks who attended Rod's party in New York last Friday. A third act will be added to the bill, and Stewart has asked his management to check out Graham Parker and the Rumour's availability. It's not yet clear if Mac would also guest in the other five soccer stadia gigs.

Said Stewart: "I'm going to Argentina to see Scotland play in the World Cup, and I'll be doing Wembley, soon after. It'll be a different class gig, and I think it'll work. I played Olympia last year, so Wembley's the next logical move, and we'll be laying on special buses and trains for the show. I'm not yet sure which other grounds I'll be playing — though three of them will be in Manchester, Dublin and Glasgow. We'll also be touring Europe and recording at new studios in Paris."

CRASH WIPES OUT SKYNYRD

RONNIE VAN ZANT

AT 9.02 pm LOCAL TIME on Thursday, October 20, in remote woodland in southwest Mississippi, Lynyrd Skynyrd ceased to exist. The whole band were involved in an air crash, killing three of their members and critically injuring another three, so adding to the string of recent tragedies.

The band's lead singer Ronnie Van Zant died, along with their newest recruit guitarist Steve Gaines (who joined last year) and his sister Cassie Gaines, one of the three backing vocalists. Also killed were personal manager Dean Kilpatrick and the two pilots, while two of the road crew died subsequently in hospital.

Gary Rossington (guitar), Leon Wilkeson (bass) and Billy Powell (keyboards) were seriously injured and, on Monday, were still on the critical list. Guitarist Allen Collins and drummer Artimus Pyle were also injured, as well as the other backing singers, but they are said to be recovering.

The plane was on charter to Skynyrd, and was carrying the full band and their road and lighting crew. First reports suggest that it ran out of fuel, and clipped some trees as the pilot tried to crash land.

The band's latest album, with the unfortunate title of "Street Survivors", was officially released here by MCA the day after the crash. And because of this, MCA have no immediate plans for a memorial or compilation album. In America, the LP went Gold on the day of release.

Skynyrd had just started a massive four-month tour of the States to promote the album. It opened on October 15 and was due to run until mid-February, and they were on their way to a concert on Friday (21) at Louisiana University in Baton Rouge when the disaster occurred. Their British promoter Harvey Goldsmith had just returned from America, after signing them for a major British tour in March.

STEVE GAINES

They were discovered by Al Kooper, and made their name as support on The Who's 1973 U.S. tour. They first toured Britain as support to Golden Earring, and were so successful that they finished by headlining their own Rainbow concert. They have since continued to grow in stature, touring here several times — and in the last NME Poll, were voted one of the world's Top Ten rock bands.

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Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50
Elvis Presley/NOI 57-63	£1.95
Pink Floyd/Animals	£3.50
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95
It's Easy To Play Country & Western	£1.95
It's Easy To Play Rock / Roll	£1.95
It's Easy To Play Folk	£1.95
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Status Quo 42 songs	£2.00
Eagles & Desperado	£4.95
Janis Ian/Aftertones	£3.95
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Yes/Complete Vol 2	£4.50
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Rory Gallagher/15 Best Songs	£3.50
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Queen/Day At The Races	£2.75
Queen/19 Songs	£2.25
Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.50
Queen/A Night At The Opera	£3.95
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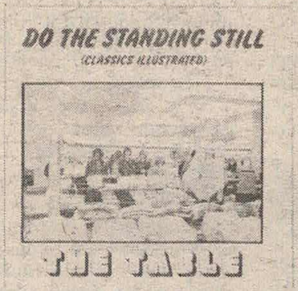

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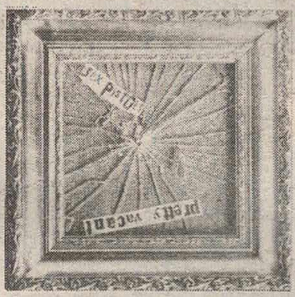

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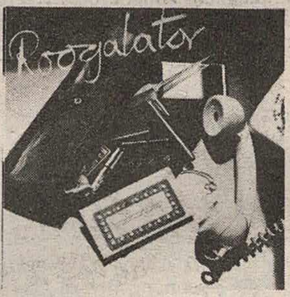

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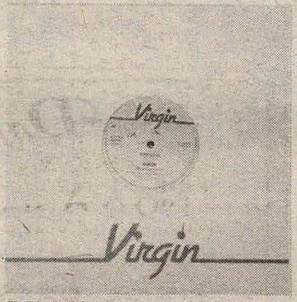

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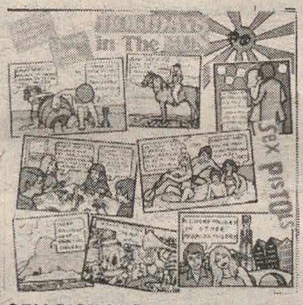

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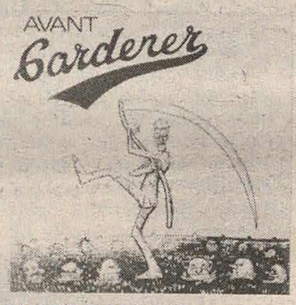

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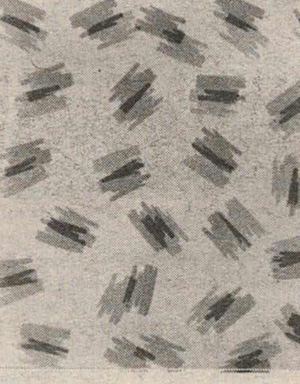

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WHAT A BARGAIN

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In Brief

WISHBONE ASH play a surprise gig at London Marquee Club this Saturday (29), prior to their major concert next Monday at Wembley Empire Pool. They say they are doing the Marquee date "for the hell of it". Tickets are £1.50.

HORSLIPS have added four more dates to their previously-reported British tour — at Sheffield Polytechnic (November 16), Leeds University (17), Redcar Coatham Bowl (20) and Keele University (23).

JOAN ARMATRADING has added a fifth concert at London Hammersmith Odeon to her current tour itinerary. The first four on November 3 and 4 (two each night) have now sold out, so a single show on November 5 has been slotted in. Ticket prices are from £1 to £3.50.

LONDON's New Victoria Theatre which closed in the summer, when the company running it went into liquidation, is expected to re-open shortly. The owners, the Rank Organisation, say negotiations are nearing completion for another company to take it over as a concert venue.

FABULOUS POODLES have November gigs at Wolverhampton Lafayette (4), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (5), St. Albans City Hall (8), Manchester University (9), Huddersfield Polytechnic (10), Durham University (16), London Strand King's College (18), Northampton County Ground (19) and Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (27).

THE PIRATES continue their "Out Of Their Skulls" tour with November dates at Bournemouth Town Hall (3), London Hackney Spooky Lady (5), Birmingham Polytechnic (11), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (12), London Kensington Nashville (17 and 18), London Islington Hope & Anchor (23), Liverpool Polytechnic (25) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (27).

MUD, whose November dates have already been announced, have now set their first four December gigs — at Coventry Warwick University (1), Sheffield University (2), Bradford University (3) and Exeter University (5). Another 12 concerts are still being finalised for that month.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION have added Redcar Coatham Bowl (November 26) to their late autumn concert itinerary. They appear in Manchester the following night, but the venue has still to be advised.

FLYING ACES have extra gigs at Cymmer Pioneer Club (November 3), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (12), Accrington Lakeland Lounge (20), Warrington Lion Hotel (21), Leeds Fforde Green (22), Manchester University (23), Dundee Technical College (25), Glasgow University (26) and Nottingham Katie's (27).

"BLACK JOY" — the film featuring contributions by Aretha Franklin, the O'Jays, Gladys Knight, Detroit Spinners, Three Degrees and Harold Melvin — is due for release next month. A soundtrack album is being issued by Ronco, while a single — Bill Fredericks singing "Love With You" — comes out on Polydor on November 4.

DAEVID ALLEN and Planet Gong have added three more dates to their debut British tour itinerary, reported two weeks ago. They are Bolton Albert Hall (November 8), Huddersfield Polytechnic (12) and Sheffield Polytechnic (14).

RICHARD HELL and the Voidoids play two London dates in their own right, immediately they finish their current tour as support to The Clash. They are at London Camden Music Machine on November 14 and 15.

THE RINGS are being lined up for an extensive tour starting early in the New Year. But prior to this, three of the band's members — Twink, Kid Rogers and Peter 'Fingers' Falkner — will be playing a new series of autumn club gigs under the name of The Diamonds, to limber up for the main tour.

SOME TICKETS are still available for the last two nights, this Friday and Saturday, of the week-long season by Yes at Wembley Empire Pool. And a limited number of tickets will be on sale at the Wembley box-office, on each of the nights in questions, for concerts there next week by Wishbone Ash (Monday), Supertramp (Tuesday and Wednesday) and Elton John (Thursday).

BOBBY ALESSI

Alessi return for nine dates

ALESSI return to Britain next month, following the chart success of their "Oh Lori" single, to headline a nine-venue tour. The twins' new album "All For A Reason" will be issued by A&M to coincide with their visit, with the title track released as a single this weekend. Their dates are:

Liverpool Empire (November 21), Glasgow Apollo (22), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (23), Sheffield City Hall (26), Bristol Colston Hall (27), London Rainbow (28), Newcastle City Hall (29), Hull City Hall (30) and Birmingham Hippodrome (December 1).

Billy and Bobby Alessi made their U.K. debut in the summer with a one-off concert at London New Victoria, the last before the venue closed. They are bringing over their own five-piece band comprising Carlos Rodriguez (congas), Jimmy Rippetoe (guitar), Bob Riley (drums), Dana Krol (vocals) and Adam Ippelito (keyboards) — with Billy on vocals and piano, and Bobby on guitar.

CLOVER GUESTING

AMERICAN BAND Clover have been booked as guest act on the upcoming British tour by Graham Parker and the Rumour, starting November 8, and on their subsequent European tour in December. Clover's new album "Love On The Wire" is released on November 4, preceded this weekend by a single taken from it titled "Oh Senorita". Parker, last week named Most Promising New Male Artist in the televised Britannia Awards ceremony, also has a new single out tomorrow (Friday) — "New York Shuffle".

- Radiators From Space will be the support act on the upcoming British tour by Thin Lizzy, whose Phil Lynott gave three reasons for choosing this particular band . . . (1) they are Irish like Lizzy, (2) he was impressed by them when they played the Dublin Dallymount Festival, and (3) they are a young new-wave band who deserve a break.
- Viola Wills, former lead singer with Joe Cocker's three-girl Sanctified Sisters group, is the support act in Smokey Robinson's concerts starting this weekend. Her new single "Let's Love Now", self-penned and self-produced, is released by Arista to tie in with the dates.
- The Rage, the band launched by former Chelsea and Generation X drummer John Towe, support The Adverts on most of their tour dates reported last week. And throughout December and January, they play selected London gigs in their own right.
- Ayshea supports Demis Roussos in his British Concert tour, opening next Monday.

LOUGH BOYS' TREK

BOYS OF THE LOUGH, whose sixth Transatlantic album "Good Friends, Good Music" is issued this weekend, begin a British tour next month. Venues for concerts in Liverpool (December 9), Manchester (10) and London (11) are still being finalised, but dates already confirmed are:

York University (November 19), **Darlington** Civic Hall (23), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (24), **Nottingham** University (25), **Colchester** Essex University (26), **Newark** Palace (29), **Aberdeen** Music Hall (30), **Inverness** Eden Court Theatre (December 1), **Glasgow** Theatre Royal (2), **Edinburgh** Usher Hall (3) and **Motherwell** Civic Theatre (5).

In the New Year, the group begin an Irish tour on January 18, followed by a visit to Australia in February. And they are set for their 15th American tour in March and April.

SLEAK!: U.S., FILM

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias, whose highly successful snuff-rock musical "Sleak!" ends its London season this Saturday, are planning a limited number of performances of the show in other parts of Britain. Negotiations are under way for it to open in New York, and the band's management are considering several offers for a film version of "Sleak!" Meanwhile the Albertos have already started work on brand new stage production — with a view to opening in the late spring — which they say "will make 'Sleak!' look like a pussycat!"

Beach Boys break-up?

REPORTS FROM América, already reported by some U.S. music papers, suggest that all is not well in the Beach Boys camp — and they hint at the possibility of the group breaking up. It's implied that internal unrest has been aggravated by Mike Love's lengthy absences, Brian Wilson's erratic behaviour, and differing opinions over their cancelled British tour.

It's understood that, although the group recently signed to CBS, they still owe WEA one album under their previous contract — which, it is alleged, WEA do not want to accept. Additionally, several members are now keen to concentrate on recording solo albums. According to the U.S. reports, there is a very real prospect either of a permanent split, or a long sabbatical with the Beach Boys eventually re-emerging in a new guise.

Asbury Jukes for mini-tour

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and the Astbury Jukes, who were last in Britain for a one-off appearance at the Crystal Palace Garden Party in September, return here late next month to headline four major concerts. Their visit comes at the tail end of a European tour opening in a fortnight's time, and it takes in Leeds University (November 23), London Hammersmith Odeon (24), Cardiff University (25) and Glasgow Stratchclyde University (26). The band then fly back to the States to record their third album.

HATCHER ON ROAD

GEORGE HATCHER BAND go on the road this weekend for their first tour since their July line-up changes, when three new members joined the outfit. They spend most of December and January rehearsing and recording a new album but, prior to that, they play:

Birmingham Barbarella's (this Friday and Saturday), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (October 31), **Stoke** North Staffs Polytechnic (November 4), **Dudley** J.B.'s (5), **London** Marquee (8), **London Stratford** North-East Polytechnic (11), **Kingston** Polytechnic (12), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (18), **Manchester** University (19), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (23), **Scunthorpe** Baths Hall (24), **Aberdeen** University (25), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (26), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (28), **Dundee** Harry's Disco (29) and **Falkirk** Maniqui (December 1).

STUKAS HEADLINE

THE STUKAS are back in action next week, following the enforced lay-off caused by vocalist Paul Brown's dental complications. And they launch straight into their first headlining tour, which lasts five weeks and aids promotion of their debut Chiswick single "Klean Living Kids", out this weekend. Confirmed dates are:

London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (November 3 and 10), **London** North-East Polytechnic (4), **London Kensington** Nashville (7, 14, 21 and 28), **Winchester** King Alfred College (12), **Chelmsford** City Tavern (17), **Tonypandy** Naval Club (19), **Newbridge** Club and Institute (20), **Cambridge** Blimps (22), **Brighton** Alhambra (23), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (24), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (25), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (26), **Guildford** Civic Hall (29), **St. Albans** City Hall (December 1), **Middlesborough** Rock Garden (2), **Carlisle** Flopps (3), **Whitley Bay** Rex Hotel (4), **London Camden** Music Machine (5), **London** North Polytechnic (6) and **London** North-East Polytechnic (7).

STEVE GIBBONS

Gibbons, Martyn: tour extensions

STEVE GIBBONS BAND have extended their current tour to the end of November by adding another 13 dates, including a major London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal. The tour started in September and, with the extra gigs listed below, they will have headlined 42 shows by the time it finishes. New dates are:

Birmingham Barbarella's (November 9 and 10), **Bath** University (11), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (14), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (16), **Penzance** The Garden (17), **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (19), **Lincoln** Theatre Royal (20), **Newcastle** City Hall (22), **Glasgow** Apollo (23), **Hawick** Town Hall (24), **Liverpool** Empire (26) and **London Drury Lane** Theatre Royal (27).

ANOTHER 11 dates have now been confirmed for John Martyn's November concert tour, for which the initial eight gigs — including London Rainbow (21) — were listed in last week's NME. The extra shows are at Belfast Queen's University (November 15), Dublin Stadium (16), Guildford Surrey University (18), Colchester Essex University (19), Reading University (23), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (27), Birmingham Town Hall (28) and Newcastle Polytechnic (30). His previously-reported gig at Portsmouth The Centre is put back one day to November 10.

LEW LEWIS SPLIT

LEW LEWIS BAND, tipped as one of the brightest hopes on the rock scene, have ceased operations following the departure of their leader. Lewis said on Monday that the band had run into a few financial difficulties, and he wants to try a fresh approach. He may eventually form a new outfit. The other members of his original group are remaining together under a different name, so hopefully two bands may emerge from the upheaval.

ELP: Works Vol. 2

EMERSON LAKE & PALMER'S follow-up to their recent hit double-LP is scheduled for mid-November release by Atlantic. Titled "Works — Volume Two", it's a single album this time, containing 12 tracks of both old and new material. Familiar items include Keith Emerson's "Honky Tonk Train Blues" and Greg Lake's "I Believe In Father Christmas", while among new tracks are Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" by Emerson with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, a Greg Lake-Pete Sinfield composition "Watching Over You", Carl Palmer's "Bullfrog" and ELP's version of "Show Me The Way To Go Home."

There is still no official word on ELP's projected Christmas concerts at London Olympia, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME six weeks ago. Main hold-up has been Olympia having to apply for a renewal of its music licence which — after a stormy public hearing involving protests from local residents — has just been granted, though with stringent restrictions.

Commented promoter Harvey Goldsmith: "I hope to put the shows on with a full symphony orchestra, and it all depends on whether ELP think they have enough time to rehearse after they get back from America. I expect to hear from them in a day or two and, all being well, I'll have news of their British and European tour very shortly."

Clapton album

ERIC CLAPTON has a new album scheduled for release by RSO Records on November 4. Titled "Slow Hand", it was produced by Glyn Johns, and the tracks featured are **Cocaine, Wonderful Tonight, Lay Down Sally, Next Time You See Her, We're All The Way, The Core, May You Never, Mean Ol' Frisco** and **Peaches And Diesel.** Clapton is backed by his regular band, augmented by Mel Collins on sax, and including Yvonne Elliman — who had not left when the LP was recorded.

- Coinciding with their current U.K. tour, **Roy Harper & Black Sheep's** single "Sail Away" — taken from their new album "Commercial Breaks" — is rushed out by Harvest this weekend.

Radio Toons
No.6 Arthur is Dead Boring
(Let's Rot)

Songs for Swinging Lovers
Radio Stars on Chiswick

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QUEEN
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AT 33⅓ r.p.m

These young people are pondering the question that has perturbed all the great philosophers since time immemorial and beyond:

WHAT IS OUR ROLE IN THE UNIVERSE?

MICK FARREN meets THE TUBES

"WHAT'S the barbed wire doing over *here?*" Michael Cotton is less than pleased.

"What the hell is it doing with the sound leads? It's *costume.*"

Part of Fee Waybill's costume, to be precise. He wraps it around his upper body during their punk parody. The barbed wire is rubber.

The reaction is typical of The Tubes in rehearsal. They may be weird, but their weirdness is highly organised. It's satiric mania choreographed with split-second timing. The final dress rehearsal is halted by lead guitarist Bill Spooner because, during a *West Side Story* basketball sequence, singer Waybill isn't bouncing the ball strictly on the beat. Spooner and synthesiser wizard Mike Cotton rule the rehearsal with a rod of iron. Waybill runs through the action until it's right. The Tubes may play for laughs, but the laughs are delivered according to a spot on orchestration that's in the same league as the Coldstream Guards or the Radio City Rockettes.

They haven't always been quite as disciplined, however.

"One time we played a show with John McLaughlin. It was in the days when he was very big, very into religion and organic foods and what have you."

At this point Fee Waybill is talking.

"I came out in an all white dishwasher's costume."

"It was supposed to be a baker's suit."

"Okay, a baker's suit. We had a rack of 72 loaves of white Wonderbread. In the first song I started throwing out this bread, skimming slice after slice into the audience. A lot of people didn't know who we were. They were there to see McLoughlin. Some of them were wearing white. We told them that it was a communion — for John — eat this bread for John. Actually, when they tried it'd catch in their throat and choke them because the bread was two weeks old, stale.

"By the end of the number I had 30 loaves still left, so I wound up throwing out whole loaves. That kind of broke the ice. The crowd started throwing it back. They'd wad it together and stick bottle caps in the middle so it hurt when it hit you. They threw anything. There were people's shoes lying on stage, odd left and right shoes.

"They just went nuts. For the next hour they just kept on hurling any crap they could scrape up. There were piles of bread two feet high on the stage. We're a hard act to follow."

People don't follow The Tubes any more. They've moved out of that league. They had to. Because bands like The Tubes are expensive to keep on the road. With eight musicians, four dancers plus a full crew of light operators and a video projection unit, they consume money faster than a more regular band can consume booze or drugs.

"This is probably the fastest money-spending band in rock and roll. We can get through money faster than The Sex Pistols."

"We've tried to keep it down to a maximum of 27 people on the road. That way we can maybe come out something better than broke."

"We were hoping to audition dancers over in Europe, but there just isn't going to be time."

"Fee likes to audition dancers."

"He brings his own couch."

"I'll audition anyone."

"He's happy to do it."

"No green hair, though. We don't let him have that type."

EUROPE SEEMS very important to The Tubes. It's a new market for them that could mean the difference between profit and loss. Right at this said moment in time (Thursday, for those who care) they are rehearsing for their first venture into Europe. Aside from breaking in a new territory, the tour is doubly important because the band is going to record a live album, their first, at the Hammersmith Odeon.

The reason why the record is so is that in the past they've suffered from a certain amount of confusion regarding their purpose on the planet. A lot of people haven't been able to work out if they're a theatre troupe or a rock 'n' roll band. With what looks like nine naked people running around the stage wielding whips, it's hard to concentrate on a virtuoso guitar solo.

This confusion has spread, if not into recording, at least into their record sales. Too many people have thought of them as a visual band and not bothered to buy the records.

"We were always confused ourselves, but I think we've decided that we're primarily a rock and roll band. We have to establish ourselves as that.

"Right now we're trying to separate the parts of the act a bit more. We're trying sections where there's just the band. We have to convince these . . . promoters . . ."

The word promoters comes out sounding like an insult.

". . . that we're not just a visual act but that we can kick ass."

"Most of the visual things are based on good musical ideas."

"We're a rock and roll band, and we're still trying to prove it. We don't want people to call us a theatre group."

THE REHEARSALS are, to say the least, rugged. They've already been going on for two straight months. The Tubes don't, like far too many bands, amble into a rehearsal studio, down a few beers, blow a joint and then put down an hour and a half of lacklustre boogie and call it a day. A Tubes practice isn't a picnic, it's a regime. It even makes you tired watching it.

The sequence started with a bout of intense calisthenics, ballet and stretching exercises. Both musicians and dancers work out under the uncompromising direction of choreographer Kenny Ortega, who seems to combine his creative role with that of the band's personal marine drill sergeant.

"You have to be in shape. When you've been lying around all summer listening to albums and dicking off, you're not in shape to sustain a two-hour show."

● *Turn the page*

● *From over page*

When I saw them, they were up to full rehearsals without costumes. These were taking place on the A&M Records lot in Hollywood, on the sound stage used by Charlie Chaplin for his later movies.

The scene was one of organised confusion. Dancers in skinny T-shirts and leotards limbered up with pads on their knees and elbows to protect them from the hard concrete floor. Musicians huddled over last minute changes in arrangements or nursed their instruments. Sweating roadies sorted leads and moved equipment. It was more like a scene out of *A Chorus Line* or one of those whatta-you-know-we-gotta-show musicals.

It was not a place where you could easily hang out. Southside Johnny and a couple of Asbury Jukes came in to take a look, but nobody stayed too long. Beneath the chaos the overpowering air of discipline and energy made it no place for liggers or loiterers.

Early the next week, the whole circus will be shifted to a larger sound stage on the Columbia movie lot. There they'll be able to do the full dress run throughs with costumes, lights and video, and by then, they'll be working a 12-hour day.

Pumping out energy isn't anything new for The Tubes. They've been doing it ever since they started. If they hadn't they would never have achieved the level of success, such as it is, that they enjoy today. Their story is far from being one of overnight fame.

"The Tubes came out of deranged and decomposed minds. A whole set of deranged and decomposed minds," is Waybill's explanation.

When I saw them, some two years ago, in a run-down supper club in San Francisco, the local people were somewhat vague about where they had come from. It was almost as though they had been born fully grown, like Venus on the half shell.

TUBES in repose. Front (L — R): Roger Steen, Re Styles, Michael Cotton, Fee Waybill, Bill Spooner. Back (L — R): Rick Anderson, Vince Welnick, Prairie Prince, Mingo Lewis.

Waybill: "In fact, we came from Phoenix, Arizona, although we weren't together then. Phoenix is a place where the sun boils away most of your brain. Everyone moves to Phoenix because of asthma. It's hot and dry and it'll dry out anything you've got. The problem is that it's like a big dustbowl. It's real disgusting."

Alice Cooper was also a product of Phoenix, but Cooper, despite early critical comparisons, isn't one of The Tubes' favourite people.

"He'd steal everything, the shit. I don't even want to talk about him," says Cotton.

Eventually, the not-yet-Tubes escaped from the heat, dust and desert.

Waybill: "We were going to move to L.A., but it was too hot and dry and smoggy and disgusting. In fact, it wa just like Phoenix. Instead we moved to San Francisco where there were a million bands and no place to play except crummy bars which we couldn't play anyway with an eight or nine piece band."

Cotton: "The only places we could play were out of town, shitkicker bars."

Waybill: "Bikers and shitkickers were the only people we could play to. The bikers liked us, so that was okay. They'd protect us. They'd even trash rival bands. I once saw a crowd of them climb up and ruin a band's whole set of equipment. They smashed the drums, caved in the amplifiers, broke the guitars and carved swastikas in their chests."

He explains how the theatrical end of things got started.

"I was never really straight with the band. I used to do stupid impressions of Carmen Miranda. I'd pile fruit on my head, real fruit, real pineapples, real bananas, cherries in season, that kind of thing. The bikers loved it. We'd also do cowboy numbers for the shitkickers. They wanted to hear stuff like Z.Z. Top, but we didn't want to do that. We compromised and played Marty Robbins songs and the theme from *Rawhide.*"

The cowboy sequence grew and grew until it assumed a life of its own. Soon Waybill was concealing a bag of fake blood under his shirt so he could die in style at the end of "El Paso". Someone's girl friend would be hired for the night to play the wicked Thulina and give him his one last kiss.

"I wore a big hat and big wooly chaps. The shitkickers just loved it. We got a lot of gigs."

Despite the rude, rural following, life was still uphill. The band tried promoting their own shows. They staged the San Francisco Streakers' Ball where, if you came nude, you could get in free. They played backup to the notorious Cockettes and even put on a bondage fashion show (this was 1973).

"Bondage and tits and ass. That's what the people go for.

"Only you don't get to play in Minnesota."

After a feature in *Playboy*, the good people of Minneapolis/St. Paul were forewarned about this band who had naked girls on stage and played tunes like "White Punks On Dope" and "Mondo Bondage".

"They were ready for us. They wrote over 4000 letters to the mayor saying, don't let them play here."

The mayor didn't care however. He'd already been voted out of office.

"There was this picket line outside the theatre. 'Mothers Against The Tubes.' These ladies came with signs saying 'No! No! No!' "

The Tubes infiltrated a few of their own pickets with banners that read "No Titties In The Twin Cities" and "Unbuckle The Belt".

"In Buffalo, New York, they told us, up front, they were going to bust us on stage unless we cut out a bunch of numbers," says Waybill. "We told them okay, but in fact we didn't cut a thing. We just made up a bunch of stupid titles. We told them we'd cut things like the baby killing routine and 'Animal Love'.

"We do a family show."

ON THE Columbia sound stage, the family show is going through its full dress run through and it's nothing short of magnificent. The only words you can use are ones like sensory overkill. The act doesn't leave you alone. If the bondage bit don't move you, the perverted *Happy Days* '50s routine or the savage attack on Sinatra/Bogart cigarette cool will. Not a dry orifice in the house.

It's impossible to shoehorn The Tubes into any particular bag. It's post-psychedelic weirdness, staged with the lavishness of a Vegas revue. One moment it's the band in white intern coats playing straight techno-rock and, my god, you could be watching Kraftwerk's brothers. Then it's a dance troupe, on the lam from *Star Wars*, the stumbling, burned out glittering king Quay Lude, and then there's the punk pastiche. Except, pastiche or not, The Tubes can cut deeper and harder than ninety per cent of the new wave.

Over and over again, when you're not transfixed by the awfully grabbable danseuses, you tell yourself that these people can't be sane. And yet, could madmen produce such a stunning, high gloss finish?

The huge barnlike sound stage, with its overhead catwalks and peeling posters for mercifully forgotten epics like *Swords For Sinbad*, is a relic of Hollywood Babylon. It doubles the sense of unreality.

The Tubes may be hard to label but they can knock you on your butt. I kid you not, darlings. If they were just nutters, could they really do the lightning costume changes, or sync perfectly into a specially prepared video track?

During a brief lull I talk to Waybill and Bill Spooner. In the USA, The Stranglers are signed to A&M. Via them, the legend of Finchley Boy-style self-mutilation in the UK has spread to southern California.

"I hope they don't try and stick me with nails. I'll kick their ass."

"There's a certain kind of punk who really hates The Tubes."

The conversation moves on to gobbing.

"I'll spit on them before they spit on me. One guy spat a whole can of chewed up oysters on me. Now we have a rider clause that we have to have at least a dizen cases of chewed-up oysters on stage at all times."

That's real interesting, fellas. What's your favourite colour?

"White."

"Shit brown."

We move on to the subject of drugs. The Tubes (or at least Waybill) want to know if the English kids take drugs.

"I thought everyone was so poor that they could hardly afford beer."

I tell them about the teen fashion for bathtub amphetamine sulphate.

Fee is surprised.

"Out here they take downers. Lots and lots of downers."

"There's also a resurgence of alcohol."

"Come to think of it, a resurgence of alcohol wouldn't be a bad thing right now."

After a hard day making an idiot of himself, Fee smartens up and goes home to the wife and kids.

"Shopped by me own dad!"

THRILLS

Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS

THE CLASH (R — L): Paul Simonon, Nicky Headon, Mick Jones, Joe Strummer, and shy new member Terror Torial, nicknamed Terry.

CLASH VISIT BELFAST FOR PICTURE SESSION

FIVE ARRESTS, THREE BROKEN WINDOWS and a couple of hundred angry fans are all that's left to show The Clash ever visited Belfast.

The group were due to play Belfast's Ulster Hall, the only main rock venue left standing in the bomb-battered city centre, on Thursday (20th). As it turned out, they never got to perform.

Poly Ents, the music side of Northern Ireland's Polytechinc at Jordanstown, were staging the show as part of a two-concert winter programme that will hopefully also see The Runaways in the same venue this Thursday (27th). The Stranglers, under a different promoter, are due on November 8th.

The Clash's fans, resplendent in torn leathers and twisted polythene, began to gather outside the Ulster Hall at tea-time., It was the first punk rally Belfast had ever seen.

A few minutes later the first rumours spread that the gig had been cancelled. The ragged and by this time angry crowd, a couple of hundred strong, promptly marched to where the group was rumoured to be in residence — the Belfast Europa, the world's most-bombed hotel.

A surprised security guard, seeing the punk hoard advance out of the shadows, immediately called the

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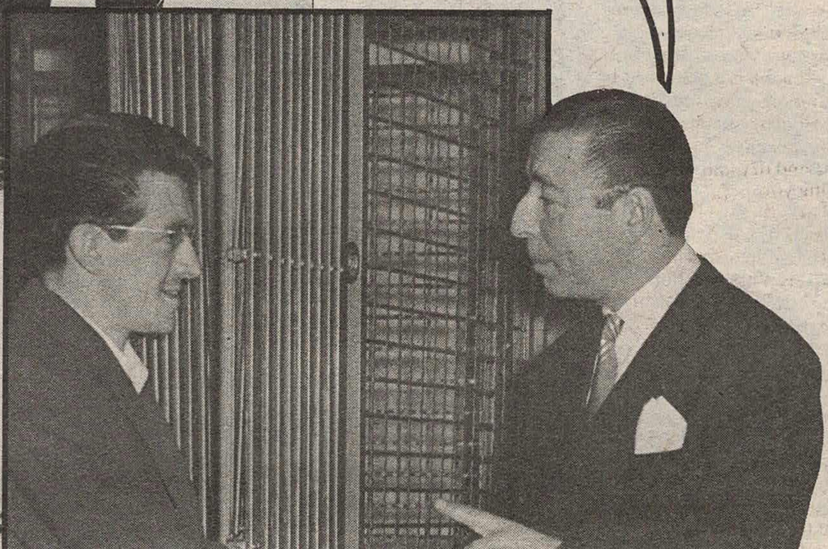

". . . And whatever you do, Ross, never let on to the press who you really are!"

Ross joins Loss 18.3.55

WE HERE AT NME SAY ELVIS IS DECLAN & ROSS IS DAY (SO WHO THE HECK IS PATRICK?)

"EXCUSE ME A MOMENT — I've got a baby in my arms."

Elvis Costello's father interrupts our Sunday morning telephone conversation to put the baby down. "There. We've just come back from church. What can I do for you?"

Elvis's dad is actually Ross McManus — who, some of you may recall, was a singer with the Joe Loss Orchestra throughout the late '50s and the '60s.

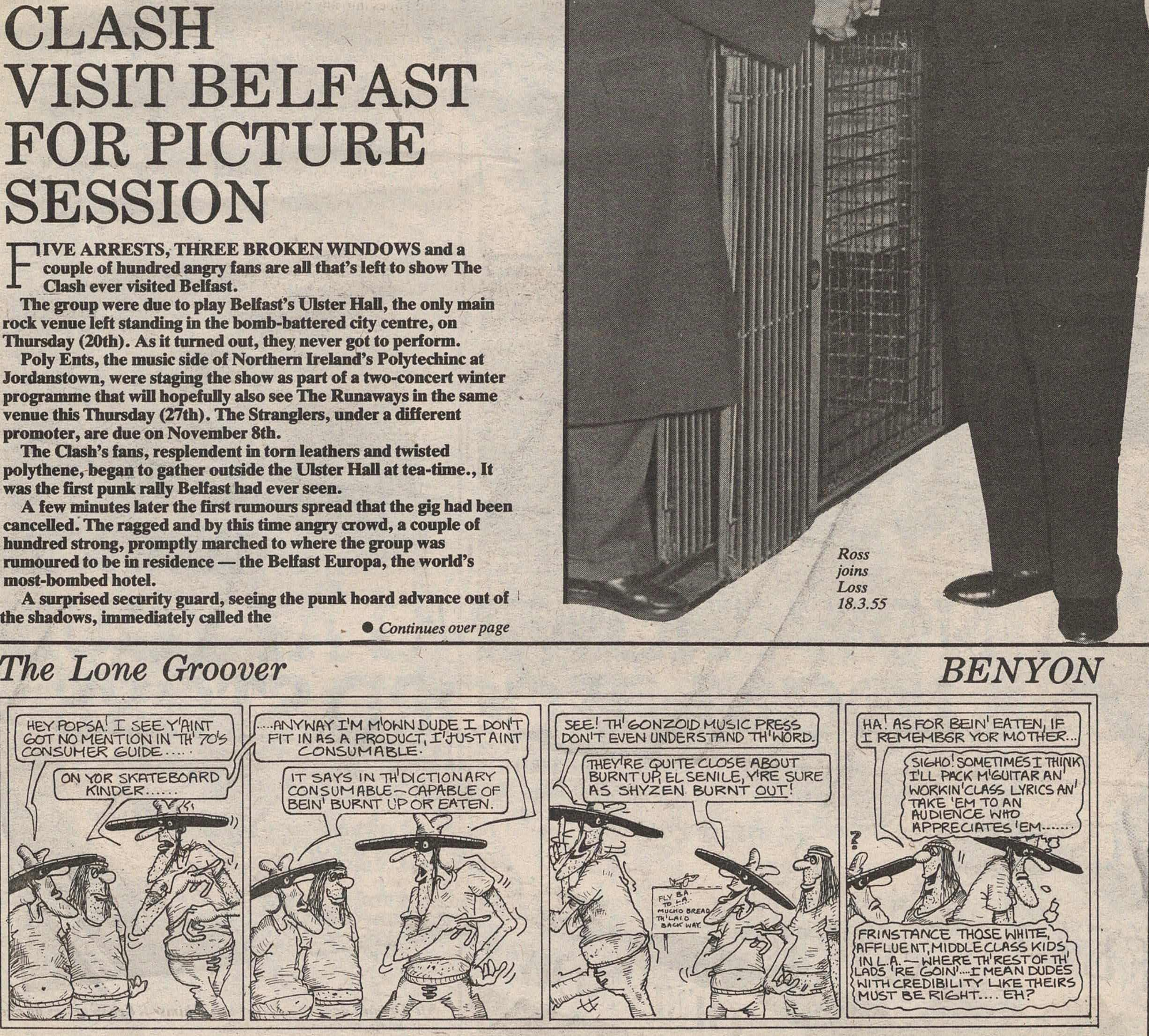
The showbiz skeleton in the mystery punk's wardrobe came to light recently when the northern edition of the *News Of The World* ran a brief article on the true identity of "the singer who drives kids wild" — much, let it be said, to the chagrin of *Thrills*, as we had also uncovered the Joe Loss connection by separate enquiries, and were even then preparing to splash our shock world exclusive, etc.

Still, never mind. It seems the *NOTW's* relevations may have loosened up the net around the Costello enclave, because when *Thrills* contacted Ross McManus he was only too happy to give us the Costello scam. It makes an interesting saga.

So. Elvis's real name is Declan Patrick McManus — though Costello, Ross tells us, is "a family name".

● Continues over page

The Lone Groover **BENYON**


HEY POPSA! I SEE Y'AINT GOT NO MENTION IN TH' 70'S CONSUMER GUIDE.....
ON YOR SKATEBOARD KINDER......
.....ANYWAY I'M M'OWN DUDE I DON'T FIT IN AS A PRODUCT, I'JUST AINT CONSUMABLE.
IT SAYS IN TH'DICTIONARY CONSUMABLE—CAPABLE OF BEIN' BURNT UP OR EATEN.
SEE! TH' GONZOID MUSIC PRESS DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND TH' WORD.
THEY'RE QUITE CLOSE ABOUT BURNT UP, EL SENILE, Y'RE SURE AS SHYZEN BURNT OUT!
FLY B.A. TO L.A. MUCHO BREAD TH' LAID BACK WAY.
HA! AS FOR BEIN' EATEN, IF I REMEMBER YOR MOTHER...
?
SIGHO! SOMETIMES I THINK I'LL PACK M'GUITAR AN' WORKIN' CLASS LYRICS AN' TAKE 'EM TO AN AUDIENCE WHO APPRECIATES 'EM.......
FRINSTANCE THOSE WHITE, AFFLUENT, MIDDLE CLASS KIDS IN L.A. — WHERE TH' REST OF TH' LADS 'RE GOIN'.... I MEAN DUDES WITH CREDIBILITY LIKE THEIRS MUST BE RIGHT.... EH?

INSIDE INFORMATION

P.11: The Clash meet the Army and Elvis's grandpa meets Legs Diamond.

P.12: Square eyes for Brian Case as he hacks it on Hackett.

P.15: Bowie delivers a hung verdict on punk and Thrills remembers Lynyrd Skynyrd.

PHIL MANZANERA/801

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Oct. 14th	**NORWICH**	University of East Anglia
Oct. 15th	**LEICESTER**	University
Oct. 16th	**BIRMINGHAM**	Town Hall
Oct. 18th	**PLYMOUTH**	Castaways' Leisure Centre
Oct. 20th	**OXFORD**	Polytechnic
Oct. 21st	**COLCHESTER**	University of Essex
Oct. 22nd	**NOTTINGHAM**	University (Portland Building)
Oct 23rd	**LONDON**	Victoria Palace
Oct. 25th	**SOUTHPORT**	Floral Hall
Oct. 26th	**LIVERPOOL**	University (Mountford Hall)
Oct. 27th	**HUDDERSFIELD**	Polytechnic
Oct. 28th	**NEWCASTLE**	Mayfair Ballroom
Oct. 29th	**HULL**	University
Nov. 1st	**SWANSEA**	Brangwyn Hall
Nov. 2nd	**MANCHESTER**	University
Nov. 3rd	**FALKIRK**	Maniqui Ballroom
Nov. 4th	**DUNDEE**	Student Association
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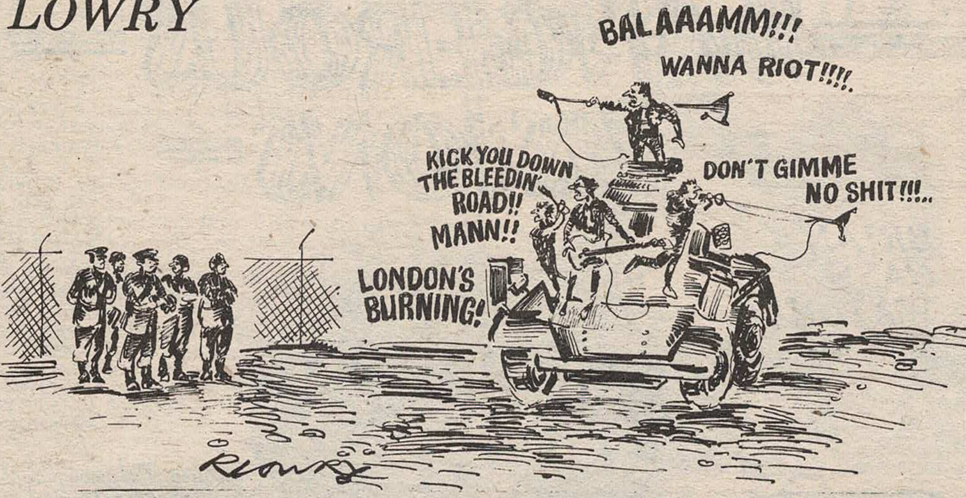

BALAAAMM!!!
WANNA RIOT!!!!
KICK YOU DOWN THE BLEEDIN' ROAD!! MANN!!
DON'T GIMME NO SHIT!!!..
LONDON'S BURNING!
RLOWRY

"As the latest defence cuts coincided with the rise of the punk bands we figured this would be a viable alternative to a new range of tanks."

● *Elvis from page 9*

Indeed, he himself used the Costello monicker on more than one occasion — not least when he called himself Day Costello to cut "The Long And Winding Road" for Spark in 1970 (see *Blackmail Corner* 17.9.77).

Yes, we here at *NME* no longer think Elvis is Day. We *know* it was Ross, and he confirms the fact.

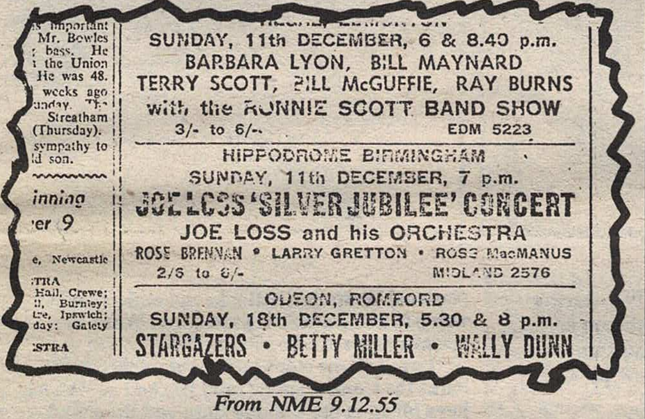
"That wasn't Elvis aged 16," Ross laughs. "That was me aged 42! I often used the name Day Costello for writing."

He explains how Joe Loss almost came to co-own the name Ross McManus, so it made life easier for Ross (real name Ronnie McManus) if he used his mother's name, Costello.

Ross McManus joined the Joe Loss band in 1955, and enjoyed a fair amount of success. Not only did he place in the *NME* polls of the time, making 10th top big band vocalist in '55, but he stayed with Loss for 14 years.

Back in the '50s, of course, big bands were real hip, and the paper was full of them until rock'n'roll came along. Thus Elvis — or rather, Declan — was brought up in a house full of jazz records, with a father who knew and worked with British jazz stars like Ronnie Scott, Phil Seamen, Joe Timperley, Tubby Hayes and Bill McGuffie.

On top of that, Ross used to take Elvis along to the studios in the early '60s, and there he met the likes of the Stones, Hollies, Mojos, Merseybeats, Beatles and so on when they recorded their spot for the *Joe Loss Show*.



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JOE LOSS and his ORCHESTRA
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Mr. Bowles
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STRA

From NME 9.12.55

Loss may latterly have slipped into fulltime schmaltzerama, but in the early '60s rock and Tin Pan Alley still rubbed shoulders quite happily. "I'd be a bit pissed off if anyone suggested that Elvis's influence were only *Come Dancing,"* Ross says fiercely.

In the late '60s Ross had a German hit with a song called "Patsy Girl", and in '69 he and Loss parted company. Nowadays he works the northern cabaret circuit, singing and playing trumpet and piano, and is apparently a big name still.

"The only time I see Elvis now is when we meet at Watford Gap service at six o'clock in the morning, on the way home from our gigs."

Declan, we had heard, took his name fron a Ross McManus album called "Day Costello Sings Elvis Presley."

Not quite. There *was* an album called "Ross McManus Sings Elvis Presley's Greatest Hits", but Ross thinks Declan may have been calling himself Elvis before that. As for when he decided to use it as a stage name: "You'd have to ask Stiff Records.

"It's a difficult position," Ross muses. "Elvis wanted to keep his image to himself — not because there was any rift between us, but just because it was a slightly mysterious image. It went well."

He asserts repeatedly how proud he is of Elvis.

Furthermore, he insists that Elvis's image as the guy who gets sand kicked in his face is quite misleading. Elvis is tough, he tells us — and in this aspect he takes after his grandfather.

Patrick McManus was a jazz player who left Ireland after the 1916 Rebellion and went to New York. There he became caught up on the fringe of the Prohibition era gang world. "It was all boxers, musicians and bootleggers," Ross says.

At one time, apparently, he went to stay with a boxer friend on the west side — and found himself sharing a house with Legs Diamond, the notorious gangster.

(It's interesting to note, looking down Brian Case's *Young Person's Guide To The Mafia,* that the Godfather at the end of Prohibition in '31 was a guy called Francesco Castiglia, a.k.a. Frank Costello.)

Ross's father is also credited with helping to bring the blues to Britain. Ross makes a lot of the fact that both Elvis and his grandfather were born on the Leo/Virgo cusp, seven days apart, and that they look alike (as if he and Elvis don't!)

He also tells us Elvis has some great songs about his grandfather which have yet to be unveiled in public — especially one called "My Friend", about his grandad's New York experiences.

"I think Elvis has got a touch of the old 'Legs Diamond'," he chuckles.

Ross regales *Thrills* with a cavalcade of characters out of his own past — like Pat McCormick, the Irish big band singer who used to take a *lion* on the road with him — and then flashes on the future.

"You know, Elvis has got three more little brothers, I'm not sure whether they're going to be altar boys or punk rockers!"

Thrills sincerely hopes that Ross won't catch hell from Elvis for talking so freely to us.

Meanwhile, we've deliberately saved the best bit till last.

The *real* secret in this most secretive of families is this: Ross McManus is The Secret Lemonade Drinker!

Don't say you don't get your 18 pees' worth.

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

● *Clash from page 9*

police. Meanwhile the fans grouped, howling around the eight-foot high perimeter wire fence. Inside cocktail-sipping guests sprang to the windows in alarm. It was a bit like a scene from *Omega Man*.

The Clash arrived out front at the same time as the police, who screamed onto the street with lights flashing and sirens blaring.

Pandemonium followed. The Clash tried to talk down the angry crowd as the police advanced warily, not quite knowing how to treat a crowd of punks on the warpath. They finally settled for a cordon outside the hotel's security gate, and a bit of gentle shooing.

Strummer told the fans that the concert was cancelled because the insurance cover was withdrawn at the last minute, but that an alternative was now being arranged a few miles up the road, at Queens University. The crowd dispersed immediately in the direction of the campus, followed by an apprehensive convoy of police Land Rovers.

In the Europa bar a despondent Nicky Headon, with two local fans in tow ("We just hung onto his shirt and they had to let us in"), said: "I'm really pissed off. All these bands refuse to play in Belfast and then when one comes across the place is closed down. We want to play — it's not our fault. I dunno what's going on."

Meanwhile outside the Ulster Hall, five punks had been arrested for lying down in the road, whilst the hall itself had had three windows broken.

At Queens University, Social Secretary Eamonn McCann made a valiant attempt to stage the show, but he was overruled by University authorities — and the crowd, by now almost hysterical, stood outside chanting in the darkness, watched carefully by police.

Ulster Hall Poly Ents organiser Austen Smith told *Thrills:* "We did have insurance, but our brokers told us this morning that the companies were withdrawing. They say that The Clash have a lot of claims in England outstanding against them. We had no alternative but to close the concert."

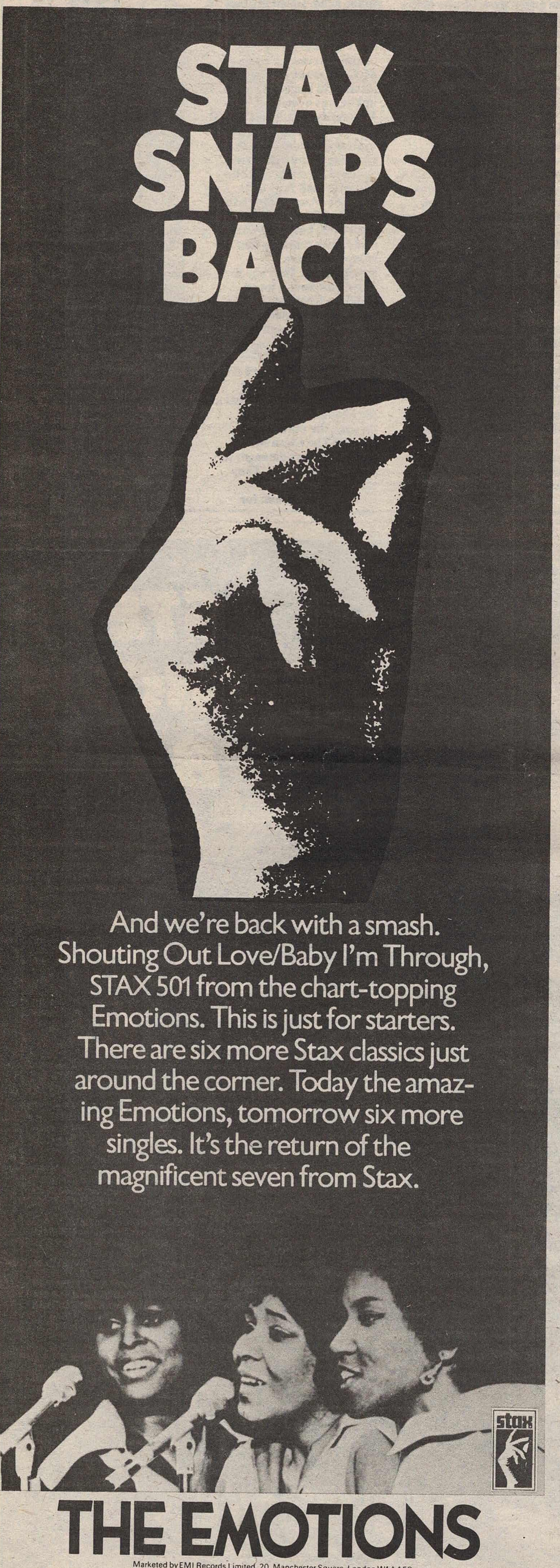
"That's not true about the claims," says Nicky. "I don't know where they heard that." Later CBS said that as the insurance had fallen through the university insisted The Clash should underwrite any damages to people or property. They refused.

And a spokesman for Queens Students' Union says: "We did try to put the Clash show on, but we were overruled from above. The band offered to pay for any damage caused, as did the Poly organisers, but the authorities just didn't want to know."

A question mark now hangs over the Runaways concert, but the promoters of the Stranglers double bill on November 8th and 9th, "Live And Kicking", say that they are ninety-nine per cent certain that the show will go ahead.

COLIN McCLELLAND

THRILLS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DANGEROUS VISIONS

BRIAN CASE WATCHES TV

"Don't we all my dear!"

Pictured: The incomparable Mollie Sugden (Sandra's mum), queening it over the sit-coms

THERE WAS A MOMENT during *Target*, the new All-British cop series, when the killer swung a shotgun into full-frontal on my screen and blew me back in time to 1954.

The last time I'd found myself on the wrong end of a 12-bore was at the start of the movie *Dragnet*, and — a schoolcapped patron of anything with ketchup on it — I had swallowed a swatch of school tie. I can't say I handled it signally better this time, but the point is that Jack Webb — Sergeant Joe Friday in both the movie and the American TV series — certainly used to handle both mayhem and cop shop with a damn sight more style than the star of *Target*, Patrick Mower.

"Uh-huh," said Webb, deadpan, glancing at the murder photos. "First barrel cut him in two. Second turned him into a crowd."

Writing his own scripts, Jack Webb added a fast, flat and witty top-dressing to the 'authentic' school of cop thrillers which had been pioneered by ex-newsreel producer Louis De Rochemont in the late '40s. Real-life locations, non-actors, the voice-over dedicated to your chronological welfare — "3am Wednesday 12th October."

Another day, another collar. Nobody has ever come near to Sergeant Joe Friday for world-weary professionalism, economy, and the perfunctory courtesy of the veteran of a million front-door stoops. "Just gimme the facts, ma'am." The inter-departmental patter is terseness raised to art. Alibis simply dribble away under the slatted-rail divider in Friday's precinct house. "Honest? I hear ya got rubber-lined pockets so ya can steal soup."

Partly to expunge memories of the double-knit Dixon of Dock Green — a policeman like Mother useta bake — and partly in competition with the hard-boiled Americans, British screen cops have tried to come on like a Force of Nature. Rudeness and bluster rule at the small screen nicks. Detective Superintendent Stephen Hackett is a bully, slice it how you may. "Chop chop, then! Hurry it up, my son!"

Never mind the effect on the nation's children, what about the effect on our police? It's put a crimp in my scrumping, I can tell you!

The episode of *Target* that I caught, *Vandraggers*, was static in direction, the script self-consciously a-bristle with dialect. "Lost yer bottle, Reg?" — "Dodgy mince?"

The central character, Hackett, is an Identikit creation: two parts Barlow, one of Lee Marvin's Parker, the effect a shop-soiled rather than dirty Harry. His wardrobe is relentlessly trendy; not a reversible raincoat in sight. One can only hope — with his arrest methods — that it responds to sponge and lemon juice.

Two young tearaways heist a lorryload of televisions, leaving the driver critically injured. They negotiate with a fence to unload the goods, but he is warned off by Mister Big, who has been tunnelling from the fence's electrical shop to the National Westminster Bank, and understandably wants to avoid attracting attention. When the tearaways persist, he shoots them.

"I want all the stops pulled out on this one!" barks the Commissioner, and Hackett — who has been idling in the Chinese Burn and Bum-Kick register — barges into top gear, hell on inferiors and radials alike. "I want the organ grinder, not the monkeys!" he roars at his work-horse, a patient pavement-pounder whose arches could surely give Tintern Abbey a run for their money. If cop cameraderie borders on the gay in the American series, Hackett's relationships hover around the S/M end of romance.

There's a car chase and a dust-up in the shrubbery — BIFF, URRGH, USED IN EVIDENCE, GRUK — before the world is made safe for investors, positively oysterish for truss and elastoplast manufacturers, and Law & Other prevails over organ grinders. I can't say I found a fat lot to choose between the opposing forces. All the actors affected such a mannered naturalism, lurching and pulling at their noses, that at first I thought I was in for a shipboard documentary on the common cold.

For aficionados of gratuitous riposte, the same evening also provides *The Liver Birds*. Nothing to do with the mythical tearaway tealeaf, Prometheus, who half-inched fire from the Gods, and pulled a life-to-eternity stretch of porridge chained to a rock where birds noshed nocturnally on his liver — though to be honest I did miss the first five minutes.

The action — if that isn't too strong a word — revolves around two Liverpudlian girls who share a flat and some of the highest TAM ratings in the business. I have had more fun with a veruca.

As with *Target*, class distinctions are pressed into service for a chortle. Carol is uncrushably Other Ranks, fly, flash and fearless, missing nowt. "I don't wanna spend my life staring down people's gobs," she declares, elbowing a job as a dental assistant. "Ooo, suffering ice-cakes!"

Sandra, of gentler nurture, is a twat.

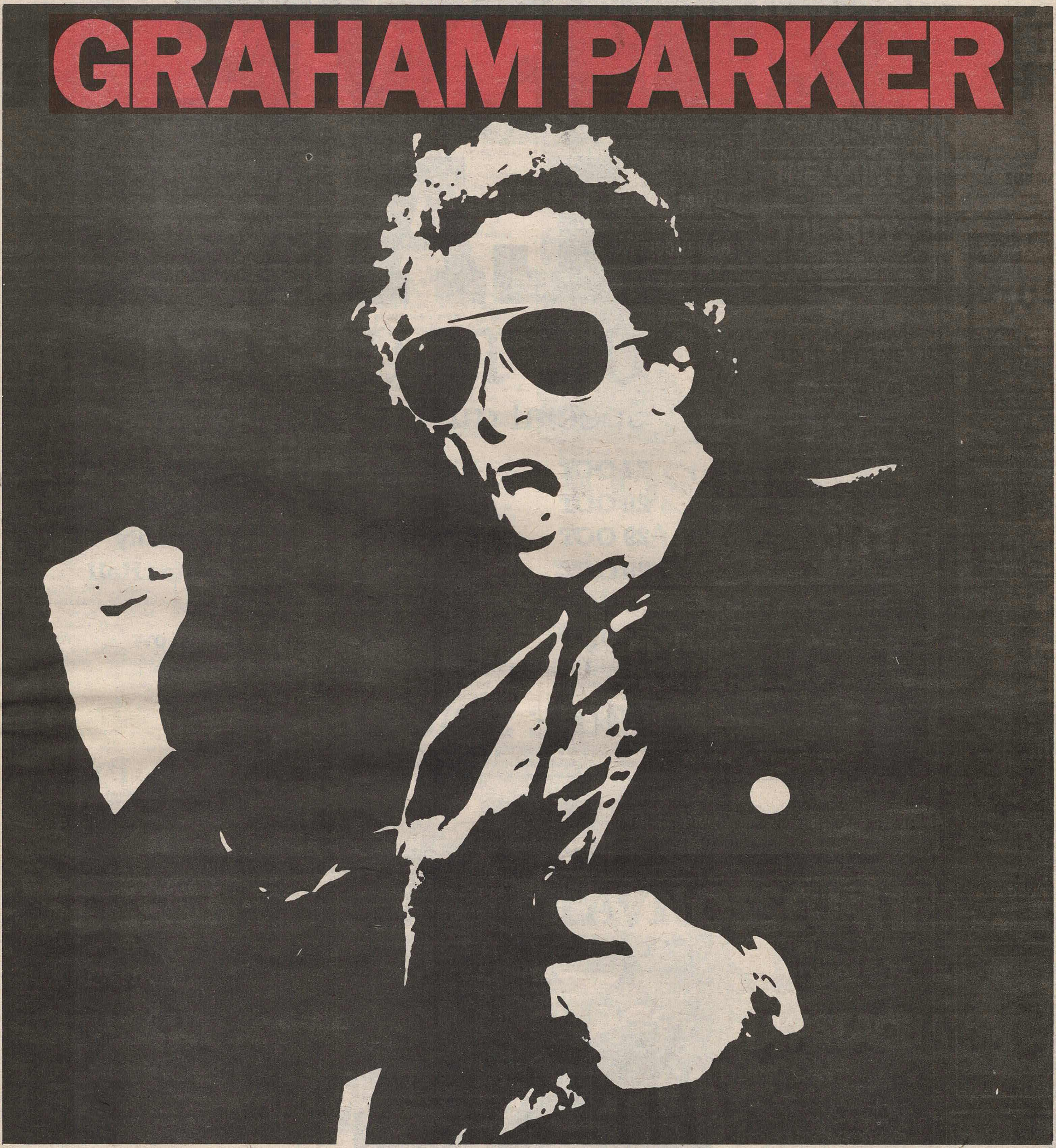
Their respective mothers goof off on prospective son-in-laws and connubial hazards while swilling gin from mugs at the scullery table. "My husband has always been a bit on the physical side," says Carol's Mum. "Mine turned a pleasant pastime into a career," replies Sandra's, a Lady Teazle creation straight out of Restoration comedy.

Meanwhile, back at the wackers, yawns come thick and fast as Sandra worries about engagement rings and Carol inspects her nail varnish. State of play by the end had Sandra hitched, Carol footloose and myself numb. Prometheus had jam on it.

"I want all the stops pulled out on this one!" I barked but as usual had to get up from the armchair and pull them out myself.

THRILLS

GRAHAM PARKER



STICKS OUT

TOUR DATES

NOVEMBER

8th	ABERDEEN, Capital
9th	EDINBURGH, Usher Hall
10th	GLASGOW, Apollo
11th	LANCASTER University
13th	LIVERPOOL, Empire
14th	MANCHESTER, Palace Theatre
15th	BRADFORD, St. Georges
17th	NEWCASTLE, City Hall
19th	BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
20th	CROYDON, Fairfield Halls
21st	BOURNEMOUTH, Wintergarden
22nd	EXETER University
25th	OXFORD, New Theatre
26th/27th	LONDON, Rainbow
28th	BRISTOL, Colston Hall
29th	BRIGHTON, Dome

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STEVE HILLAGE

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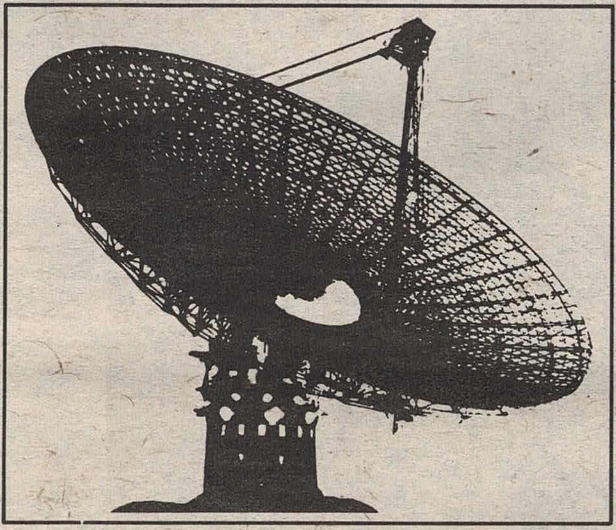

UK TOUR 1977

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28 OCT	**LEICESTER**	**De Montfort Hall**
29 OCT	**CARDIFF**	**University**
30 OCT	**BRISTOL**	**Colston Hall**
1 NOV	**BRIGHTON**	**Dome**
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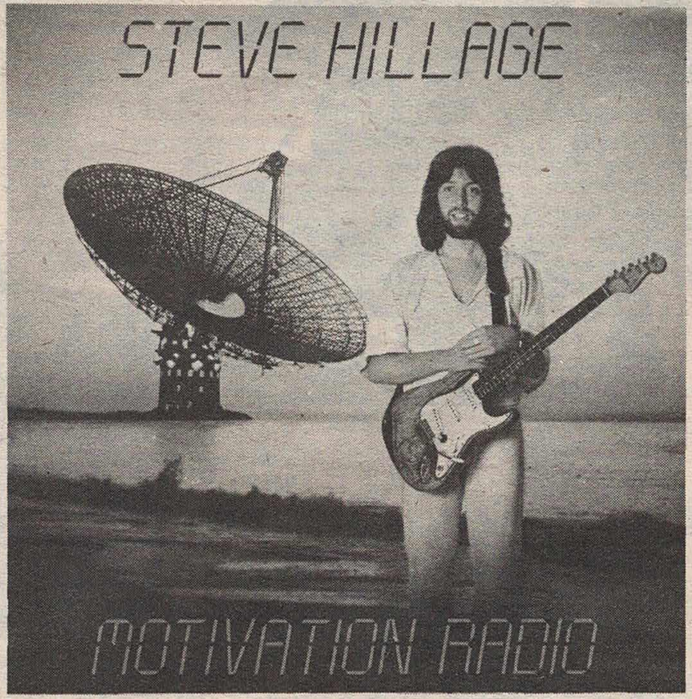
A free single in a picture bag featuring an otherwise unreleased track from the Motivation Radio sessions will be given to all ticket holders at the door on the night.

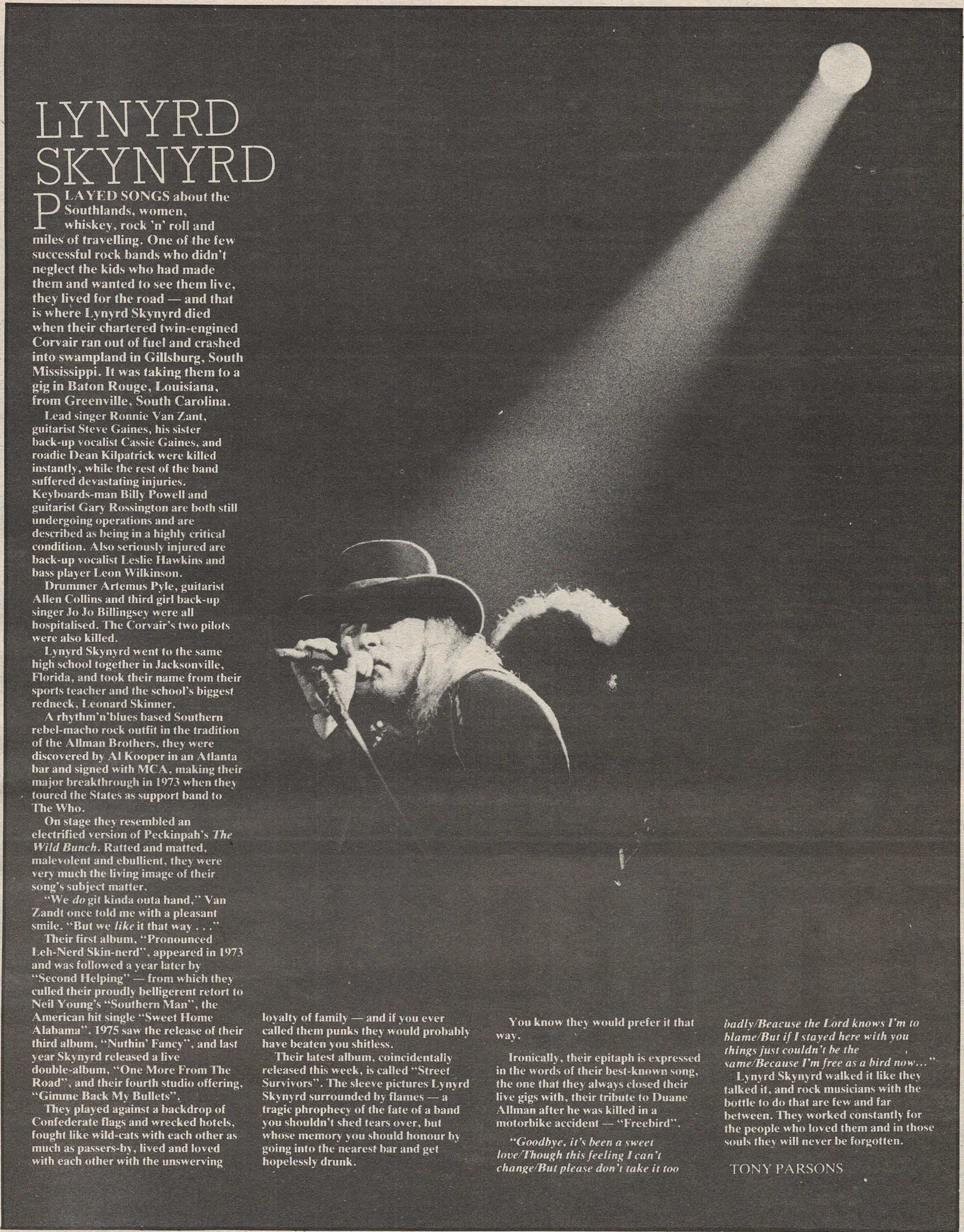
New album from Steve Hillage MOTIVATION RADIO



Album V2777 Cassette TCV 2777
Out now on Virgin

"With the Tonto maestro Malcolm Cecil producing, you are never quite sure which instrument you are hearing, but my ears reckon that this is the best guitarist's album so far this year. Steve ranges from the joyfully languid style of 'Wait One Moment' to the ultra-jolt funk of 'Motivation' and the thundering heavy metal of 'Light In The Sky' . . ."

Phil Sutcliffe
SOUNDS



LYNYRD SKYNYRD

PLAYED SONGS about the Southlands, women, whiskey, rock 'n' roll and miles of travelling. One of the few successful rock bands who didn't neglect the kids who had made them and wanted to see them live, they lived for the road — and that is where Lynyrd Skynyrd died when their chartered twin-engined Corvair ran out of fuel and crashed into swampland in Gillsburg, South Mississippi. It was taking them to a gig in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, from Greenville, South Carolina.

Lead singer Ronnie Van Zant, guitarist Steve Gaines, his sister back-up vocalist Cassie Gaines, and roadie Dean Kilpatrick were killed instantly, while the rest of the band suffered devastating injuries. Keyboards-man Billy Powell and guitarist Gary Rossington are both still undergoing operations and are described as being in a highly critical condition. Also seriously injured are back-up vocalist Leslie Hawkins and bass player Leon Wilkinson.

Drummer Artemus Pyle, guitarist Allen Collins and third girl back-up singer Jo Jo Billingsey were all hospitalised. The Corvair's two pilots were also killed.

Lynyrd Skynyrd went to the same high school together in Jacksonville, Florida, and took their name from their sports teacher and the school's biggest redneck, Leonard Skinner.

A rhythm'n'blues based Southern rebel-macho rock outfit in the tradition of the Allman Brothers, they were discovered by Al Kooper in an Atlanta bar and signed with MCA, making their major breakthrough in 1973 when they toured the States as support band to The Who.

On stage they resembled an electrified version of Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*. Ratted and matted, malevolent and ebullient, they were very much the living image of their song's subject matter.

"We *do* git kinda outa hand," Van Zandt once told me with a pleasant smile. "But we *like* it that way . . ."

Their first album, "Pronounced Leh-Nerd Skin-nerd", appeared in 1973 and was followed a year later by "Second Helping" — from which they culled their proudly belligerent retort to Neil Young's "Southern Man", the American hit single "Sweet Home Alabama". 1975 saw the release of their third album, "Nuthin' Fancy", and last year Skynyrd released a live double-album, "One More From The Road", and their fourth studio offering, "Gimme Back My Bullets".

They played against a backdrop of Confederate flags and wrecked hotels, fought like wild-cats with each other as much as passers-by, lived and loved with each other with the unswerving loyalty of family — and if you ever called them punks they would probably have beaten you shitless.

Their latest album, coincidentally released this week, is called "Street Survivors". The sleeve pictures Lynyrd Skynyrd surrounded by flames — a tragic phrophecy of the fate of a band you shouldn't shed tears over, but whose memory you should honour by going into the nearest bar and get hopelessly drunk.

You know they would prefer it that way.

Ironically, their epitaph is expressed in the words of their best-known song, the one that they always closed their live gigs with, their tribute to Duane Allman after he was killed in a motorbike accident — "Freebird".

"Goodbye, it's been a sweet love/Though this feeling I can't change/But please don't take it too badly/Beacuse the Lord knows I'm to blame/But if I stayed here with you things just couldn't be the same/Because I'm free as a bird now..."

Lynyrd Skynyrd walked it like they talked it, and rock musicians with the bottle to do that are few and far between. They worked constantly for the people who loved them and in those souls they will never be forgotten.

TONY PARSONS

OBSCENE FIEND FINED

PAUL McCARTNEY'S publicist Tony Brainsby was recently fined £40 for sending obscene literature through the post.

No, Brainsby hasn't started a lucrative side-line dealing in revealing pictures of the stars. All he did was tell the Electricity Board just what they could do with a gargantuan bill they'd sent him.

Normally Brainsby's electricity bill is around £25. This one was for £100. Fuming, the publicist scrawled his thoughts on the bill, apparently using language concerning the company's computer's rectal regions — and mailed the bill back from whence it had come.

The Electricity Board were not amused. The computer's only comment?

"F——!"

EVE ILL

THRILLS

And finally . . .

244 WORDS ON PUNK ROCK FROM DAVID BOWIE

CSM: You must find it interesting seeing elements of inputs you made five years ago coming back at you filtered through various other things? *(Thinks: "Let's introduce the subject of punk rock in a sneaky, subtle way . . .")*

DB: *(Thinks: "He must mean punk rock")* I don't get that feedback. It's not apparent to me. It's made apparent when I come to London for a few days, but it's not as marked as it would be if I *lived* in this city. Most of the time when I'm not working I've been travelling in quite obscure countries.

CSM: And then you come back here and find out about Johnny Rotten *et al*. . .

DB: Right then! PUNK ROCK!!

CSM: It's therefore unreasonable to expect you to have a neat, tidy, ready-made statement about punk rock . . .

DB: Oh yes, I do. Of *course* I do!

CSM: Okay then . . . neat ready-made statement on punk rock.

DB: I think it's a crying shame that the category has dissipated its importance.

What it is is a lot of very individual people doing very individual things, and I also think it's a shame that the guys who are being called this and put into that category are so *willing* to *accept* themselves being put into that category. I think that they are blinkering themselves — possibly crippling their writing — and will eventually . . . I know what will happen to them, because it happened to me.

They'll lose their enthusiasm for the very things that they held sacred when they started, and they won't expand as far and as excitingly as they would wish to if they allow themselves to be branded now with a category.

Already, while they're still wet behind the ears, they've been branded.

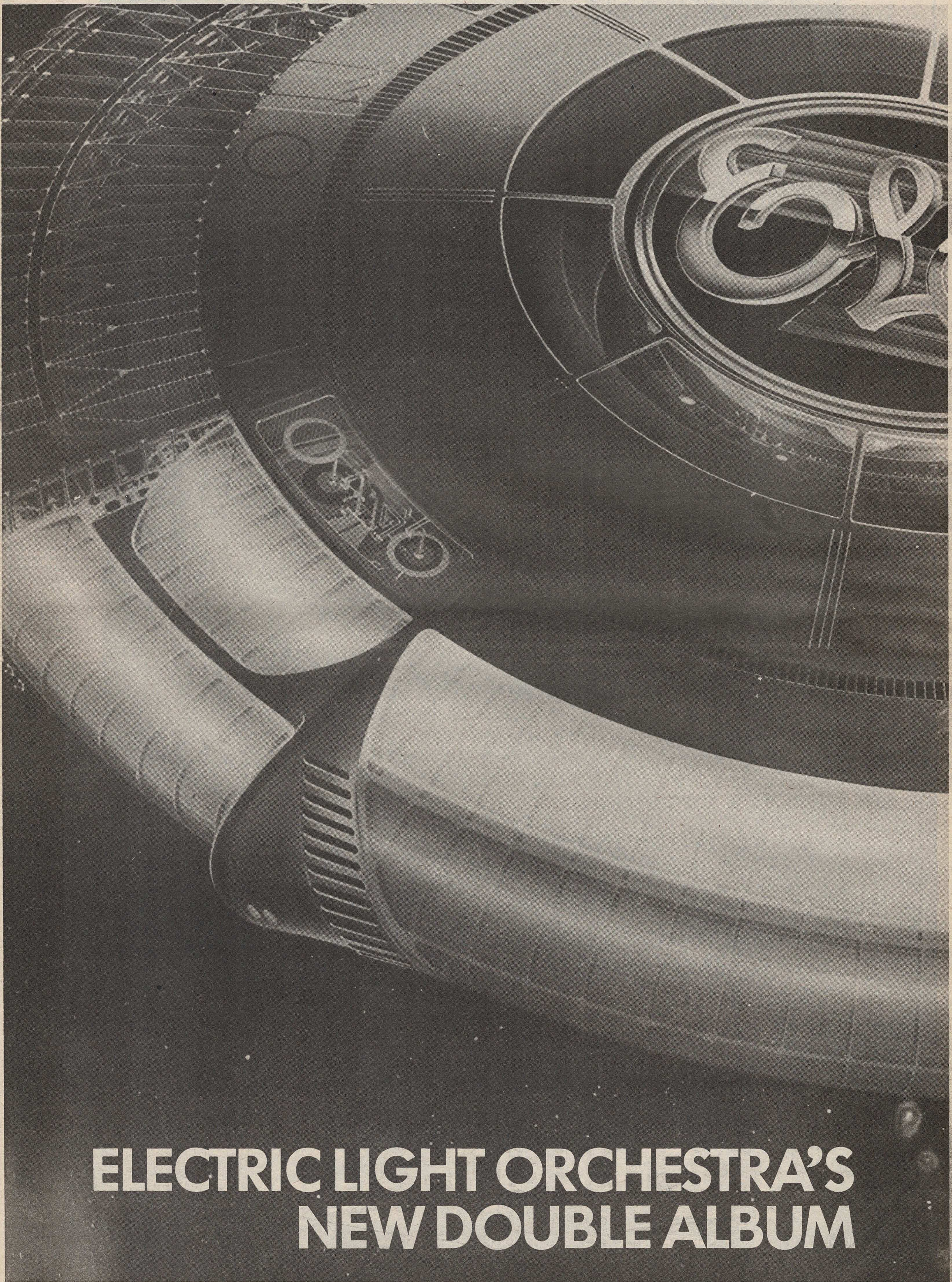
I can't stand sets of people in any way, shape or form; politically, artistically or socially, a set of people has the most devastating effect on one's chances of producing anything.

CSM: You've been through — and played — enough elitist games yourself in the past.

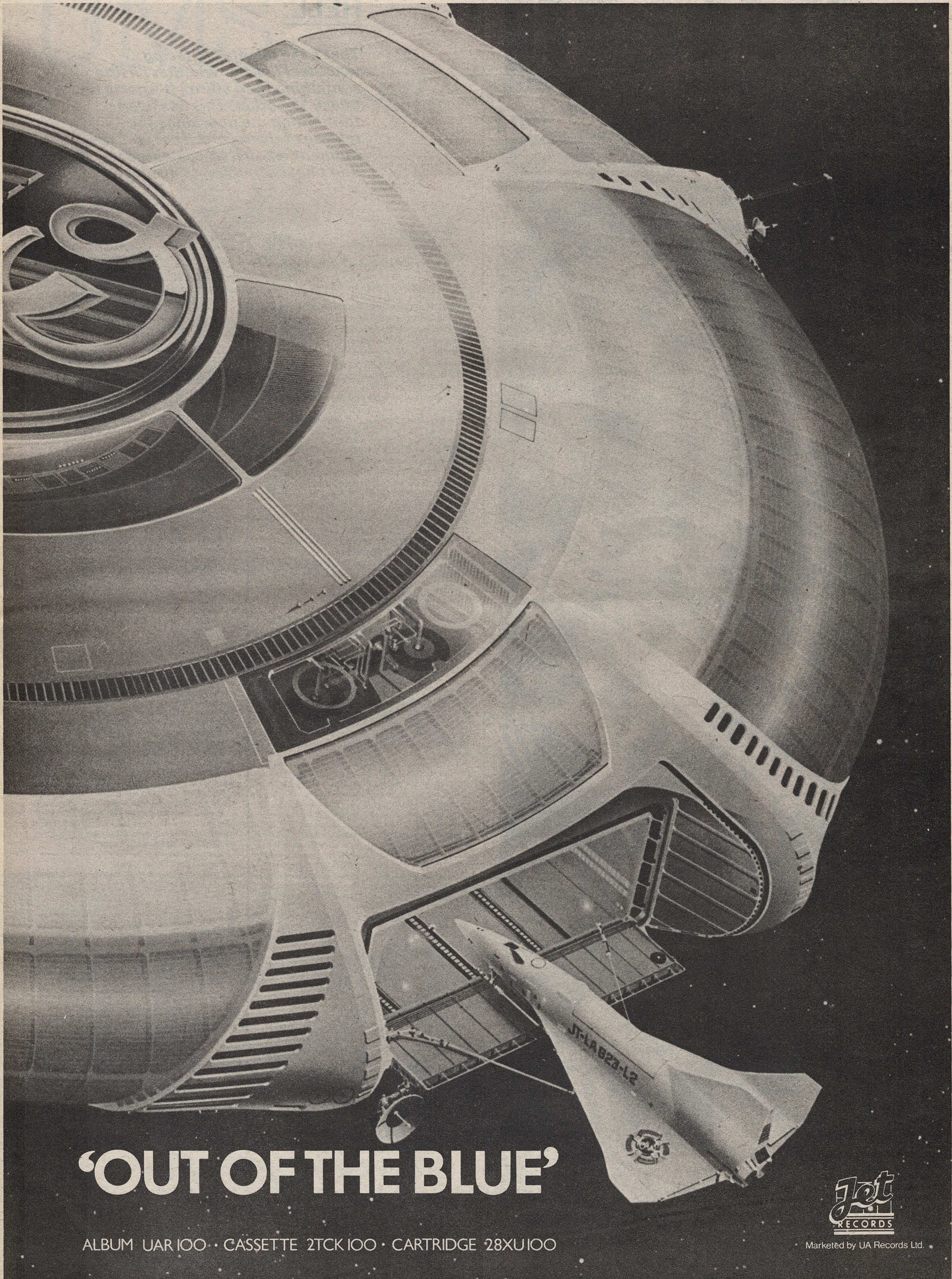
DB: Absolutely! So I am talking (*adopts crusty middle-aged voice*) from thirty-year-old experience. I think it's a crying shame. That's easily the worst thing about it . . . *(To be continued. Same day, same newsagent, same paper).*

THE END

THRILLS



ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA'S
NEW DOUBLE ALBUM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HELL:

That's the dilema I'm facing: whether I'll die or whether I'll find something I can affirm. It's gotta be one or the other. This has been tormenting me now since the release of the record. That was the moment when it all coalesced: I don't have anything to live for . .

"Life's not worth living. . ."
— Louis-Ferdinand Celine, *Journey to the End of the Night*

"There's nothing to win by/This sort of an outcry. . ."
— Richard Hell, "Who Says (It's Good To Be Alive)?"

"Once these principles had been established, and thanks to a series of erudite experiments, he had been able to perform on his tongue silent melodies and mute funeral marches . . . He even succeeded in transferring specific pieces of music to his palate, following the composer step by step, rendering his intentions . . . But tonight Des Esseintes had no wish to listen to the taste of music."
— Joris-Karl Huysmans, *Against Nature.*

THIS BEING an article about Richard Hell, it seems manifestly appropriate that I begin by talking about myself:

I licked the wine droplets off her breasts, then I licked her body dry, then there was nothing left to do. She slept, I prowled my apartment just as when I'm alone, searching for reasons for being where I always found them: in books, records, magazines, and media, experience in the world being something for hippies and known and behind me. But these drugs all exhausted, I prowl incessantly, or else stare at the space between ferocious discontent and rationalized oppression.

To strike out is what we have all dreamed of but none of the old targets will do, ergo a decade that looks like a mules' trough to me, but we all sup at it and oh they drone in discontent, no yelps or yowls or yawps to be heard.

In the time of hedonist fascism nobody dares scream and judge what is so pathetically suspended in air, which is life itself, nobody till now that is. Meaning that if you aren't mad you're crazy — we are being eaten body and soul and no one is fighting, in fact practically no one sees it, but if you listen to the poets you will hear and vomit up your rage. Richard Hell is one of the poets.

To try and tell you why I believe in at least part of what Richard Hell is saying might be like scraping the silence out of my heart. It will prove easier, I'm afraid, to explain why I must ultimately reject his program. I'm passionate about his music, even as I suspect that this music and all we feel for it is a displaced passion. I wanted to write a book about why nobody wants to have any emotions amy more, and because he's one of the few thinkers I respect I showed some of what I had been writing to Richard a year or so ago. He read this Cassandriad several times with a quiet unblinking intensity, then said: "The thing is that people don't have to *try* not to feel anything anymore; they just *can't. . .*"

I still deny that, and need look no further for evidence than the sight of Richard Hell onstage: writhing, twisting, lunging, smashing into his guitar players like some wounded dervish. There is nothing farther from blankness than his eyes, bulging like splintered beehives screaming to be let out of here, wherever we understand here to be, and we do not understand, and that is why we cannot connect, and that is why Richard Hell is at least temporarily necessary.

The only trouble, what limits his necessity, is that his intelligence, so awesome in possibility, is finally reduced to a torment it revels in. For that I resent him, I must give credence to the original intelligence all the same. Richard Hell is a walking exile on Main Street, a wounded lover who aspires to be his own merciless judge and jury, walking out hand in hand with himself. Why do you think somebody writes a song that says "I could live with you in another world"? It is not because he cannot function in this world — any idiot can do that — but because functioning at this world's ideas of communication is at best intolerable, at worst cause for a most extreme form of violence, which in Richard's case is I believe implosive where, say the Sex Pistols' is explosive.

FROM AN interview with Legs McNeil in *Punk* magazine, early 1976:

Richard: Basically, I have one feeling . . . the desire to get out of here. And any other feelings I have come from trying to analyze, you know, why I want to go away. . . See, I always feel uncomfortable and I just want to . . . walk out of the room. It's not going to any other place or any other sensation or anything like that, it's just to get out of 'here'. . .

Legs: Where do you feel comfortable?

R: When I'm asleep. . .

L: Are you glad you were born?

R: I have my doubts . . . Did you ever read Nietzsche?

L: Ha ha ha.

R: Legs listen to me, he said that anything that makes you laugh, anything that's funny indicates an emotion that's died. Every time you laugh that's an emotion, a serious emotion that doesn't exist with you anymore . . . and that's why I think you and everything else is so funny.

L: Yeah I do too, but that's not funny.

R: That's 'cause you don't have any emotions (hysterical laughter).

THAT WAS my first real exposure to Richard Hell, although I had heard good things about him previously. Naturally I was interested, because it seemed to me then, as it does now, that the only questions worth asking today are whether humans are going to have any emotions tomorrow, and what the quality of life will be if the answer is no.

If the seventies really are going to be remembered as the decade when, like a character in Margaret Drabble's *The Ice Age*, people actually welcomed depression as relief from anxiety, then the seething anxiety of Richard's music and his disturbing pessimism about the bottom line value of life itself are crucially important.

Yeah, he used to be in a couple of groups called Television and the Heartbreakers who have gone on to New Wave prominence, and yes he was the first person to wear a torn T-shirt onstage, but all that is irrelevant in the face of the fundamental questions he raises, and the ominousness of his answers to them.

A couple of friends of mine, Rex Weiner and Deanne Stillman, are preparing a book called *Woodstock Censors*, which involves going around to colleges and other youthcult hangouts and passing out a detailed questionnaire on peoples' attitudes towards the comparative quality of life in the 60's and 70's. Question 4 was "What popular expression, or word, catch/phrase, or saying would you choose from the 60's to typify the whole era?"

4b asks the same question about the 70's, I filled out one of the questionnaires myself. For 4a I wrote "I'm searching for my main line; I couldn't hit it sideways' — Velvet Underground."

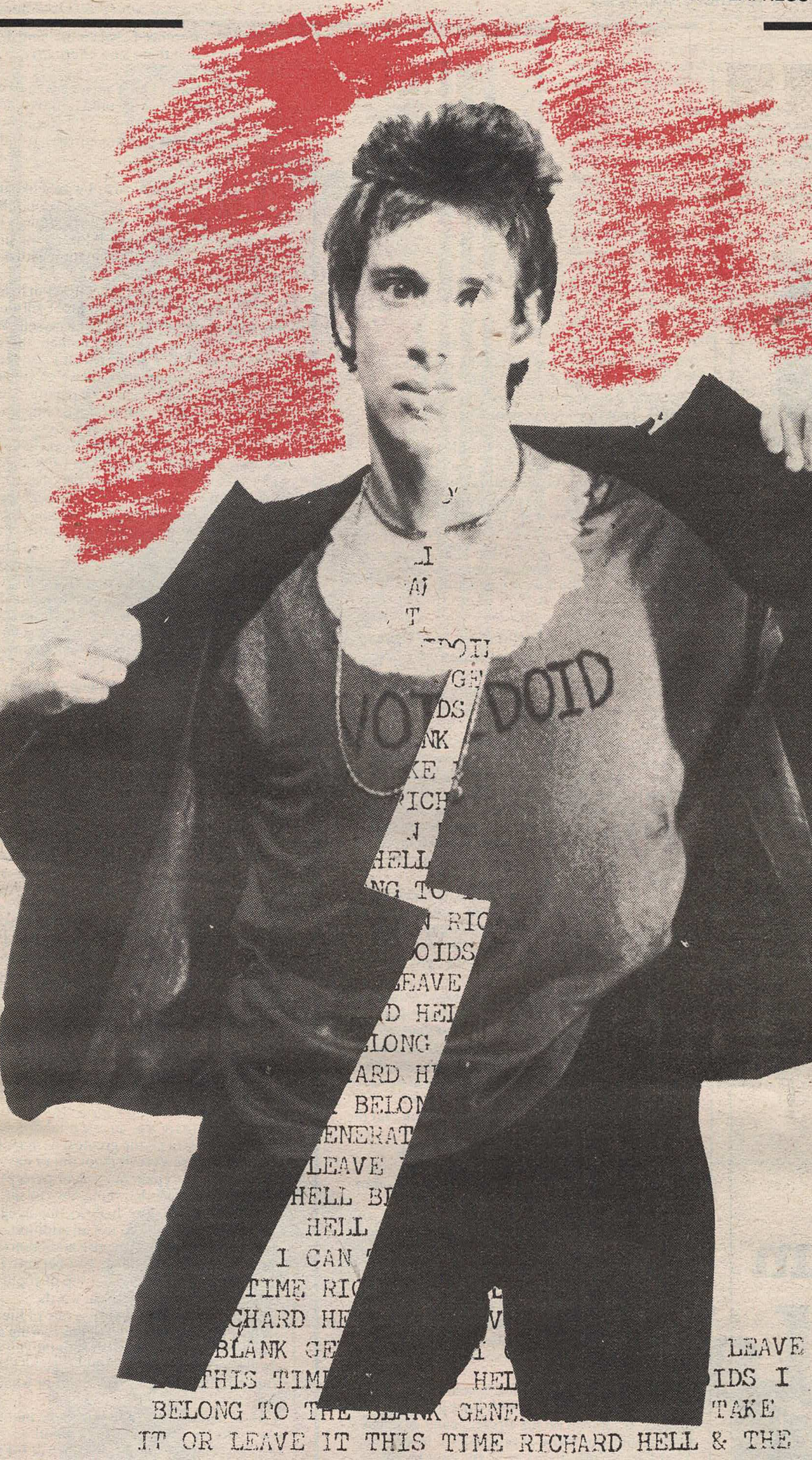
For 4b I put "Please kill me
— Richard Hell on a t-shirt."

I HAD been looking forward to interviewing Richard for a long time. Through hanging out at CBGB's I'd become fairly close friends with him and everybody in his band, close enough to be gratified that when their album, "Blank Generation" finally did appear, it turned out to be one of the wildest rock'n'roll onslaughts of the year.

But there were also things in his music and his persona that bothered me: the feeling you got when he was onstage that he was singing not so much for the sake of communicating with his audience but somehow almost totally for himself, as well as the unsettling sense that he didn't have to cut his flesh like Iggy or the Dead Boys' Stiv Bators to give off an aura of pain or simple unpleasantness. It's the same thing that comes across on his album's terrible cover, where he intentionally reduces the most fanatically penetrating eyes in rock 'n' roll to the level of a drugged toad.

On a *perhaps* less immidiate level, I'd sampled some of his favourite books, like Lautreamont's *Maldoror*, a frighteningly powerful celebration of the principle of pure evil which Richard used to re-read regularly during a period, so he said, when he thought he was a vampire; and Huysmans' *Against Nature*, a novel about a man who, having sampled all the decadent pleasures of the world, cloistered himself away to steep his body and mind in every synthetic sensation he could possibly find, resulting eventually in debilitation

RICHARD HELL


VOIDOID
LEAVE
THIS TIME HEL IDS I
BELONG TO THE BLANK GENE TAKE
IT OR LEAVE IT THIS TIME RICHARD HELL & THE

BANGS:

.Just for the record . . . I don't think life is a perpetual dive. And even though I think it's genuinely frightening, I don't think in terms of himself Richard Hell's fascination with death is anything else but stupid . . . he's got a great grasp of the problems of being alive in the 70's, but his solutions suck.

DEATH MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE INCOMPLETE

By LESTER BANGS

(A)VOID AT YOUR PERIL

that brought him to the edge of death. *Against Nature* is Richard's favourite book: when I asked him why, he spoke in admiring terms of the protagonist's independence and individualism.

A fellow writer told me that Richard once said to her that the best thing about being a rock 'n' roll star would be the option of constructing his environment so that he would never have to be around anyone he didn't want to know, which not only sounds like building your own concentration camp but is just exactly what most of the declining rockstars of the '60s have done to themselves.

I called and left a message about the interview at two o'clock in the afternoon. That night around twelve he phoned me back, and when I asked him how tomorrow would be he said, "Well, what are you doing right now?"

Somehow it seemed appropriate to be slogging my tape recorder over to the Lower East Side in the wee hours of the morning to do an interview with Richard Hell, as appropriate as his insistence that we leave the TV on at a low drone while we talked, spooling out gang war with John Garfield, Elvis memorial record ads, and a movie called *The Monster and the Girl* which took us almost up to dawn.

His apartment is a somehow orderly welter of artifacts of his private passions: a few records, lots of film and poetry books in lines and stacks, a mess of tattered rock magazines and pictures of Richard and the Voidoids across the floor, pictures tacked up on the walls of Sissy Spacek in *Carrie*, Orson Welles, the poetess Theresa Stern, Brigitte Bardot, and a blow-up of an old snapshot which turned out to be Richard's father, who died when he was seven.

We had been watching TV and talking a while when the subject got around to a recent and very complimentary review, in which the writer had implied that Richard's tonsorial and sartorial manifestations and adoption of the name "Hell" constituted a pose.

This infuriated him: "Part of the form of rock 'n' roll is having the courage of your convictions as a teenager, and doing stuff that would be outrageous and embarrassing to a lot of people, but constitutes a lot of your appeal to your audience, because they like to see people who have the courage to turn themselves inside out in public. And for me this whole style of dress and the way you look is a means, just like the combination of colours you use in a painting for communicating. And it's only people who are scared and shy and threatened who find it necessary to perceive that as a pose."

I asked Richard whether he didn't feel scared, shy and threatened himself. (I know *I* do.)

"I don't feel threatened by anything rock 'n' roll bands do. I'm very much an outsider, shy and lonely, but the essence of being a rock 'n' roller for me is that you can create your own world there in spite of what everybody else thinks. And then hopefully it creates a world that other people are just as relieved and pleased to become a part of in the face of the alternative of accepting the world as it already exists.

"And putting a hole in your shirt takes courage; it's saying, 'I don't give a fuck if somebody says I'm a jerk; I'm deliberately removing myself from them'."

But isn't that just retreat?

"It's the opposite, it's a process of aggression. If you don't do it you're retreating. It's showing that not only do you not accept the status quo but you're asserting the fact that whatever you do is of equal importance. And the extent to which you assert your own importance in the face of all the people who would deny it will create a movement. And that's what happened."

Yeah, but isn't so much of the punk movement involved with self-hatred?

"I think there's a lot of basis for self-hatred. To transcend something you've first got to fully accept the fact that it exists. And if, say, Barry Manilow doesn't hate himself then he's in very bad shape. I would much rather listen to the music of somebody that hates themself and says it, than to listen to the music of Barry Manilow.

"There's an initial thrill of being able to release all this stuff that before would have led you to just tear yourself apart inside. Most punk rockers are very young, and I'm sure that there's a certain number of them that will grasp the significance of what they're saying and will demand enough of themselves as human beings that they will go on to another step of finding something they can affirm. Or else they'll die.

"That the dilemma I'm facing right now:

CONTD OVER PAGE

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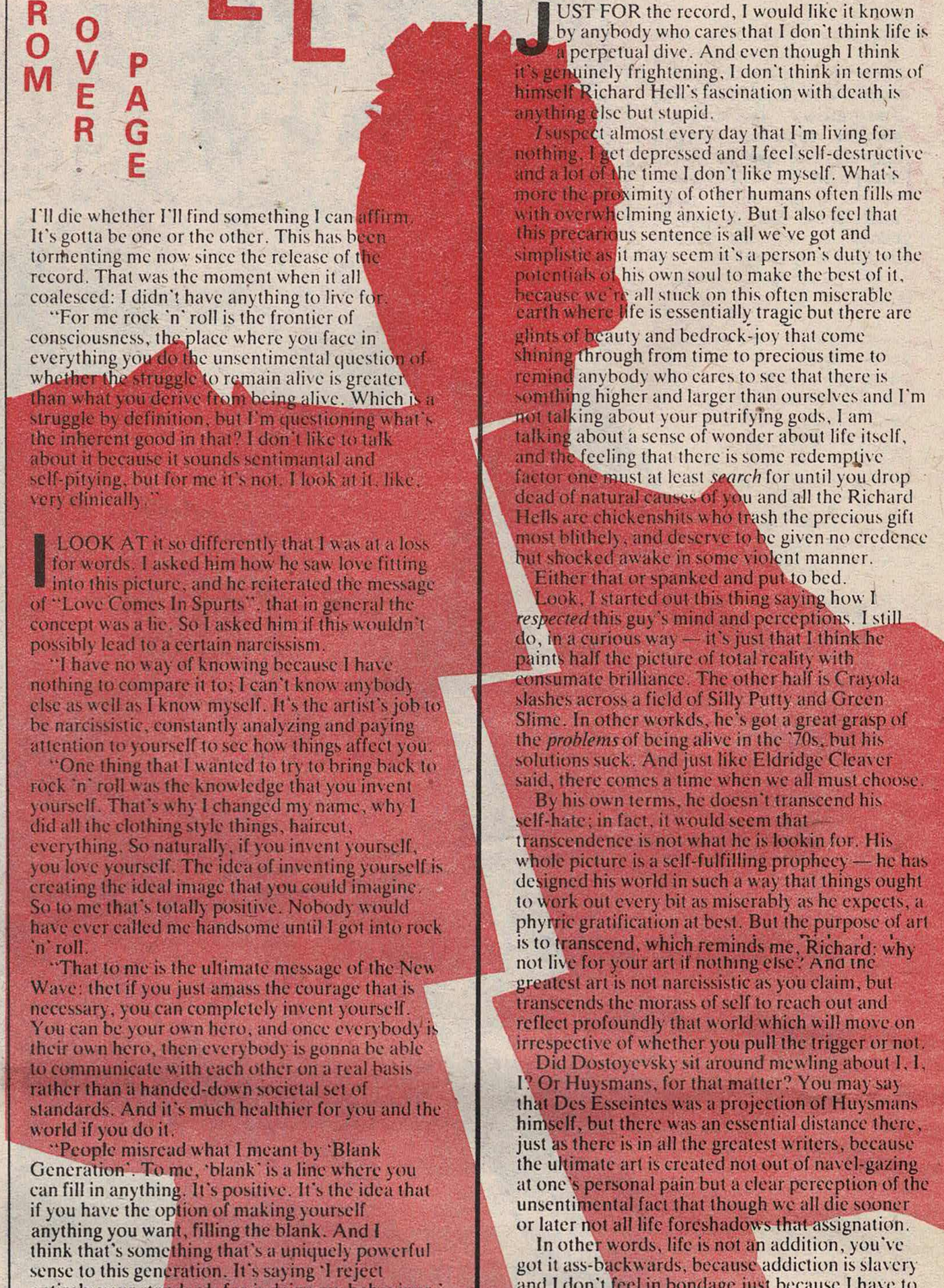
HELL

FROM OVER PAGE



I'll die whether I'll find something I can affirm. It's gotta be one or the other. This has been tormenting me now since the release of the record. That was the moment when it all coalesced: I didn't have anything to live for.

"For me rock 'n' roll is the frontier of consciousness, the place where you face in everything you do the unsentimental question of whether the struggle to remain alive is greater than what you derive from being alive. Which is a struggle by definition, but I'm questioning what's the inherent good in that? I don't like to talk about it because it sounds sentimantal and self-pitying, but for me it's not. I look at it, like, very clinically."

I LOOK AT it so differently that I was at a loss for words. I asked him how he saw love fitting into this picture, and he reiterated the message of "Love Comes In Spurts", that in general the concept was a lie. So I asked him if this wouldn't possibly lead to a certain narcissism.

"I have no way of knowing because I have nothing to compare it to; I can't know anybody else as well as I know myself. It's the artist's job to be narcissistic, constantly analyzing and paying attention to yourself to see how things affect you.

"One thing that I wanted to try to bring back to rock 'n' roll was the knowledge that you invent yourself. That's why I changed my name, why I did all the clothing style things, haircut, everything. So naturally, if you invent yourself, you love yourself. The idea of inventing yourself is creating the ideal image that you could imagine. So to me that's totally positive. Nobody would have ever called me handsome until I got into rock 'n' roll.

"That to me is the ultimate message of the New Wave: thet if you just amass the courage that is necessary, you can completely invent yourself. You can be your own hero, and once everybody is their own hero, then everybody is gonna be able to communicate with each other on a real basis rather than a handed-down societal set of standards. And it's much healthier for you and the world if you do it.

"People misread what I meant by 'Blank Generation'. To me, 'blank' is a line where you can fill in anything. It's positive. It's the idea that if you have the option of making yourself anything you want, filling the blank. And I think that's something that's a uniquely powerful sense to this generation. It's saying 'I reject entirely your standards for judging my behaviour.' And I support that entirely. It can be used politically as powerfully as it can be used artistically or emotionally, in the sense of saying 'I have been classified null by the society that I live in,' and it can be accepted as a self-description in that way.

"They have been completely rejected, It's like Ralph Ellison's book *Invisible Man* punks are niggers. If I go out on the street, I can't get a cab, I get nuthin' but abuse in restaurants, in New York City or anywhere else in the country the treatment that you would classify as being prejudicial to minority races is precisely the same as accorded to people who go around dressed like me. It's a very rare day that I don't get some kinda shit walking down my own block where I've lived for two years."

I asked him why, as he had told me once before, he thought adolescence was the best part of a person's life.

"Adolescence is the point in your life where you are forced inevitably by circumstances to face the questions that are the most crucial questions about life, period. And the extent to which you maintain the attitude that you had as a teenager is the extent to which you remain alive, as far as I'm concerned. You increase your ability to operate efficiently on the face of the environment you percieve as you get older, but that doesn't mean that the turmoil inside you about these things is lessened any. I can't speak for anybody but myself, but I know that I haven't resolved any of those things."

You don't feel that you've made more of a peace with yourself than when you were 16 years old?

"I'm worse. I could never have had any respect for myself and thought for a moment about deliberately dying at the age of 16. Now I can very dispassionately and confidently imagine myself sticking a pistol into my mouth and pulling the trigger."

What would stop you?

"Habit. Just habit. You're so used to being alive. The power of habit is so overwhelming. Gertrude Stein wrote a thesis about it in college. Eating is an addiction. You gotta go out and get yourself food if you're gonna live, just like you gotta go out and get yourself junk if you're a junkie; there's no difference. Anything that's necessary for maintaining yourself on a condition of health is an addiction. There are similarities between addiction to a drug and being alive, which is what I was saying in 'Who Says?': *'Once born you're addicted/And so you depict it/As good, but who kicked it?'* "

But the difference between that and drug addiction is that there's no *alternative* to food or life!

"There's death. I have no idea what it would be like, I just know that it would remove me . . . it would render unnecessary . . . it would render void a lot of things that are horrifying and painful and disgusting to me."

JUST FOR the record, I would like it known by anybody who cares that I don't think life is a perpetual dive. And even though I think it's genuinely frightening, I don't think in terms of himself Richard Hell's fascination with death is anything else but stupid.

I suspect almost every day that I'm living for nothing, I get depressed and I feel self-destructive and a lot of the time I don't like myself. What's more the proximity of other humans often fills me with overwhelming anxiety. But I also feel that this precarious sentence is all we've got and simplistic as it may seem it's a person's duty to the potentials of his own soul to make the best of it, because we're all stuck on this often miserable earth where life is essentially tragic but there are glints of beauty and bedrock-joy that come shining through from time to precious time to remind anybody who cares to see that there is somthing higher and larger than ourselves and I'm not talking about your putrifying gods, I am talking about a sense of wonder about life itself, and the feeling that there is some redemptive factor one must at least *search* for until you drop dead of natural causes of you and all the Richard Hells are chickenshits who trash the precious gift most blithely, and deserve to be given no credence but shocked awake in some violent manner.

Either that or spanked and put to bed.

Look, I started out this thing saying how I *respected* this guy's mind and perceptions. I still do, in a curious way — it's just that I think he paints half the picture of total reality with consumate brilliance. The other half is Crayola slashes across a field of Silly Putty and Green Slime. In other workds, he's got a great grasp of the *problems* of being alive in the '70s, but his solutions suck. And just like Eldridge Cleaver said, there comes a time when we all must choose.

By his own terms, he doesn't transcend his self-hate; in fact, it would seem that transcendence is not what he is lookin for. His whole picture is a self-fulfilling prophecy — he has designed his world in such a way that things ought to work out every bit as miserably as he expects, a phyrric gratification at best. But the purpose of art is to transcend, which reminds me, Richard: why not live for your art if nothing else? And the greatest art is not narcissistic as you claim, but transcends the morass of self to reach out and reflect profoundly that world which will move on irrespective of whether you pull the trigger or not.

Did Dostoyevsky sit around mewling about I, I, I? Or Huysmans, for that matter? You may say that Des Esseintes was a projection of Huysmans himself, but there was an essential distance there, just as there is in all the greatest writers, because the ultimate art is created not out of navel-gazing at one's personal pain but a clear pereeption of the unsentimental fact that though we all die sooner or later not all life foreshadows that assignation.

In other words, life is not an addition, you've got it ass-backwards, because addiction is slavery and I don't feel in bondage just because I have to keep breathing and eating a cup of yogurt once in awhile to go on writing these words.

Furthermore adolescence is one of the WORST parts of life, it's the cloud of unknowing and a state of total awkwardness when the fun you have always seems to be tempered by some kind of stupid bullshit like parents or zits or what have you.

Most importantly, it seems to me that there is a war on today which goes far beyond rest-of-society vs. punks, it's the war for the preservation of the heart, against all those forces which conspire to murder it, which you know about because you pinned some of them in "Liars Beware," but you are not waging that war.

Which also reminds me that it's all well and good to say that dressing like raggamuffins constitutes some kind of 'movement', even though it isn't true, but what I want to know is what the hell you expect this army of pathetic motherfuckers to do?' I mean, what's your ultimate programme . . .

The Blank Generation marches on Washington: a vast sea of torn-shirt, spikeheads bearing blank protest signs and banners masses in front of the White House.

Jimmy is not the kind of President who does not read the papers published by Les Miserables.

"Hey", he says, "I know who you are. Just hand up your list of demands. Shit, I gave enough to a bunch of cracker junkies, you can't be worse than them. WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S YOURS".

"Well we want to be free . . ."

"Well, I have no control over individual circumstances, but in general I would say to you boys . . . what happened in 'Easy Rider' will never happen to anyone again . . . freedom is being able to ride your bikes . . ."

"We don't know how to ride bikes . . . we want . . . uh . . . what do we want Richard?"

"I vont to be alone. . ."

"Well, thanks a fuck of a lot!"

Richard, seeing his constituency beginning to slip from his grasp, marshalls his powers of concentration. "We want . . . we want . . . uh . . . how about free colour T.V. sets and beer or methodone for everybody?"

Jimmy: "That's all."

Richard: "Okay, okay, wait a second . . . I got it . . . if we maybe stuck a few safety pins in the barrels of National Guardsmen . . . do you think maybe you could arrange to have us all killed?"

Jimmy: "Well, I've never engaged in this kinda thing before. But yes, I think it could be very easily done . . ."

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The NME Consumers' Guide To The '70s — FINAL PART

Sleaze

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Lou Reed
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GTOs
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Last Poets
David Peel & Lower East Side

Alice Cooper
David Bowie
Flo & Eddie
Savage Young Winos

New York Dolls
Flamin' Groovies
Pink Fairies
Brian Eno/Roxy Music
Third World War
Iggy Pop

Patti Smith
Original Heartbreakers
Blue Oyster Cult
Dictators
Tubes
Kiss
Motorhead
Sonic's Rendezvous
New Order

Ramones
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Pub Rock

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Dr. Feelgood
Kokomo
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Cado Belle
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Palm Beach Express
G.T. Moore & His Reggae
Guitars
Forces Favourites
Gonzalez

Moon
Kursaal Flyers
Micky Jupp Band
Jive Bombers
Bearded Lady
Slack Alice
Michigan Flyers
Rocky Sharpe & The Razors
Plummet Airlines
Eddie & The Hot Rods

101'ers
Graham Parker & The Rumou
Lee Kosmin Band
Flip City (Elvis Costello)
Roogalator
Count Bishops
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Burlesque
Supercharge
Racing Cars

Punk

→

Swankers
Bastard
London SS
The Brats
Eddie & Hot Rods

Sex Pistols
Damned
Clash
Jam
Stranglers
Buzzcocks
Vibrators
Flowers of Romance

Siouxsie & Banshees
The Boys
Adverts
Chelsea
Subway Sect
Johnny Moped
Slaughter & Dogs
The Slits
X Ray Specs
Eater
Models
Wire
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Rich Kids
Alternative TV
Howard Devoto's Magazine
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Snatch
Killjoys
XTC
Pork Dukes
The Rejects

PUNK

By TONY PARSONS

> *"SUPERPOP is mass media, it is teen music always, it has to hit. Ideally, it has to do what Bogart and Brando and Monroe have done in films — it has to be intelligent and simple both, it has to carry its implications lightly and it has to be fast, funny, sexy, obsessive, a bit epic . . ."*
> Nik Cohn, *Awopbopaloobop Alopbamboom.*

IN THE BEGINNING, there was boredom. The seventies had dawned with rock's Old Masters of the '60s plagued with a fatal disease virtually unique in post-James Dean youth culture— they hadn't died while they were still young.

The seminal '50s heroes had their future relevance to rock 'n' roll terminated by myriad forms of self-immolation; Eddie Cochran killed at twenty-one in the same car-crash that caused Gene Vincent's fatally shell-shocked injuries; Elvis sanitised by the U.S. Army, paving the way for his transition to Family Entertainer; Chuck Berry in jail; Jerry Lee Lewis in nationwide disgrace because of jailbait offences; Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper all killed in the same air disaster and — just to round the total carnage off nicely — Little Richard Penniman had given it all up for (God forgive him) religion.

By comparison the '60s aftermath was a dinosaurs grave yard of obscenely wealthy Rock Tsars churning out uninspired product that was a mere parody of past glories and/or was suffering from chronic artistic pretention, induced by either an excess of expensive pharmaceutical or too much social footsie with their new chums, the bored, idle and often titled rich.

Hip Easy Listening was begat by this *Rue Morgue,* but more to the point was Glitter. Bolan, Bowie, Gary Glitter, Sparks and Roxy Music served as a temporary if highly enjoyable anaesthetic, but soon these luminaires were as tedious as Old Warhorse geriatrics like The Stones, the ex-Fab Farts, The Who, Beach Boys (boys?), Kinks . . . name it.

What made it all so much worse was that — after growing up to an age where you could start *enjoying* yourself, when it was finally your generation's turn to come of age — the sterling-drooping U.K. was in the middle of a sodding Economic Crisis.

No question, times were hard; teeming comprehensives priming you for fifty years of factory / office / dole fodder; government sponsored battery-hen housing in towering futuristic slums or decrepit terraced estates; well over a million unemployed and legions of school-leavers joining their ranks every day . . . kid, it was definitely No Fun.

There was an entire New Generation out there of musicians, singers, writers, fans, hustlers and plain parasites anxiously looking around for a riot of its own. In London, many of them had been skin-heads but had grown out of that or got sent down . . . and there was nothing happening at all, not at all.

The new generation were working-class, short-haired and clothes-conscious, having little to do but go down the Disco or over the terraces and look-sharp/act tough. Hair scissor-cropped to vaselined spikes, nose running amphetamine-scorched and sleeve-wiped; this mass of raw repressed energy needed the catalyst of one Anti-Christ Messianic Coming to mutate its latent power into contemporary, classic rock.

Punk-rock roots were bands like London S.S. comprising Mick Jones later of the Clash, Brian James of the Damned and Tony James later of Chelsea and then Generation X; Joe Strummer in the 101ers; Dave Vanian digging graves; Jean-Jaques Burnel studying bass and karate in Guildford while Hugh Cornwell taught in Sweden and got kicked out for turning his pupils onto acid; the legendary Brats . . . meanwhile a bunch of kids out in Woking worshipped the Who, played '60s songs for youth-clubs and called themselves the Jam. Out there in Teenage Wasteland were Rat Scabies, Poly Styrene, Billy Idol, Howard Devoto, Randy Bollocker and more, all waiting for the initial, crucial impetus to get them off their collective butt and into the first post-Sex Pistols New Wave/First Wave punk-rock combos, into a recognisable sub-culture where they could say what they felt, have a good time and maybe even stop getting treated like freaks.

IT HAPPENED when Malcolm McLaren saw John Lydon of Finsbury Park slouched against the Juke Box in McLaren's King's Road clothes-as-shock-tactics shop, Sex. McLaren was one of youth culture's all-time great visionaries and entrepreneurs; he had returned to England from the States in 1975 after managing the last days of the vital and ill-fated New York Dolls.

The rock renaissance may draw its major musical influences from various sources — the apocalyptic psychotic Iggy Pop; the radical hippies MC5; the enigmatic changeling David Bowie; and the tasty London Mod Omnipotence tradition of early Small Faces and Who — but the Dolls were the first band this decade whose youth, arrogance and self-destructive tendencies reflected the initial stirrings of a generation's revolt into style. Their demise was akin to the death of James Byron Dean; inevitable, tragic and perfect.

So McLaren was well suss to the qualities a spotty combo would need to clear the aural debris of another age. At the time he first saw John Lydon leaning against the Sex Juke Box in August, 1975, McLaren had been assisting a bunch of kids who hung out in Sex with management duties as far back as prior to his trip to manage the Dolls Stateside. They called themselves The Swankers and were in the process of rehearsing a repetoire of sixties-smash-singles and looking for a lead singer. They had originally been a four piece of Paul Cook (drums), Glen Matlock (bass), Steve Jones on vocals and bespectacled kid (who reportedly looked like Buddy Holly) on guitar called Wally. Jones wasn't suited to being a front man so he aquired a guitar (like all the Swanker's equipment, it was stolen) and improved so rapidly that Wally got kicked out. Obviously, the kid's image just didn't cut it. Equally obviously , John Lydon's was faultless.

McLaren asked Lydon if he could sing and the callow youth responded in a surly negative, following it up by giving a furiously intense, impressively charismatic debut miming to a single on the Juke Box, Alice Cooper's "Schools Out".

His cynical hostility was the ultimate personification of the punk attitude; "I can remember poing to those concerts and seeing all those hippies being far out and together, maaaaaaaaaaan, *despising* me because I was about twenty years younger than they were and having *short hair.*"

There was an entire generation who went through exactly the same thing and, many of them wanted revenge. Rotten's death's-head visage became the vilified icon of punk, as distinctive as any film star, sports hero or big shot politician. So punk-rock may be garage-land do-it-yourself music — but the Star System thrived better than ever.

The Swankers scored themselves a new lead singer, a new manager and a new moniker; McLaren introduced the fledgling Johnny Rotten (thus named because of his decaying teeth) to the rest of the boys in the band; signed the combo as their official full-time manager; and added the final flourish of re-naming them the Sex Pistols. They came out of rehearsals to play their first gig in November 1975 at St Martin's College of Art and provoked immediate reactions of vilified outrage so extreme that the Pistols had soon crystalised widespread repressed frustration, giving it form, style and direction. Single-handed, they'd instigated a movement.

Kids began finding each other with Pistols gigs as the rallying flag, new bands started scuffling for any equipment they could lay their greasy paws on, and the whole thing got off the ground.

The catalysmic Pistols proved that anybody could play pure rock 'n' roll in its true raw frantic state after you'd thieved some gear and learnt a few chords, and soon their embryonic aural G.B.H. got tagged punk-rock after the American post-British Invasion garage-bands of the '60s with young, dumb and violent homemade soundtrack.

AN ENTIRE sub-culture began to develop, an alternative press of punk-fanzines instigated by Mark P.'s *Sniffin' Glue.* Punk-fashions of multi-colour peroxided hair, vaselined and spiked up, and threads alluding to anything that would scare the passer-by, S & M/Fascism/Gender Confusion, a plethora of safety pins and related scrap-metal, zips, buckles, chains, bondage belts embellishing tee-shirts, fluffy mohair jumpers, plastic bin-liners and assorted leather / vinyl / rubber / jumble-sale rags that had been ripped up with deft calculation.

The leaders in the fashion-conciousness of punk were the Bromley contingent, the earliest Pistols' disciples, and they became almost as celebrated as the band themselves — Siouxsie Sue, Sue Catwoman, Steve Havoc, Debbie and Sid Vicious; their fame took Warhol's prophetic *"In the future, everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes"* closer to fruition.

Always, the Sex Pistols were the unchallenged leaders and, in February 1976, they landed a gig amid the wasted elegance of Babylon's jaded cocaine-set socialites — artist and *bon viveur* Andrew Logan's yearly party. It was brilliant strategy on McLaren's part; the world-weary wealthy elite were blown out of their apathy by a trio of Pistols sets comprising their patented noise for napalming the psyche of a nation.

The most important weapon the Pistols had going for them was that they carried real rage. For the first time in years a band was directly reacting against the music business monolith and if they sounded disgusted, demented, destructive and depressed with the sordid planet and everything in it, then it was certainly what was needed to inflict scorched-earth policy prior to the deluge of the New Wave.

And with Johnny Rotten out in front, it sure as hell suited them . . .

Rock had always flirted with violence as mere metaphor; Rotten destroyed the pose, and replaced it with the reality —constantly haranguing the audience with streams of abuse, spitting and snarling lyrics as though they tasted of rat-piss, dancing like a rotting corpse still shaking from snarling its yarbles on the lid of the coffin as it closed, glassy eyes burning, pallid flesh decorated with fag burns, amphetamine parched lips turn back with savage contempt as he went for the jugular — sometimes literally.

Banned for the hostilities provoked at the Nashville and Marquee, the Pistols eventually secured a residency at Oxford Street's 100 Club. By the summer of '76 punk-rock had evolved to the stage where it would be officially recognised by the Rock Establishment as a genuine New Order (even if few media people record company executives/club owners didn't consider it any more appealing than Leprosy) and the 100 Club played host to a two day punk festival in September.

BY THIS time the leading bands had evolved definite distinct individual images. The Pistols as guiding lights, socially deprived / morally depraved anarchistic yobs; The Damned slapstick burlesque clowns with undertones of both Hammer Horror and *Carry On* movies; The Clash urban guerillas and politico-poets of the mass-media; The Jam as contemporary mohair-clad Who-derived Mods; The Stranglers cynical intellectual, celebrators of misogyny and derided by the rest of the movement for their middle-class graduate backgrounds and lingering hippie legacy; The Vibrators cacophonic cartoon characters, their songs hilarious S & M caricatures; and Eddie And The Hot Rods, banished to the perimeters of punk by virtue of their flared denims and decidedly un-cool rivvum and blooze work-outs.

The two days at the 100 Club was punk's Debs Coming-Out Ball. The scene was a new peak of funtime decadence with the mandatory pose of violence the first day when the Pistols topped, giving the club the oppressive sulphate-tension of the football terraces.

On the second day the pose exploded into tragic reality; The Damned baited the hecklers and got a glass thrown at them. It missed its target and shattered against a wooden post blinding an eighteen year old girl in one eye.

The tragedy tarnished the entire movement with one brush in the Established Order's mind although the subsequent outraged publicity resulted in the cold irony of punk-rock catapulting to Capitalist Corporate Structure Commercial Viability.

The Pistols signed with EMI, went on ITV's prime-time *"Today"* show and cussed in front of millions,

Pandemonium erupted in total national revulsion, (conveniently overlooking the fact that Grundy had been suspended for his part in the stream of expletives non-deleted), good solid citizens putting their democratic boot through their TV Eye, screaming denunciations on F. Street banner-headlines, and local councils trying to censor punk-rock out of existence.

The Pistols upcoming tour with Johnny Thunders Heartbreakers, The Clash and The Damned (kicked out after playing just one day because of much bitching with the other bands and replaced by the Buzzcocks) lost dates like a leper loses friends, and only five gigs were played.

In the middle of it all, the Pistols released their debut single "Anarchy In The U.K.", was one of the greatest rock-classics, an undiluted raging anthem of Modern World Youth culture furious nihilism, pushing rock's perennial demonic possession stance to unprecedented extremes.

It made the Top Thirty before EMI deleted it and dropped the Pistols from pressure groups, as diverse as EMI factory workers taking strike-action in protest against having to pack the single, ageing artists on the label smelling a young threat, and irate shareholders concerned that the controversy could make their units drop.

The divorce cost EMI £50,000. High Finance Capitalism, Local Council Reactionaries and Mass Media Sensationalists had joined forces to dish out some hysterical, ugly and very real repression on the punk-rock-rebrobates, making them Rebels With A Cause. When the Covent Garden Roxy under the wing of Andy Czezowski became the first exclusively punk club, the movement's troops flocked to the Soho subterranean oven with the passion of persecuted religious dissidents . . . posing at the bar with onsessive, fanatical dedication, pogoing like epilectic dervishes to the bands on stage pumping out endless three-chord wastelands.

Mostly the music itself was dire, few of the neophytes possessing the imaginative flair of the originators, but it was *home*, a real riot of your own, and when someone like The Buzzcocks, Clash, X-Ray Spex or The Heartbreakers played, the atmosphere would be more electricity than you'd seen in your life. The Roxy would catch fire and chaos would reign. And if applause could secure a band's credibility and a fight could shred your face, then that just put an appropriate edge on the festivities.

The influx of bandwaggon jumpers amidst the genuine flocks of punk-neophytes created Fear And Loathing in the Roxy and when the club's owners eventually physically ejected Czezowski from all dealings with the club in April 1977, the Roxy lost its position of number one punk-rock venue to The Vortex in Wardour Street when it opened at the start of the summer.

By this time The Pistols had made the front pages and £75,000 when they signed and got kicked off A & M in less than a week, eventually settling with an independent when they became Virgin's.

RECORD LABELS were fired with enthusiasm for the Punk Phenomena and all the column space it was gleaning in the F. Street and rock-rags, and they moved in with contracts in their fists fawning like serfs.

The biggest labels got the name bands — CBS The Clash and Vibrators, United Artists The Stranglers and Buzzcocks, Polydor The Jam while The Damned remained with the feisty little guys at Stiff, the label maintaining its identity but benefiting from the big league distribution when it did a deal with Island.

The punk demand from the record company was matched only by the profusion of new punk-rock bands — suddenly everyone under O.A.P. age who cropped his barnet and donned bondage strides got labelled a 'punk'. Mostly this New Wave Flotsam And Jetsam consisted of a Heavy Metal drone played as fast as possible, adopting all the correct punk attitudes, and was totally devoid of the flair, originality and imagination of the early bands. But the fact they were dire hardly mattered — they landed lucrative contracts that they wouldn't have dreamt of in another generation.

Putting an X on the line after a minumum apprenticeship and tired cliches like Chelsea's "Right To Work" or Cherry Vanilla's "The Punk" diluted the lifeblood of punk and made what had initially been a genuine reaction of discontent into a vehicle of mere commercial exploitation. Clubs, kids, D.J.'s and journalists who were previously detractors of punk did an about-face — punk-rock had become cool.

Paradoxically, we were in The Summer Of Hate and punks had never been in greater physical danger — the national outcry over the Pistol's "God Save The Queen" number one hit record resulting in Johnny Rotten having his face razor slashed by vigilante patriots who also put Paul Cook into hospital with head wounds from iron bars. The Pistols threw a boat party on the Thames on Jubilee Day and it was violently broken up by the cops, Malcolm McLaren being beaten up and arrested. It wasn't safe for them to go out on the street; punk had set a precedent in rock's capacity for violence and was consequently severely punished by society's backlash.

Despite the mass-bannings from the media because of anti-monarchy sentiments, "God Save The Queen" reached number one and when The Pistols released "Pretty Vacant", they appeared on *Top Of The Pops.* Watching it was like V.E. day, but it was a Pyrrhic Victory that reflected how brilliantly the established media had run punk through the mill of commercial assimilation.

The giant labels, the established venues, the entire rock-showbiz machine right down to television's cornball presentation of rock music had taken the ideals of a movement born out of *No Fun* to the level of a trendy, trite and transient fashion — *No Threat.*

The bands, the best of them anyway, still made good and sometimes great rock records but, in all honesty, the best that can be said for the achievement of punk-rock is that it was fun for a while; it sure as hell-fire didn't change anything other than replacing one lot of rock-tsars with another.

No More Heroes? White Riot? Anarchy?

By maintaining the illusion of rebellion in punk-rock and using the same old dangled carrots of cash/sex/drugs and fame, the music business pulled out punk-rock's teeth and turned it into just another green-back producer.

A diversion, channelling the time, energy and psyche of U.K. youth into a movement with as much chance of effecting political/social change as any other palliative.

The establishment wants to control the energies of rebellious youth and the lard-arse capitalists want to make vast amounts of money. These people got the most out of punk-rock. They're laughing at us, punk.

But, oh, how we pogoed . . .

The NME Consumers' Guide To The '70s

NME WALL CHART TO THE '70s — WEEK 4

Compiled by
JULIE BURCHILL,
ROY CARR,
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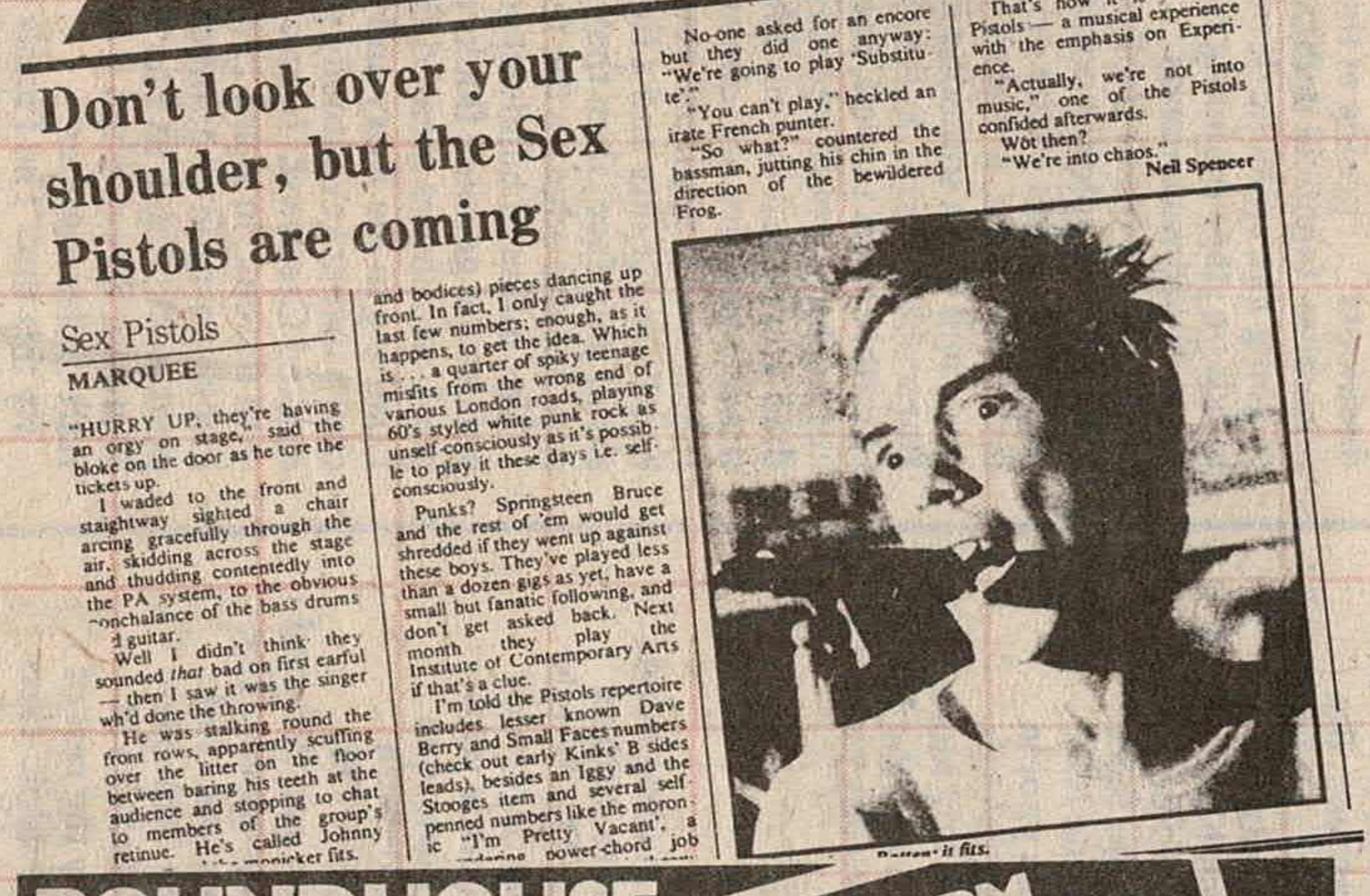
DICK TRACY.



Don't look over your shoulder, but the Sex Pistols are coming

Sex Pistols
MARQUEE

"HURRY UP, they're having an orgy on stage," said the bloke on the door as he tore the tickets up.

I waded to the front and staightway sighted a chair arcing gracefully through the air, skidding across the stage and thudding contentedly into the PA system, to the obvious nonchalance of the bass drums and guitar.

Well I didn't think they sounded *that* bad on first earful — then I saw it was the singer wh'd done the throwing.

He was stalking round the front rows, apparently scuffing over the litter on the floor between baring his teeth at the audience and stopping to chat to members of the group's retinue. He's called Johnny … the monicker fits … and bodices) pieces dancing up front. In fact, I only caught the last few numbers; enough, as it happens, to get the idea. Which is . . . a quarter of spiky teenage misfits from the wrong end of various London roads, playing 60's styled white punk rock as unself-consciously as it's possible to play it these days i.e. self-consciously.

Punks? Springsteen Bruce and the rest of 'em would get shredded if they went up against these boys. They've played less than a dozen gigs as yet, have a small but fanatic following, and don't get asked back. Next month they play the Institute of Contemporary Arts if that's a clue.

I'm told the Pistols repertoire includes lesser known Dave Berry and Small Faces numbers (check out early Kinks' B sides leads), besides an Iggy and the Stooges item and several self-penned numbers like the moronic "I'm Pretty Vacant", a … power-chord job …

No-one asked for an encore but they did one anyway: "We're going to play 'Substitute'."

"You can't play," heckled an irate French punter.

"So what?" countered the bassman, jutting his chin in the direction of the bewildered Frog.

That's how it is with the Pistols — a musical experience with the emphasis on Experience.

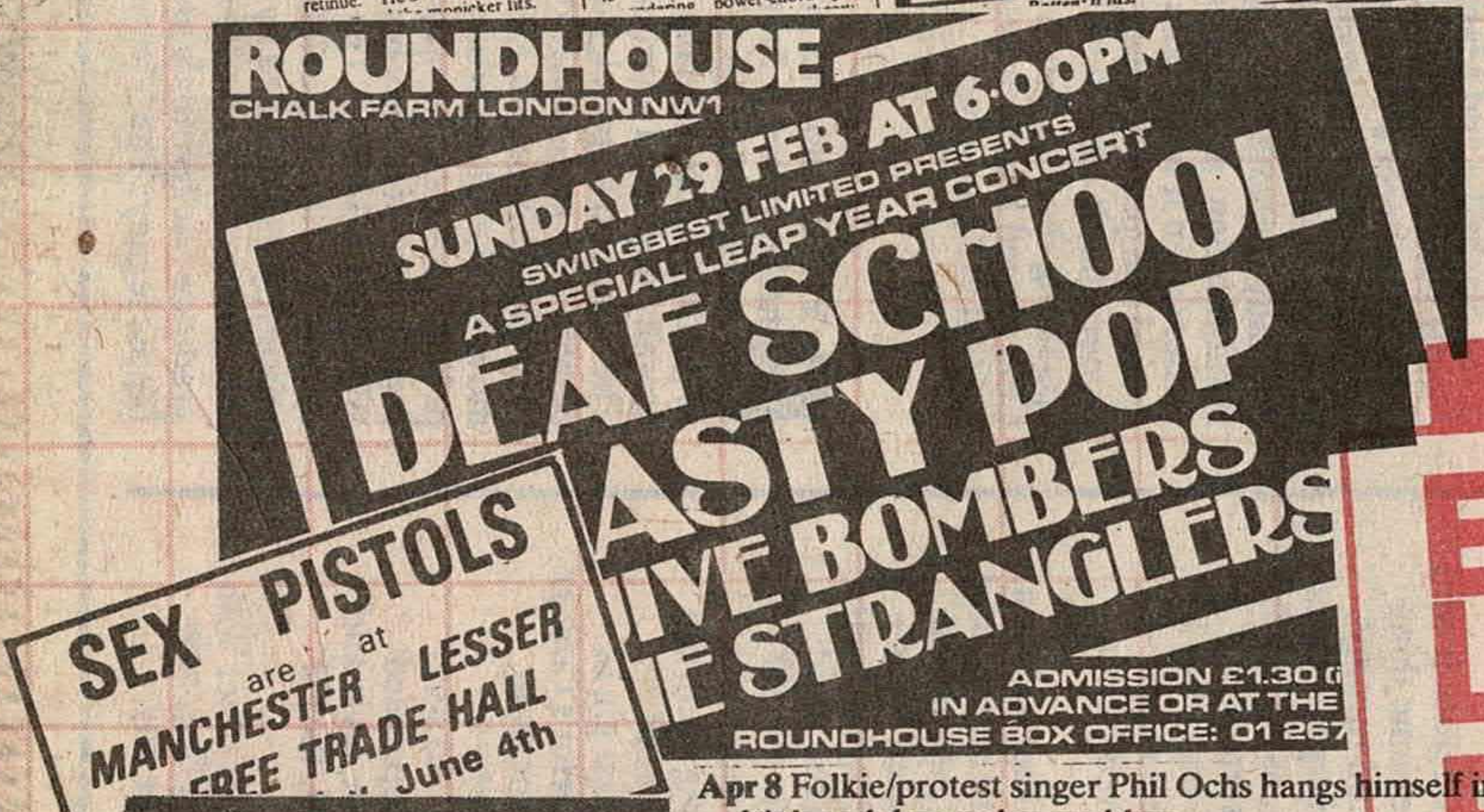
"Actually, we're not into music," one of the Pistols confided afterwards.

Wot then?

"We're into chaos."

Neil Spencer

Rotten: it fits.



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SEX PISTOLS
are at
MANCHESTER LESSER
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June 4th

1976

Jan 1 Official opening of Roxy Club with The Clash.

Jan 2 "Tubular Bells" tops 1975 NME Chart Points Survey album section.
Pound sinks to its lowest level ever.
Complaint against Beach Boy Dennis Wilson dropped following his arrest for carrying a 38 calibre revolver he'd taken off his girlfriend.

Jan 3 Queen's "A Night At The Opera" No.1 album in UK.

Jan 5 Mal Evans (40) shot dead by Los Angeles police in the home of his girlfriend after he refused to surrender a shotgun. Evans was Beatles' road manager throughout their history.

Jan 8 Chou En-Lai, Chinese Prime Minister, dies of cancer aged 78.

Jan 9 Phonogram/Vertigo announce signing of Graham Parker & The Rumour.

Jan 10 Bluesman Howlin' Wolf (Chester Burnett) dies in Chicago hospital.

Jan 13 Gregg Allman subpoenaed in Macon, Georgia by federal grand jury investigating alleged multi-million dollar drugs ring. Allman's testimony results in hefty jail sentence for his roadie.

Jan 27 Patty Hearst on trial for armed robbery in San Francisco.

Jan 28 Gary Glitter announces his retirement at age 31.

Jan 31 Buster Brown dies. "Fannie Mae" was a hit for him in 1959.
Glen Miller's "Moonlight Serenade" enters UK singles charts: *Melody Maker* proclaims arrival of "Miller-mania".

Feb 4 Guatemalan earthquake kills over 22,000.

Feb 6 U.S. promoter Bill Sargent offers Beatles 30 million dollars to reform for one-off gig.

Feb 10 IRA Balcombe Street Siege gang sentenced to total of 616 years.

Feb 13 *Approx.* Cambridge social worker Gerry King deported from Casablanca for possessing a copy of *NME!*

Feb 21 "December, 1963 (Oh, What A Night)" by Four Seasons UK No. 1.

Feb 21 "Sex Pistols Are Coming" review (their first in music press) in *NME.*
Florence Ballard, one of original Supremes, dies penniless in a Detroit hospital.

Mar 5 EMI re-release all 22 Beatles singles.

Mar 16 Harold Wilson resigns as PM. Callaghan succeeds him.

Mar 18 London screening of Bowie's *The Man Who Fell To Earth* movie.

Mar 19 Paul Kossoff dies in his sleep while on a plane flight from Los Angeles to New York City.
After ten-year residency, keyboardist Mike Ratledge quits Soft Machine.

Mar 21 Boxer Rubin 'Hurricane' Carter released from jail on bail pending appeal following Dylan's "Hurricane" campaign to get him a retrial.
David Bowie busted for drugs in NYC. He received a small fine

Mar 24 Military junta overthrow Eva Peron in Argentina.

Mar 26 Born to Anita Pallenberg and Keith Richard a second son — Tara (Jo Jo Gunne). Child dies a few weeks later.

Mar 27 "Rock Follies" No. 1 album in UK.

Apr 1 More than million postal ticket applications for Rolling Stones' Earls Court concerts in May.

Apr 3 101'ers and Sex Pistols play the Nashville.
Brotherhood of Man win the Eurovision Song Contest

Apr 5 Reclusive millionaire, Howard Hughes, dies of kidney failure at 70.

Apr 8 Folkie/protest singer Phil Ochs hangs himself in New York after a long drink and depression problem.

Apr 9 Ian Mitchell (17) replaces Alan Longmuir (27) in Bay City Rollers.

Apr 20 Rolling Stones release "Black And Blue" LP.

Apr 22 Tim Leary released from jail after serving half of ten year sentence for possession of two joints.

Apr 27 David Bowie delayed at Russian-Polish border while Russian customs confiscate his collection of Nazi books and mementoes.

May 1 *Approx* Ramones release debut album Stateside.

May 3 David Bowie play first of six days at Empire Pool, Wembley, his first UK gigs since July 1973 retirement announcement at Hammersmith.

May 10 Rolling Stones open British tour at Glasgow Apollo.
Jeremy Thorpe resigns as leader of Liberal Party following allegations of homosexual affair with Norman Scott.

May 11 George Davis released from prison.

May 16 Patti Smith makes British debut supported by The Stranglers at London Roundhouse.

May 17 Sex Pistols host midnight soiree at Islington's Screen On The Green.

May 19 Keith Richard busted by Thames Valley fuzz on drug charges.

May 31 'Who Put The Boot In" — first of three football stadium concerts featuring The Who, Little Feat, SAHB and Outlaws, at Charlton football ground.

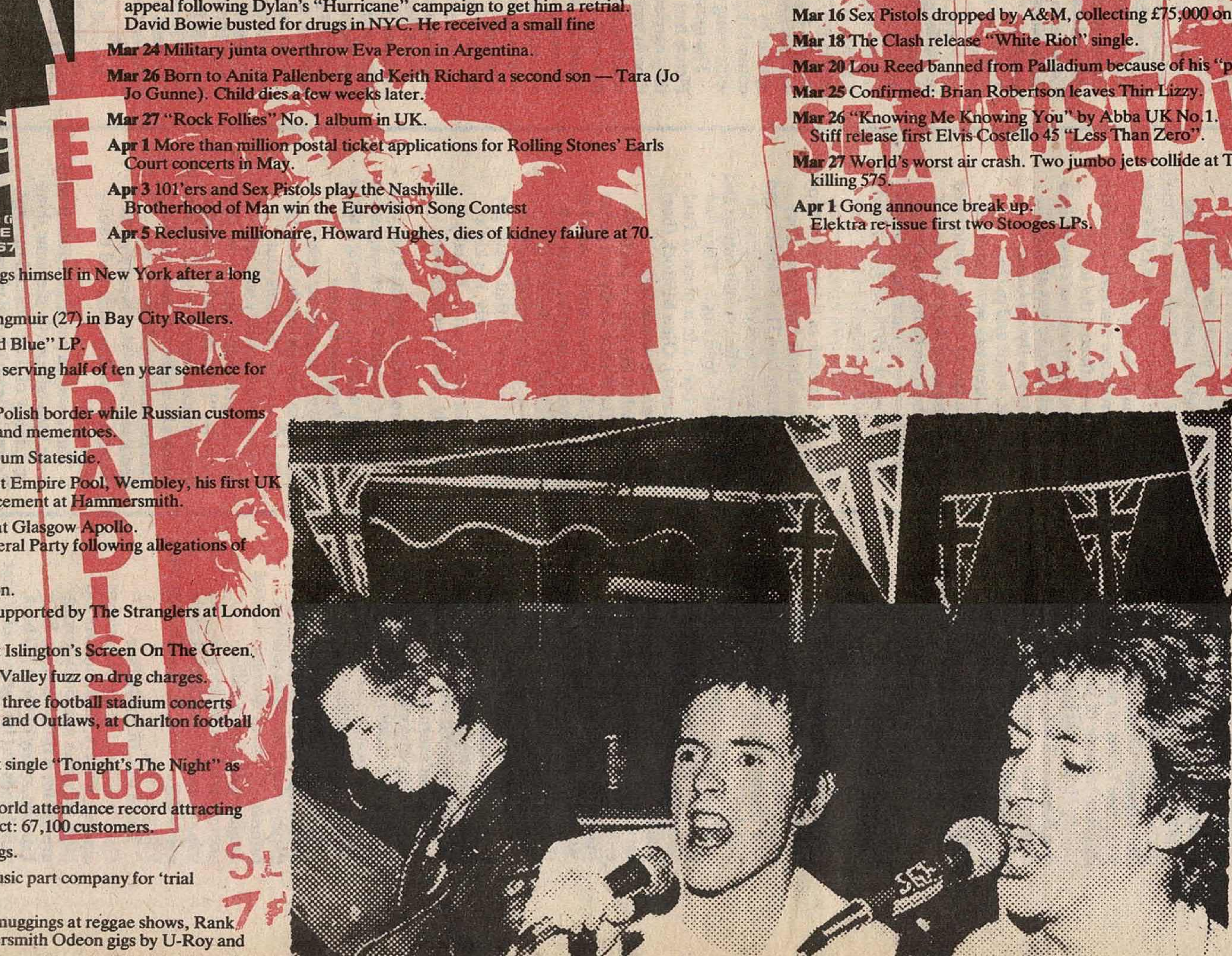
June 4 *Top Of The Pops* bans Rod Stewart single "Tonight's The Night" as being "too suggestive".

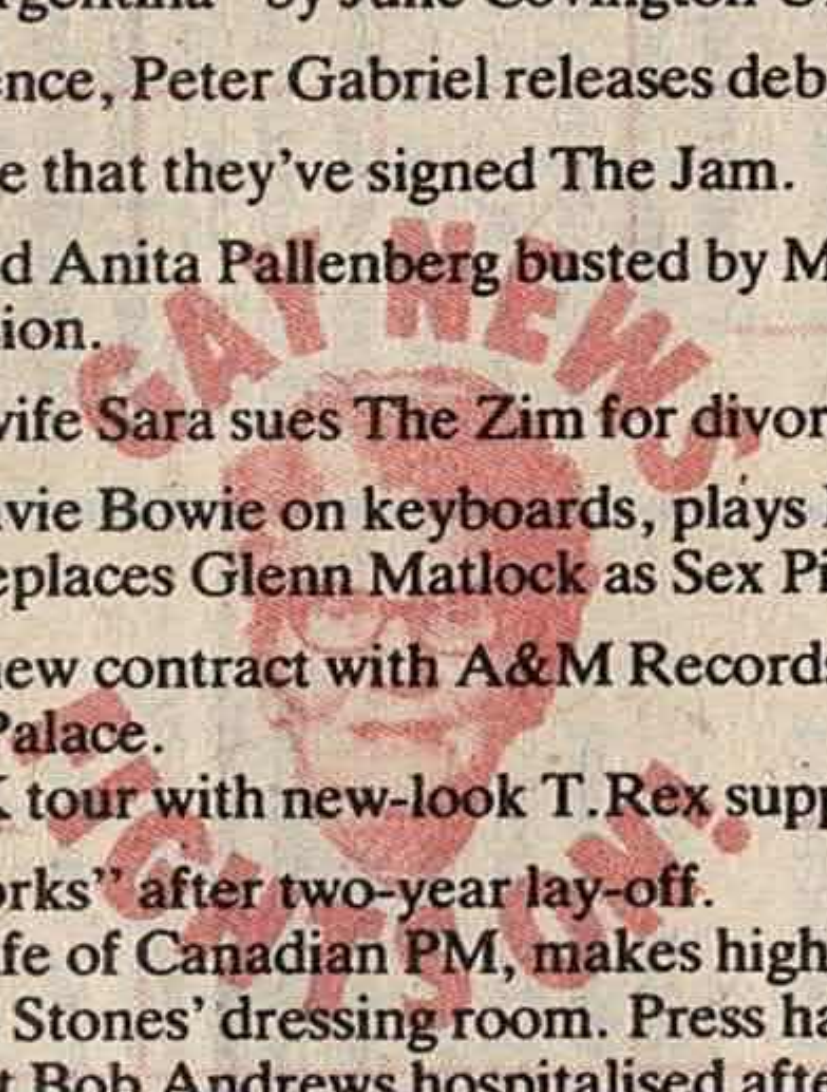
June 10 In Seattle, Wings establish new world attendance record attracting biggest-ever indoor crowd for a single act: 67,100 customers.

June 18 Singer Phil May quits Pretty Things.

June 26 *Approx* Bryan Ferry and Roxy Music part company for 'trial separation'.

July 2 Following crowd disturbances and muggings at reggae shows, Rank Leisure Services ban upcoming Hammersmith Odeon gigs by U-Roy and Mighty Diamonds.





1977

Jan 1 London Rainbow re-opens for 3rd time in seven years with Genesis gig.

Jan 12 After weeks of speculation, EMI finally dump Sex Pistols with £30,000 contract termination pay-off. EMI copies of "Anarchy" to be melted down.

Jan 15 "Don't Give Up On Us" by David Soul UK No.1.
David Bowie's "Low" released.

Jan 23 In fall from stage at concert in Tampa, Florida, Patti Smith breaks vertebrae in her neck.

Jan 26 Former Fleetwood Mac guitarist Peter Green (30) committed for treatment in mental hospital after court appearance for threatening behaviour with a rifle

Jan 30 Stranglers' Hugh Cornwell wears "Fuck" T-shirt onstage at Rainbow.
Roy Harper kisses sheep and catches toxopasmosis.

Feb 5 Rolling Stones sign to EMI for UK distribution.
Approx. Stiff sign licensing deal with Island; Damned debut LP first release.
Approx. Iggy Pop signs with RCA.

Feb 10 Ruben "Hurricane" Carter sentenced on retrial to three terms of life.

Feb 12 TV screening of episode one of Tony Palmer's "All You Need Is Love".
Cockney Rebel play Rainbow benefit for Ireland's Homeless.
Pink Floyd release "Animals" LP.
"Don't Cry For Me Argentina" by Julie Covington UK No.1.

Feb 18 After lengthy silence, Peter Gabriel releases debut solo LP.

Feb 25 Polydor announce that they've signed The Jam.

Feb 29 Keith Richard and Anita Pallenberg busted by Mounties in Toronto for alleged heroin possession.

Mar 4 *Approx.* Dylan's wife Sara sues The Zim for divorce.

Mar 5 Iggy Pop, with Davie Bowie on keyboards, plays Rainbow Theatre.
Approx. Sid Vicious replaces Glenn Matlock as Sex Pistols' bassist.

Mar 10 Sex Pistols sign new contract with A&M Records on trestle table outside Buckingham Palace.
Marc Bolan opens UK tour with new-look T.Rex supported by Damned.

Mar 11 ELP release "Works" after two-year lay-off.
Margaret Trudeau, wife of Canadian PM, makes highly-publicised appearance in Rolling Stones' dressing room. Press has a field day(s).
Generation X guitarist Bob Andrews hospitalised after being struck by beer mug at gig in Leicester.

Mar 12 "Chanson D'Amour" by Manhattan Transfer UK No.1.
Approx. Atlantic re-release MC5's "Back In The USA" LP classic.
Approx. Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers sign to Track.
Night of the Bob Harris/Sex Pistols incident at Speakeasy Club.

Mar 16 Sex Pistols dropped by A&M, collecting £75,000 on way.

Mar 18 The Clash release "White Riot" single.

Mar 20 Lou Reed banned from Palladium because of his "punk image".

Mar 25 Confirmed: Brian Robertson leaves Thin Lizzy.

Mar 26 "Knowing Me Knowing You" by Abba UK No.1.
Stiff release first Elvis Costello 45 "Less Than Zero".

Mar 27 World's worst air crash. Two jumbo jets collide at Tenerife airport killing 575.

Apr 1 Gong announce break up.
Elektra re-issue first two Stooges LPs.

Apr 2 *Approx.* Waldo de los Rios kills himself.
Approx. Wilko Johnson quits Feelgoods.

Apr 8 First UK punk act to play U.S., Damned open four-night stint at CBGBs, New York.

Apr 10 Elvis Presley collapses on stage during a concert in Baltimore, Maryland. He resumed his act after 30 mins.

Apr 13 Small Faces' Reunion Tour opens at Sheffield City Hall.

Apr 17 Stranglers headline first bill-topping gig at Roundhouse.

Apr 25 Mary Whitehouse vs *Gay News* trial at Old Bailey.

Apr 29 *Approx.* Gary Holton rejoins Heavy Metal Kids.

Apr 30 Release of Stranglers' "Rattus Norvegicus" LP.
During Rainbow concert Eric Clapton takes an enforced ten minute breather from stage. He came back and told audience he was "tired and emotional" at the end of an arduous tour.

May 1 Lou Reed and "friend" Rachel celebrate third anniversary of their relationship at private party at a London club.

May 9 Patty Hearst freed on five years probation.
Rainbow Theatre damaged during Clash gig.

May 14 *Approx.* Sex Pistols sign with Virgin.

May 21 Clash booked for stealing Holiday Inn pillow-cases. CBS choose same day to issue "Remote Control" against band's wishes.

May 27 "God Save The Queen" released.
Islington Gazette interviews his mother after Johnny Rotten's amphetamine sulphate conviction; "It was only speed. It wasn't a hard drug. My boy is doing his own thing; he's not going around murdering people."

May 28 "Hotel California" by Eagles No. 1 album in UK
Ramones' "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" enters UK singles chart.
Gong reunion gig in Paris.

June 1 Paul Weller of The Jam celebrates 19th birthday fruitlessly searching S.E. London for Pete Townshend.
Approx. Jam pull out of Clash tour after arguements between the two bands.

June 4 Stranglers caught in backlash after aggro at Clash Rainbow gig. Seven towns on UK tour pull out Stranglers' gigs fearing similar trouble.

TOP 20
1 FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST ROD STEWART
2
3 LUCILLE KENNY ROGERS
4 EVERGREEN BARBRA STREISAND
5 AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE JOE TEX
6 SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO JACKSONS
7 YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY CAROLE BAYER SAGER
8 THE SHUFFLE VAN McCOY
9 GOOD MORNING JUDGE 10CC
10 HALF WAY DOWN THE STAIRS
11 GOT TO GIVE IT UP
12 O.K.
13 TELEPHONE LINE
14 LIDO SHUFFLE
15 TOKYO JOE
16 DISCO INFERNO
A·M

EMI drop the Sex Pistols

PUNK ROCK group the Sex Pistols, better known for their outrageous … The statement said: "EMI feels it is unable to promote this group's records internationally in view of …

Week ending 19 March 1977

NEWS STORIES

PISTOLS CONTRACT TERMINATED

A&M Records wishes to announce that its recording agreement with the Sex Pistols has been terminated with immediate effect. The company therefore will not be releasing any product from the group and has no further as… with them.

Mighty Diamonds.
North and South Vietnam officially reunited after 20 years of war.

July 3 Brian Wilson appears on stage with Beach Boys for the first time in 12 years at concert at Anaheim Stadium before 74,000 people.

July 4 America's Bicentennial celebrations begin.
The Ramones, Flamin' Groovies and Stranglers play London Roundhouse.

July 9 Uriah Heep sack singer David Byron.

July 10 Deadly dioxin leaks from chemical plant at Soveso. Subsequently turns out to be wide scale ecological disaster.

July 12 Ian Dury and Kilburns disband.

July 16 Splitsville: Allmans Brothers Band and Loggins & Messina.

July 17 Peter Frampton's in-concert double album "Frampton Comes Alive", tops US charts at start of lengthy residency.
Montreal Olympic Games begin.

July 19 Deep Purple split.

July 23 High Court action filed by Ringo Starr and George Harrison fails to stop Polydor Records from releasing David Wigg's "The Beatle Tapes" interview album.

July 24 "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" by Elton John/Kiki Dee UK No. 1.

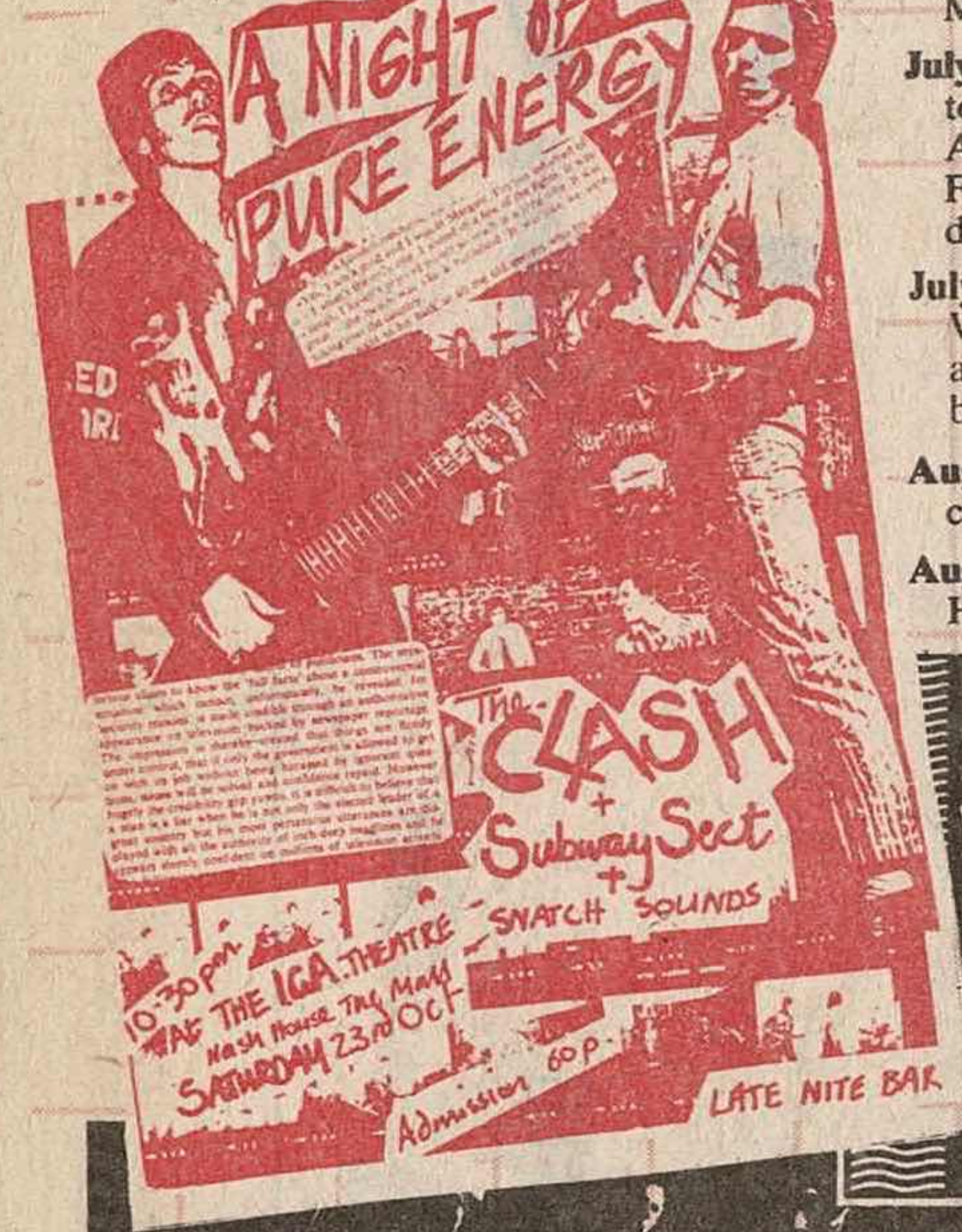
July 25 Songwriter Johnny Mercer of "Moon River" and "That Old Black Magic" fame dies aged 66.

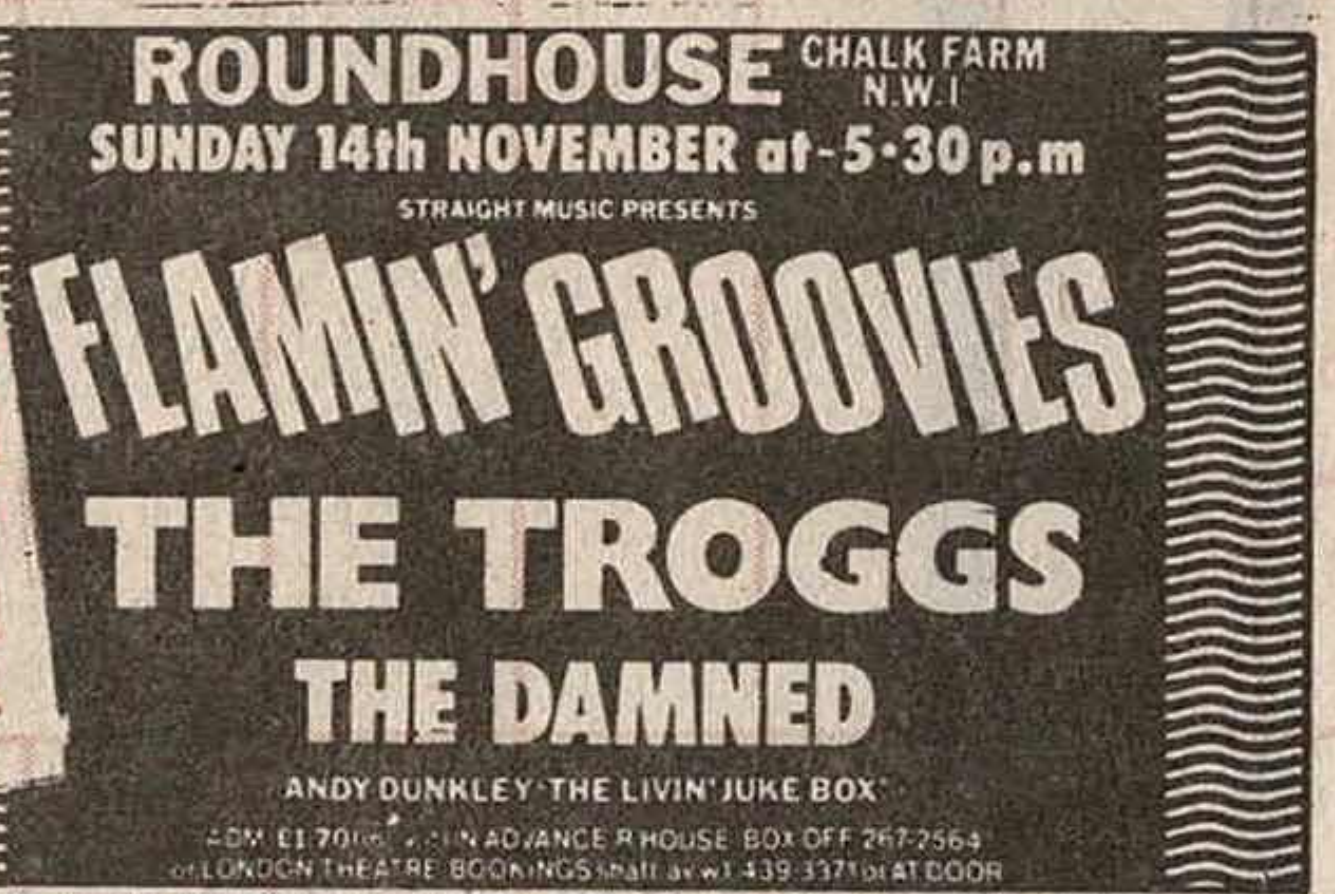
July 27 John Lennon at last granted "green card" allowing him to travel freely to and from USA.
Alex Harvey/Nazareth manager Bill Fehilly killed in plane crash.
Future Of Rock & Roll put on hold: Bruce Springsteen files suit in US district court against manager Mike Appel.

July 30 US promoter Bill Graham cancels "Greetings From San Francisco" Wembley Stadium gig due to lack of advance ticket sales. Only 11,000 out of a maximum of 72,000 had been purchased. Grateful Dead and Santana were billed to headline.

Aug 19 Glasgow *Evening Times* headlines "Glue Sniff Death Shocker". MP calls for Ramones album to be banned.

Aug 21 Rolling Stones, 10cc, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Utopia, Hot Tuna, Don Harrison Band play Knebworth.




ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
SUNDAY 14th NOVEMBER at 5.30 p.m
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
FLAMIN' GROOVIES
THE TROGGS
THE DAMNED
ANDY DUNKLEY THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX

Aug 27/29 At Reading Festival U-Roy and Mighty Diamonds pelted with missiles from crowd.

Sept 1 Notting Hill Carnival riots. 450 injured. 60 arrests.
Lou Adler, president of Ode Records, kidnapped.

Sept 4 "Dancing Queen" by Abba was UK No. 1.

Sept 7/14 Paul McCartney decrees A Buddy Holly Week.

Sept 9 Chairman Mao Tse-tung dies aged 82

Sept 11 Rod Stewart confirms line-up of his new backing band.

Sept 17 Ex-Spiders From Mars bassman Trevor Boulder joins Uriah Heep.
Heavy Metal Kids disown singer Gary Holton.

Sept 18 Queen, Kiki Dee and Supercharge play Hyde Park freebee.

Sept 23 Runaways open first British tour at Apollo Centre, Glasgow.

Sept 24 "Stupidity" by Dr. Feelgood No. 1 album in UK.
Les McKeown of Bay City Rollers cleared of shooting at girl fan.

Sept 26 Marvin Gaye plays rare gig at Albert Hall.

Sept 27 Runaways held overnight by Dover police following complaints from manager of London's White House Hotel concerning theft of hotel keys and hairdryer.

Sept 28 Dylan's "Hard Rain" screened on *Old Grey Whistle Test.*

Oct 1 Runaways headline at Roundhouse.

Oct 15 Ike & Tina Turner dissolve professional partnership after 19-years.
Sex Pistols sign six-figure contract with EMI Records.

Oct 19 Wings open at Wembley Pool for three nights.

Oct 30 Carnivorous girl bites boyfriend's earlobe at ICA Clash gig.

Nov 4 J. Carter becomes President of United States.
Zeppelin's *The Song Remains The Same* concert-movie on showcase release.

Nov 6 Drastic fall in sterling nixes UK tours by Sly & Family Stone, Rufus, War.

Nov 12 "If You Leave Me Now" by Chicago UK No. 1.

Nov 14 Former Yardbird Keith Relf (33) elctrocuted at home by his guitar.
Sunday People pillories *NME* — Must We Fling This Filth At Our Pop Kids?

Nov 19 Sex Pistols release debut single "Anarchy In The UK".
Edgar Broughton Band split.

Nov 24 Augmented by all-star cast, The Band play final live gig at San Francisco's Winterland.

Nov 26 Lol Creme and Kevin Godley leave 10cc to develop Gizmo.

Nov 27 Rod Stewart opens British tour at Manchester Belle Vue.

Nov 29 Date earmarked for start of Sex Pistols' ill-fated "Anarchy In The UK" tour featuring Clash, Damned and Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers.

Dec 1 Sex Pistols say 'fuck' in interview with Bill Grundy on *Today* prog.

Dec 3 Rick Wakeman rejoins Yes.
The Stranglers sign with United Artists.
Albert Hall box-office claim in excess of 3½ million ticket applications for Abba concerts in February 1977.

Dec 4 Five armed men fail in assassination bid on Bob Marley after breaking into his Kingston, Jamaica, home. However, Marley's wife Rita and manager Don Taylor are struck down under a hail of bullets. Both survive.

Dec 16 Man split.

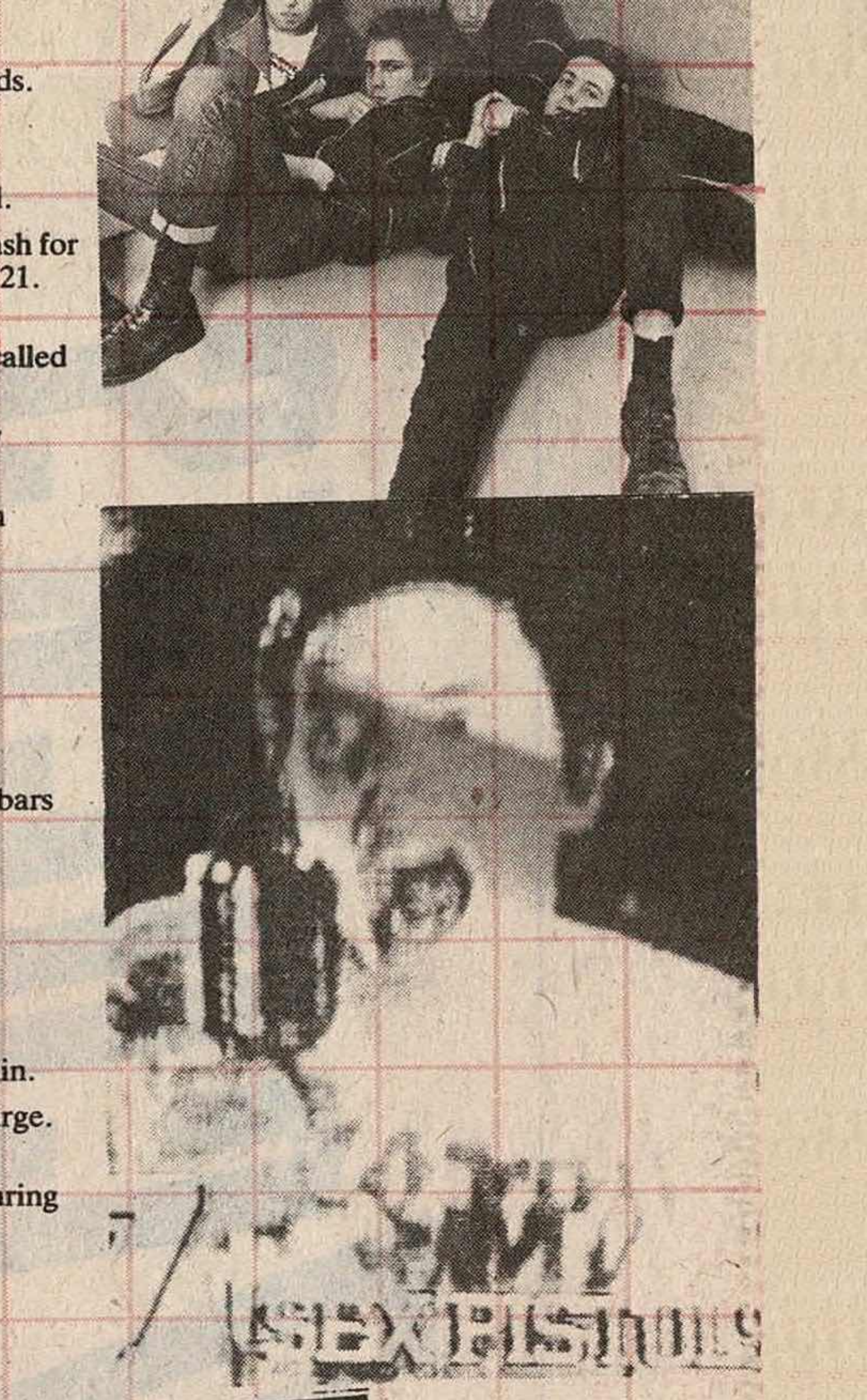
Dec 18 "A Day At The Races" by Queen No. 1. album in UK.

Dec 18/19 Alexandra Palace Beatles Convention a complete disaster.

Dec 19 Gary Glitter's comeback concert at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Dec 25 "When A Child Is Born" by Johnny Mathis UK No.1.
Manager Malcolm McLaren and EMI top brass have discussions to determine Sex Pistols' future with label. "Anarchy" enter charts at No. 27.

Dec 26 *King Kong* released in UK.



towns on UK tour pull out Stranglers' gigs fearing similar trouble.
Damned/Adverts and Jam similarly hit by cancellations.

June 6 First of two gigs at Roundhouse featuring Ramones, Talking Heads.

June 10 "Live At Roxy" album released.
Approx. Mick Grabham leaves Procol Harum after five years.
Joe Strummer, Nicky Headdon fined £5 for spraying "Clash" on a wall.

June 11-12 Weekend in Newcastle jail for Strummer and Headdon of Clash for failing to turn up at local court charges of stealing pillow cases on May 21.

June 12 Vibrators banned from New Victoria Theatre.
GLC force The Jam to cancel gig at Chelsea Football Ground. Police called in to control disappointed crowd.

June 14 Lincoln Drill Hall attacked by anti-punk gangs during concert by Damned and Adverts.

June 15 Sex Pistols Jubilee boat trip on Thames stormed by Metropolitan Police. Malcolm McLaren among those arrested.

June 16 *Approx.* Brian Robertson rejoins Thin Lizzy.

June 17 "God Save The Queen" No.1 in NME Charts.
Queen announce that they are to become tax exiles.

June 18 After leaving a North London recording studio, Johnny Rotten attacked by razor-carrying "patriots" in pub car park.

June 19 Sex Pistols' Paul Cook attacked by six-strong gang carrying iron bars outside Shepherds Bush tube station.

June 21 Adverts' TV Smith and Gaye Advert set upon by Teds in Hammersmith.
Johnny Rotten attacked again in brawl at Dingwalls.

June 23 Genesis play Earls Court Stadium.
2,500 pickets protest at Grunwick. 53 arrests.

June 25 Student Patrick Coultry (19) stabbed to death during gig in Dublin.

June 26 Huey Newton, Black Panther, returns to US to fight murder charge.
Producer Lou Reizner dies of stomach cancer in U.S.

June 30 Rob Geldof of Boomtown Rats bloodied on stage by attacker during gig at Music Machine.
Dave Vanian of Damned suffers dislocated shoulder during attack in dressing room after West Country gig.

July 1 *Approx.* Jackie Fox (bass) leaves The Runaways after suicide bid.

July 8 Sex Pistols' "Pretty Vacant" accepted by Boots, Smiths and Woolworths to advance orders of 20,000.
Approx. Steve Harley drops Cockney Rebel.

July 11 2000 pickets confront 1000 police at Grunwick. 30 hurt, 17 arrests.

July 13 The Great New York Power Failure leads to widespread looting.
Heartbreakers leave UK on temporary deportation order.

July 16 "Ma Baker" by Boney M UK No.1 for one week.
Clash take an Awayday to Birmingham as consolation for cancelled Digbeth punk fest.

July 21 Sex Pistols sing "Pretty Vacant" on *Top Of The Pops.*

July 22 Anchor announce that they've signed The Adverts

July 23 "I Feel Love" by Donna Summer UK No.1.

July 27 Death through virus infection of Robert Plant's five-year-old son Karac Plant flies home, causing curtailment of Zeppelin's U.S. tour.

July 30 Date of scrapped and controversial Beach Boys' Wembley concert. On same day however the band — with Brian Wilson — did a gig for guests at CBS Records Convention in London.
Sex Pistols start Scandinavian tour.

Aug 5 Hans-Martin Schleyer captured by terrorists in W. Germany.

Aug 9 *Approx.* Damned hire new guitarist, Lu.

Aug 10 David Berkowitz arrested for "Son of Sam" murders and attacks on seven girls in New York.

Aug 13 National Front march in Lewisham.
Cherie Currie leaves The Runaways.

Aug 16 Elvis Presley found dead at his Gracelands mansion by his girlfriend and road-manager. He was 42.

Aug 19 Sex Pistols — as Spots — open UK "mystery" tour at Wolverhampton.
Groucho Marx dies aged 86.
EMI announce signing of Tom Robinson Band.

Aug 20 "Going For The One" by Yes No.1 album in UK

Aug 28 Wayne County pelted with mud and beer cans on stage at Reading.

Sept 10 "Magic Fly" by Space UK No.1.
"Oxygene" by Jean Michel Jarre No.1 album in UK.
Santana and Elvis Costello co-headline Crystal Palace Garden Party.
Dave Vanian of The Damned gets wedded.

Sept 12 London premier of *New York, New York.*

Sept 16 Marc Bolan dies when his car hits a tree on way home in early hours from a London restaurant. He was 29.

Sept 17 Chelmsford Punk Festival is a massive flop.

Sept 18 Jonathan Richman Plays Hammersmith Odeon.

Sept 23 Clash release "Complete Control", co-produced by Lee Perry.

Sept 24 *Approx.* Chelsea break up.

Sept 30 Iggy Pop plays Rainbow.

Oct 1 Rat Scabies quits The Damned.

Oct 7 Steve Hackett says he is leaving Genesis.

Oct 8 Second series of *So It Goes* commences on TV.

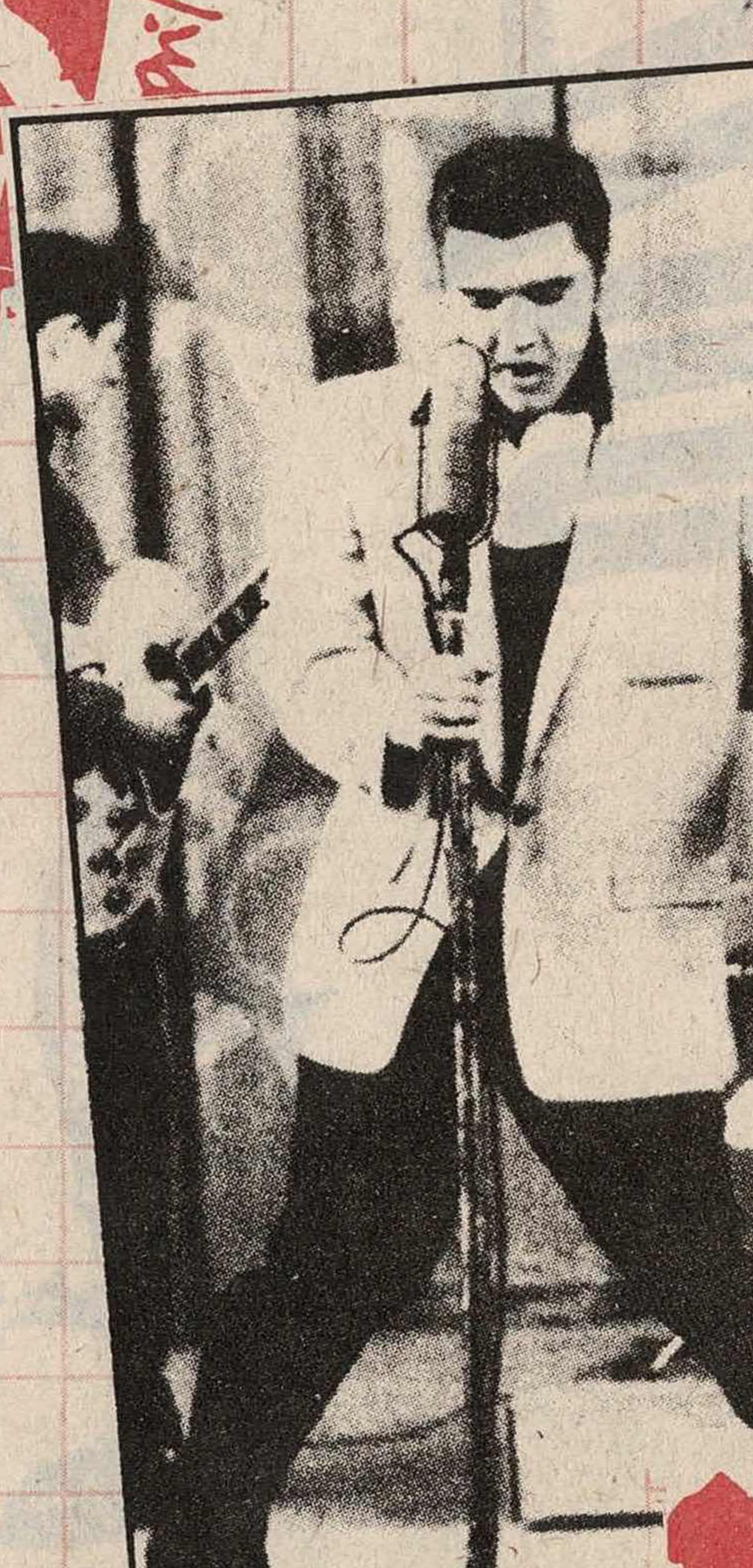
Oct 15 Sex Pistols' "Holidays In The Sun" released.

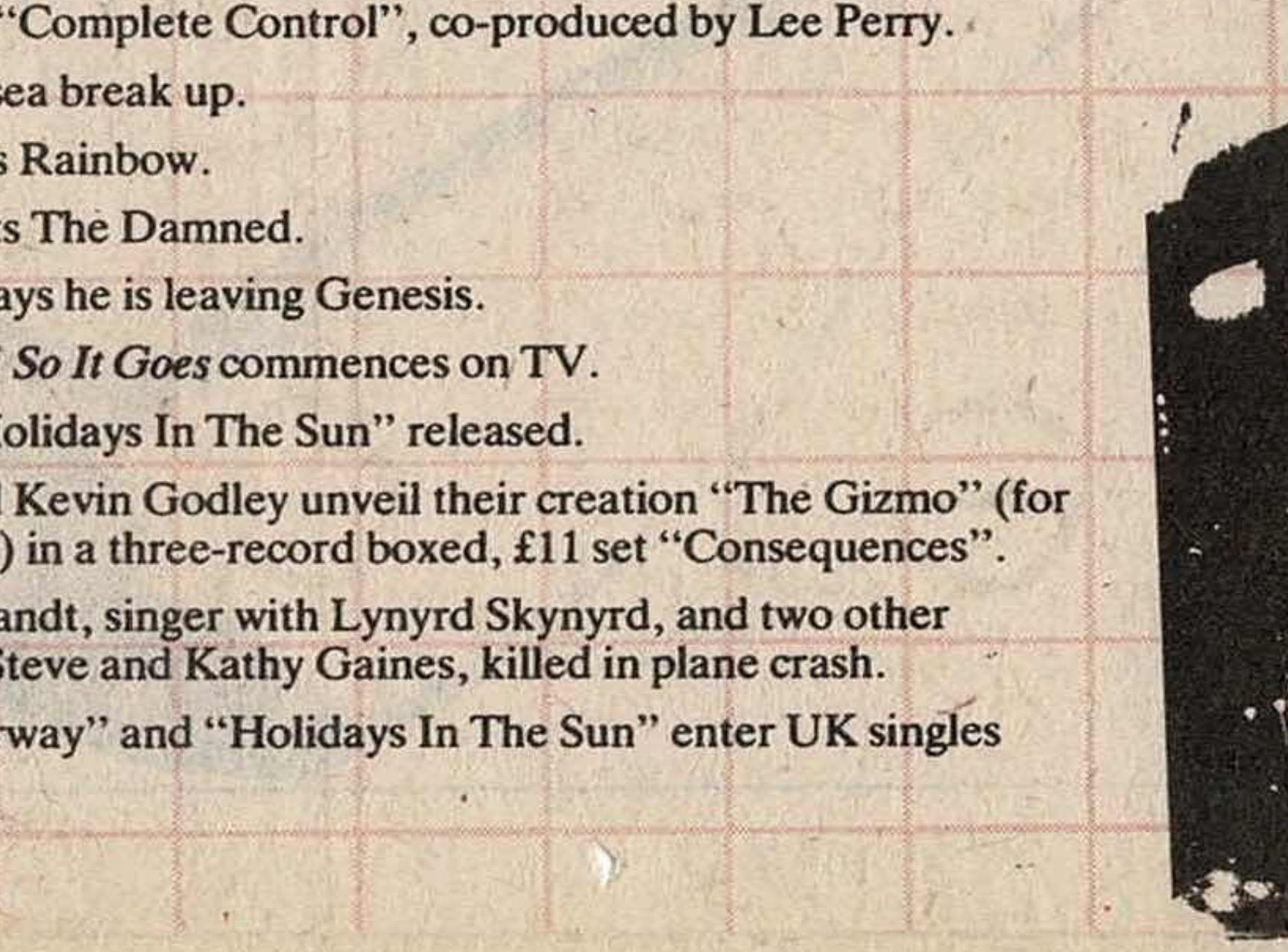
Oct 17 Lol Creme and Kevin Godley unveil their creation "The Gizmo" (for which they left 10cc) in a three-record boxed, £11 set "Consequences".

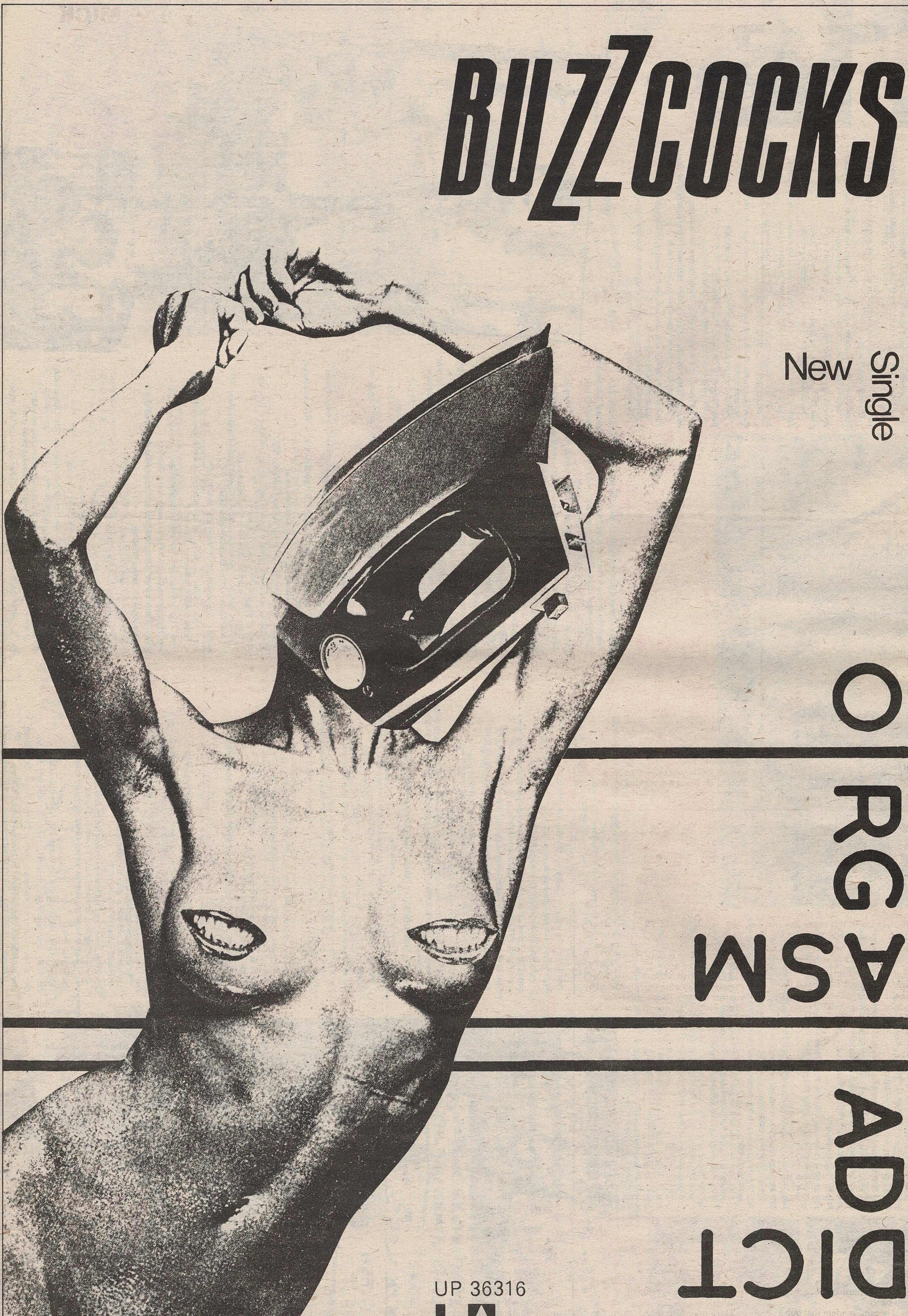
Oct 20 Ronnie Van Zandt, singer with Lynyrd Skynyrd, and two other members of band, Steve and Kathy Gaines, killed in plane crash.

Oct 22 "2-4-6-8 Motorway" and "Holidays In The Sun" enter UK singles charts.

To be continued.



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The NME Consumers' Guide To The '70s

SLEAZE

By MICK FARREN

THE MUTANTS, the dwarfs and the all night girls (that's right, the ones who still brag about escapades out on the D train, despite the fact that the amphetamines have turned their teeth brown and they've taken so many downers that orgasms are no longer possible) have always been with us. They probably always will be.

If you wanted to stretch a point (the rubber, the rubber), you could say that the sleazo motherlode was one of the most enduring themes in rock and roll, beyond, that is, love (l-u-v), drugs (spelled p-a-r-a-n-o-i-a) and paranoia (usually spelled d-r-u-g-s).

(Have you noticed the number of brackets in this first paragraph?)

You might think that it was 1966 Bob Dylan who first mined the back alley vampire vein. On one level, you'd probably be right. Dylan was lucky, I guess. He came at a time when rock and the street were both starting to grow up. The boy from New York City, who looked so cute in his mohair suit, had lost the ability to keep his pockets full of spending loot. He'd degenerated to just another angel head seeking an angry fix in the hungry etc. The teen hoods and motor cycle rowdies of legend were being forcibly turned into the gas station attendants, the overdose statistics and brave boys in Vietnam.

But those are the '60s, and we've heard all about them, haven't we? We're supposed to be looking at the '70s, right? Okay, let's look at them.

The problem is that time doesn't readily allow itself to be sliced up into tidy ten-year segments. Nineteen hundred and seventy wasn't the opening of a clean new chapter, whatever anyone might tell you. There was still too much unfinished business from the chapter before. I mean, it took right through to 1971 for the hippies to wise up that they'd lost the revolution.

Sleaze, however, is fairly easy to chop into segments. It is, after all, a fairly constant phenomenon. About all that happens to sleaze is that it gets progessively worse. At least, that's one of the main threads of the 1970s.

I guess a lot of people assumed, or maybe just hoped, that the geeks and ghouls and angry ratted-over poets would drift away after Dylan had taken himself off to Nashville to sing with Johnny Cash. There are certain people who always hope they'll go away. It's the same kind of people who got so awfully, awfully shocked at the antics of Rotten and the rest just a while ago. They're the people who refuse to believe that we're not all part of the G-Plan.

Top: Television's ***TOM VERLAINE****. Below:* ***TALKING HEADS****. Pix:* ***PENNIE SMITH, GUS STEWART****.*

So there we were, at the start of the '70s. The Stones, shell-shocked from Altamont, had holed up in room 1009, where they complained that they just couldn't get high. Elvis had decked himself in black leather to try and prove for the very last time that he was a human being and, as I already said, Dylan was doing his damnedest to become the very first all Jewish country cousin.

For some people, those easy options just weren't open. In New York, Lou Reed was making his way from Severin the masochist (whip kissing on bended knee) to all the freaks who came from out on the island, shaving their legs, giving head and trying to be James Dean for a day. In Detroit the MC5 were fighting the law and the law was winning. Same time, same place, Iggy Pop (the Stooge, sometime Osterberg) was fighting himself and no one was winning.

In L.A., Frank Zappa worked on his groupies-as-the-path-to world-domination master plan, and in Paris Jim Morrison was finally succeeding in drinking himself to death so the whole bloody trip in the blue bus could be marked paid and filed under D.

The stage was set, the credits rolled. Yes, my dears, 1970 was all ready to do its worst. I suppose if you were to search out the ground zero of rock sleaze, back in those early days of this wonderful decade, the place to look was the back room of Max's Kansas City. In those days, it was simply a drinking joint for the parasites who buzzed, for all the world like flies round a dead dog, in the general vicinity of the old Warhol factory, across the other side of Union Square.

At various points during Max's heyday, before it became an obsolete landmark for out-of-town teen tourists and first-time-in-New York British low rollers hoping to score with the broads, the Flamin' Groovies came out of Oakland and conspired to be bad. Sylvain, Thunders, Johansen and all (Dolls to you) conspired to be worse. Warhol looked on, and maybe brought Truman Capote slumming. Debbie Harry waited table. Patti Smith waited for a part in an art movie.

The denizens of Max's didn't have to look too far for inspiration. Just across the avenue, in the middle of the square, was enough lowlife to satisfy anyone who wasn't courting a genuine, dead on arrival, rock and roll suicide. Around the statue (General Grant? I've never bothered to look) and in and out of the grey bushes, the kids burned the winos and the junkies robbed the kids.

Smack and sexual ambiguity constantly battled for the heavyweight theme crown of the horror show hot hundred. (In fact there weren't enough to make up a hundred, but what the hell?) White punks on dope (see page seven) or wearing your sister's dress? The choices were hard for concerned young adults in the third, fourth and fifth years of the Nixon era.

NEW YORK CITY didn't, however, have it all its own way.

There were things going on elsewhere that were less than savoury in the eyes of middle earth (the global silent majority, not Planet Hobbit, although, maybe, in the end, they ain't so far apart, dig?) In London, David Bowie preached sexual confusion. Alice Cooper stalked the Canadian border, leaving legends of chicken geek fun and pleasing the bikers.

Alas, paths, even in the twilight zone, have a habit of straying. The road from chicken molesting to golf with Groucho proved alarmingly short, as did the trail from Martian self destruction to one man Herrenvolk.

Some did attempt to keep the faith, if faith is a word you can use in this context.

The Dolls tried and failed and tried again. Brian Eno skipped in with warm jets and burning babies but had too fleet and complex a mind to become a permanent fixture in the night gallery. Even the Pink Fairies tried to make their mark, but all too often the mark was Russell Hunter's blood on the hotel room ceiling. Lemmy abided, as did a million nameless others. A band that went by the name of Third World War even preached the philosophy of machine guns in Knightsbridge a good four years before it was at all cool.

All this shuck and jive was the extent. By 1974 sleaze was far from acceptable. Why, you ask. Was it because the world had so righted itself that the fags, hags, halt and lame had been transformed in the light of clear new morning? Yeah, pigs fly. All that had happened was that the corporations had moved in. Global Leisure had decreed that the world had had enough of all this junkie street schtick. Crosby, Stills, Emerson, Lake and the Eagles were the sounds suitable for a balanced society.

Of course, this wasn't the way things went. Down in the King's Road and at Bleecker and Bowery stuff once again stirred. Patti Smith's chance had come, and Rotten had his chance to kick ass. The dam burst, The Ramones sped out with their own brand of just-add-water minimalism by numbers, Verlaine and Hell fought in the captain's tower. Blondie mourned the passing of bouffants and stilleto heels, Willy de Ville made like James Brown from space, Talking Heads moved in icy mystery while ex-Doll Thunders used the UK as a springboard for a second coming.

It seemed fitting that the year that gave us Son of Sam also revealed that Global Leisure did not dictate the entire fate of modern music as we know it. Once again, the creeps were back. Sleaze onwent.

And where did it all get us? Well, I'm writing this in a DC10 about eight miles above and a little to the south of the North Pole. (This might account for the story being more fanciful than factual.) Right at the same moment a gay bank robber is sitting in the airport in Atlanta, Georgia, threatening to kill 87 people unless they let his boyfriend out of jail. He monopolised airtime all across the USA. It's only rock and roll, but it's drastic.

Need I say more? Have a nice day.

PUB ROCK

By ROY CARR

PUB ROCK was the '70's first megastar backlash.

Some regarded it as a welcome return to tap roots for an audience confused by '70s androgynous overkill For most, it was no more than a cheap night out with friends.

Mainstream rock had from the start of the decade escalated into a spectator sport, with Glam Rock, Heavy Metal Panzers, Techno-flash and dry ice machines dominating the international arena to the exclusion of almost everything else. Image, theatrics and box office grosses were of prime importance.

The local club scene that had once flourished (often on licensed premises) throughout Britain during the mid-'60s had almost become non-existent, partly because bands had priced themselves into the theatres. Aspiring bands without the record company backing that had become customary, had little chance to build up from grass-roots venues. The saloon bar proved to be a temporary salvation.

Pub Rock was primarily a traditionalist movement restricted to Greater London with some overspill into the Home Counties, and, at its genesis, a means of sporadic employment for musicians beached by loser '60s bands.

Later it became evident that pub rock was a geographical reality rather than an artistic one and, with few exceptions, proved to be the downfall of most bands working the circuit.

AMERICAN COUNTRY-rock band Eggs Over Easy were the precursors of the movement when sometime in late '71/early '72 they broke the jazz-only policy of The Tally Ho pub in Kentish Town, North London. They were quickly joined by another country-rock outfit Bees Make Honey, Aussie expatriates Max Merritt & The Meteors, and the nomadic Brinsley Schwarz, who had suffered from precisely the big venue hype-a-star style against which Pub Rock was a reaction.

At the peak of popularity (1973-1975), it seemed that nearly every large pub in London, especially north of Regents Park where the supply of unspoiled Victorian pubs was plentiful, was supplying live music along with hot snacks and the occasional stripper. Following the Tally Ho came The Cock, The Brecknock, The Lord Nelson, The Hope and Anchor, The Greyhound, The Red Lion, The Rochester Castle, and more. (Later the Albion Agency took over the booking for The Hope, The Red Lion, and The Nashville.)

The whole premise of Pub Rock was to inject an atmosphere of "good-time" into a music scene that had begun to take itself far too seriously for its own health.

Except for a few mavericks, most pub bands chose to mine three motherlodes.

Hard-nosed R&B revivalism (Dr. Feelgood, Kilburn & The Highroads, Ace, Ducks Deluxe, The Winkies, Roogalator, Michigan Flyers); Fatback Funk (Kokomo, Clancy, FBI, Moon, Cado Belle, G.T. Moore & His Reggae Guitars, Palm Beach Express); Country Rock (The Brinsleys, Kursaal Flyers, Byzantium, Chilli Willi & the Red Hot Peppers).

Fundamentally, the pub circuit was (and is) a training ground where only the very strong survived. Bands proliferated by the score, many disbanding and reforming under different names between gigs. It was music for bellying-up-to-the-bar, but aggressive enough to make itself heard over chit-chat, pulling birds, rumbles and throwing up.

In reality, after a few pints even the most mediocre and derivative bands sounded much better than they really were *(Depends whether you can take your drink, squire — Ed)* while with few exceptions, most pub bands were visually dull. That didn't prevent the copy-hungry media latching onto Pub Rock and promoting it as The Next Big Thing.

FEW PUB BANDS transcended the gap between performing for 300 half-pissed punters sweating profusely in the public bar and 3,000 seated non-drinkers in the Hammersmith Odeon. Even fewer came remotely close to recapturing the ethos in a recording studio.

Nevertheless, record companies chose to believe what they read instead of what they heard and promptly started signing up anything that reeked of best bitter, shoving them in the nearest studio before the band was ready.

To aggravate matters, there seemed to be a lack of producers who knew how to transfer the music from pub to tape; a malady currently afflicting new wave groups.

As a result, most pub rock releases died the death.

Ace were a prime example. That one good song, "How Long", may have been a transatlantic chart-topper but they had little with which to follow it. Kokomo's recording career was as shortlived as the band itself, and the same applied to Clancy, The Kilburns, The Winkies and Chilli Willi.

The Brinsleys and Ducks Deluxe were just unlucky, and their records deserved a better response than they received.

The only band that seemed to be able to operate on all levels was Dr Feelgood, yet it wasn't until they released their third album, their concert souvenir "Stupidity", that they fulfilled their potential.

As quickly as bands like the Brinsleys and Ducks DeLuxe folded, they were replaced by much younger aggregations such as The Count Bishops, Eddie & The Hot Rods and The 101'ers — the latter spawning Clash-man Joe Strummer.

DESPITE THE demise of many pub bands, many of their musicians went on to achieve greater success elsewhere.

A prime example was when ex-Ducks DeLuxer Martin Belmont, ex-Bontemps Roulets' Andrew Bodnar and Steve Goulding, and Brinsley Schwarz himself, assisted by former employee Bob Andrews, amalgamated behind Graham Parker to form The Rumour.

Ducks DeLuxe bar-room bully Sean Tyla re-appeared with the Tyla Gang, while his former cohorts Nick Garvey and Andy McMaster went on to mastermind The Motors.

Recently ex-Kilburn Ian Dury staged a spectacular comeback, while The Winkies' Phil Rambow looks like being a favourite in the current list of runners.

One person who certainly made good was Brinsley stalwart Nick Lowe, who, apart from establishing a reputation as Stiff Records' house producer, has also become a solo artist to be reckoned with. Flip City may have been one of the more obscure pub attractions, but their singer Elvis Costello has also done quite well for himself.

What was originally typecast as being pub rock may have, in many instances, promised much more than it delivered, but as an assault course for young groups the circuit has by no means outlived its initial purpose.

And though the music may have undergone a change, the venues have remained. Pubs like The Nashville and The Hope & Anchor have been instrumental in helping the careers of acts like The Damned, The Sex Pistols, The Stranglers, Boomtown Rats, 999, The Jam and Elvis Costello.

To paraphrase a brewery commercial: There's more going on at your local than you think!

SINGLES

REVIEWED
By ROY
CARR

From pub rock to dub rock

. . . AND OTHER UNLIKELY TALES

ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS: Watching The Detectives (Stiff) Single Of The Week! Wins hands down, no contest. Single Of The Year! . . . definitely on the short list. This record comes at a crucial juncture in Costello's career. From obscurity to fast-approaching media overkill in less than a year places Costello in the unenviable position of having to qualify his success or bear the full brunt of a backlash. "Watching The Detectives" both affirms his credentials and silences those waiting in the wings for the kill.

With the ubiquitous Nick Lowe at the production controls, this is innovative stuff, for Costello and Lowe have perfected what can best be described as dub rock — not a blatant rip-off of ethnic mores, but a highly personalised adaptation. The stylus catches the run-in groove, drums rattle like a stack of half-filled oil drums being kicked over in an underground car park, and all four musicians are transmogrified into a sinister dub maelstrom. Against the throb of the bass the organ pipes and guitar deviates from a chucka-chucka and James Bondian twang, while the drums carry the same hefty clout that Bowie attained on "Sound And Vision". Other comparisons are meaningless.

"Watching The Detectives" is like nothing you've heard before. Instruments and voices zoom in an out of focus and reappear without warning as, with menace in his heart, Costello narrates a bizarre scenario about a boy desperately trying to attract his girl's attention away from the television, to no avail. She gazes at one cop show after another. The situation becomes blurred, the tension unbearable, roles are exchanged and you're not certain that if the girl who gets wasted is in the teleplay or watching it.

Powerful stuff. I don't think I'm going over the top when I state that "Watching The Detectives" is one of the most important singles of the '70s. I'd be interested to hear some of the out-takes. Live versions of "Blame It On Caine" and "Mystery Dance" make up the flip.

RANDY NEWMAN: Short People (Warners). Newman and Woody Allen are currently the two wittiest writer/performers in America entertainment — and with such a lack of sophisticated humour in rock, Randy is unquestionably a power unto himself. Subversive in his clever use of disguises, wickedly funny in his absurd choice of targets. "Short People" is a positive gem with all the earmarks of a turntable hit. However, with lyrics like *"Short people got no reason to live/They got little hands, little eyes, they walk around telling great big lies/They got little noses, tiny little teeth, they wear platforms on their nasty little feet"*, he'll offend all humourless souls under 5′ 11″ and also alienate the entire population of South-East Asia, Ronnie Corbett, Woody Allen and at least half-a-dozen Italian waiters at my favourite bistro. If I were Newman, I'd stay home at nights.

THE RIGHTEOUS BROS: You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' (Phil Spector). Most people will already be familiar with this Spector epic. However, it's the flip, "Rat Race", that caught my attention. Penned by Elmer Bernstein it's attributed to The Righteous Bros Band. During the '50s and '60s, Bernstein scored the soundtracks for everything from *The Man With The Golden Arm* and *The Sweet Smell Of Success* to *The Ten Commandments* and *The Magnificent Seven*. I believe "Rat Race" is from one of the first two, a sleazy big band blockbuster which wazzes on anything that's currently passed off as evocative theme music.

NICK LOWE: Halfway To Paradise (Stiff). This really is Nick Lowe's week. And why not, the lad's got class. Not only has "Basher" consolidated his reputation by masterminding Costello's instant classic, but also taken the old Billy Fury/Tony Orlando hit, modified it to suit his own requirements, and made it a viable chart contender third time around. B-side is pretty spiffy as well. A plus.

THE ADVERTS: Safety In Numbers (Anchor). Talk about nepotism, though it could just as well be masochism, being rife around these offices! Last week, our very own Lord Of Loud, Mick Farren, made his vinyl comeback; this week Miles produces. As a follow-up to "Gary Gilmore's Eyes", The Adverts bite the hand that feeds them, lashing out clumsily at week-end punks and their ilk, and revealing the growing dissension in the ranks of the New Wave Shock Troops. The group's joyless inability to either thrash together or stumble along with style makes Miles' gig doubly-difficult, there's only so much that any producer can do without calling in sessionmen. The raw material just ain't there to begin with.

HIGH INERGY: You Can't Turn Me Off (In The Middle Of Turning Me On) (Motown).
MANDRE: Solar Flight — Opus One (Motown). With more and more couples moving their stereo equipment out of the living room and into the boudoir, record companies have been quick to take note of the success of stroke singles. High Inergy give a seductive treatment of a song which was a standout cut on Millie Jackson's "Lovingly Yours" album, while "Solar Flight" is the kind of rhythmic electronic instrumental that would be an appropriate theme for some arty French skin-flick.

DISCO

SOMEONE WITH a droll sense of humour once described 'muzak' as, a filler designed to keep your ears occupied while the rest of you is occupied with something else. Substitute feet for ears and you've got disco! If, as observers claim, disco is dying on its feet, then the industry appears to be oblivious to the fact, almost half of this week's releases being aimed at the swollen ankle set.

THE INNER CITY EXPRESS: Dance And Shake Your Funky Tambourine (Ebony). And here's me still having problems shakin' mah booty. God knows what I'll do with mah Boom Boom!

GRACE JONES: La Vie En Rose (Island): Along with "San Francisco/Hollywood/Fire Island" by Village People, this twee version-francaise travesty of Edith Piaf's classic tearjerker is the rage of America's gay discos. As a result, Grace Jones who has been described as *from a distance looking like*

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Mahammad Ali in drag! is being afforded The Big Promo Push. As this truly dreadful introduction to Ms Jones' limited prowess as a chanter painfully illustrates, looks aren't everything!

ROY AYERS UBIQUITY: Running Away (Polydor). Veteran jazz vibist Roy Ayers didn't sell his soul for rock & roll, he flipped for funk and carved out a lucrative new career on the US soul charts. Complex overlays of incessant rhythm patterns topped off with Afro'ed vocal chants produce a most hypnotic effect. If we're talking about quality, this should sell more copies than the combined sales of this week's disco dreck.

THE BRECKER BROTHERS: Don't Stop The Music (Arista). At this year's Montreux Music Festival, tenorman Michael Brecker joined The Atlantic Superstars and blew a demon solo on "Pick Up The Pieces". Even the other hornmen paused to applaud. So I fail to understand why Mike and trumpet-playing brother Randy continue to dissipate their talent on crass material like this. With the amount of session gigs they handle, it can't be for want of a few extra bucks. Smarten up lads.

MAXINE NIGHTINGALE: Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time/You Are Everything (UA). Ms Nightingale has yet to surpass the sheer brilliance of "Right Back Where I Started From," one of the best dance discs in recent years. Granted, the lady offers commendable print-outs of two familiar Delfonics/Stylistics standards, but with her lungs she should be in a position to have first refusal on the best new material available instead of reworking other artists' past glories.

THE FORCE: Star Wars Disco (Splash). Seems as though every label in the universe had entered the *Star Wars* cover version war. With Meco having fought off all challengers, it seems pointless to release yet another xerox.

PAMPLEMOUSSE: Get Your Boom Boom Around The Room (Barclay). Before I go any further, let me just tell you that this is going to chart. There was a time, not too long ago, when the European charts were dominated by Britain and America. That was before they discovered deep breathing, bondage, Kraftwerk and the rhythm box. Currently, Le Belle Epoque, J. M. Jarre, Donna Summer, Space, Baccara, Boney M and a few other androids from Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte's "Munich Machine" hold the monopoly of EEC sales. But them, on Le Continent, pop has *always* been more concerned with fashion and posing than with music. A soon as *punque* becomes *tres chic*, watch Johnny Hallyday stab a gold-plated Cartier safety pin through his cheek and commence gobbing over audiences decked-out in Yves Saint-Laurent customized plastic bin liners.

Over the last few months, 12-inch copies of this disc have proved to be one of Britain's hottest imports. Sounding like an anaemic Fatback Band, the riff is so simple, the hookline so utterly mindless, that it should encounter little chart opposition. Pamplemousse means grapefruit. Not sure what a Boom Boom is and if, like one's booty, it is meant to be shaken! *Or stirred! — Ed.).* I'll keep you informed. Pamplemousse's current continental hit is "le Spank". Be sure you choose the right partner!

KURSAAL FLYERS: Television Generation (CBS). As from today, songs with the words *television, generation* (mine or yours), *dole queue, boredom, anarchy* or *teenage* in the title; that contain references to royalty, the government, parents, apathy or un-natural sex acts will automatically be deemed null and void. The Kursaal Flyers are disqualified on the first two counts.

TOM SCOTT: Gotcha (Epic-Ode). As a special treat for those who like watching the detectives, the theme from "Starsky & Hutch".

CADO BELLE: It's Over/September/Play It Once For Me/Gimme Little Sign (Anchor). Like many bands, Cado Belle fell victim to a sudden change in public taste, and internal problems did little to alleviate their predicament. So after just one album, this 12-inch EP is being regarded as something of a comeback. If this is the case, then more care should have been taken to get things right. The material is acceptable: two originals, Boz Scaggs' "It's Over" and Brenton Wood's "Gimme Little Signs", but the lacklustre production scuppers the whole scheme. Maggie McTickle sings with her usual ethereal aplomb, but the musicians (especially bass and drums) have been pushed so far back into mix as to make their contributions ineffectual. Whatever punch Cado Belle are capable of packing has been blocked. Cado Belle and producers Muff Winwood and Rhett Davies should have compared their collective efforts against Arif Mardin's work on the AWB/Ben E. King LP, and the way Maurice White and Charles Stepney skillfully showcase Deniece Williams' gossamer larynx with a little muscle.

PLUMMET AIRLINES: It's Hard (State). I'm certain that if Plummet Airlines were still on Stiff, Jake would have sloganised this song title. As it is, PA jetison old mellow image, get tough, shape up and barnstorm along in vogue-ish style. Should attract strong minded teens with 75p to spare.

H.E.L.

In America (especially along the West Coast), Hip Easy-Listening format radio is streamlined so as not to intrude on one's lifestyle. It's always there purring pleasantly in the background, never threatening. And if you don't want to listen, you don't need to switch off the radio! It's like a mild opiate. Only those records of outstanding quality or sporting a catchy hookline filter beyond the subconscious and activate the brain's on-switch. When that happens, Fleetwood Mac sell six million copies of one album. The following singles have been designed to appeal to radio programmers.

JAY FERGUSON: Thunder Island (Asylum). In a recent *Playboy* Magazine Sex Poll, 14 percent of the men interviewed fantasised a craving for a beach ball! Judging from the lyrics, JF must have been one of those polled. Seems that as a means for putting lotion in his motion, JF plays Springsteen tapes on his portable cassette machine. Never mind getting sand in your shoes!

SUZANNE: Born On Halloween (Ring O). *"I was born a Scorpio, should have been a Gemini/If you were born a Capricorn, you're a better man than I".* I'm Aquarius and Suzanne is one of Britain's most-in-demand back-up singers. Despite the lyric, if Suzanne doesn't notch-up an instant Stateside country music chart hit with this Russ Ballard smoothie, expect it to pop up on future albums by Olivia Newton-John and Emmylou Harris.

WALTER EGAN: When I Get My Wheels (UA). With Buckingham and Nicks not only copping half of the production credits on this California Cruiser but also doing much of the vocalising, you'll know what to expect. Betcha, Egan's already on Mac's short-list of probables should a staff vacancy suddenly arise!

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH: Fair Game (Atlantic). Having cut only two LPs in eight years, one would imagine their potential custom is geared exclusively to albums. Nevertheles, this abridged version of a stridant Stills bossa nova should tempt airplay and renewed sales interest. All sounds very clinical, but then so is this record.

KENNY EVERETT & MIKE VICKERS: Captain Kremmen — retribution (DJM). The record of the comic book of the T-shirt of the Capital Radio Saturday serial. Usual Kenny Kremmen lunacy set against musical intergallactic pulsations.

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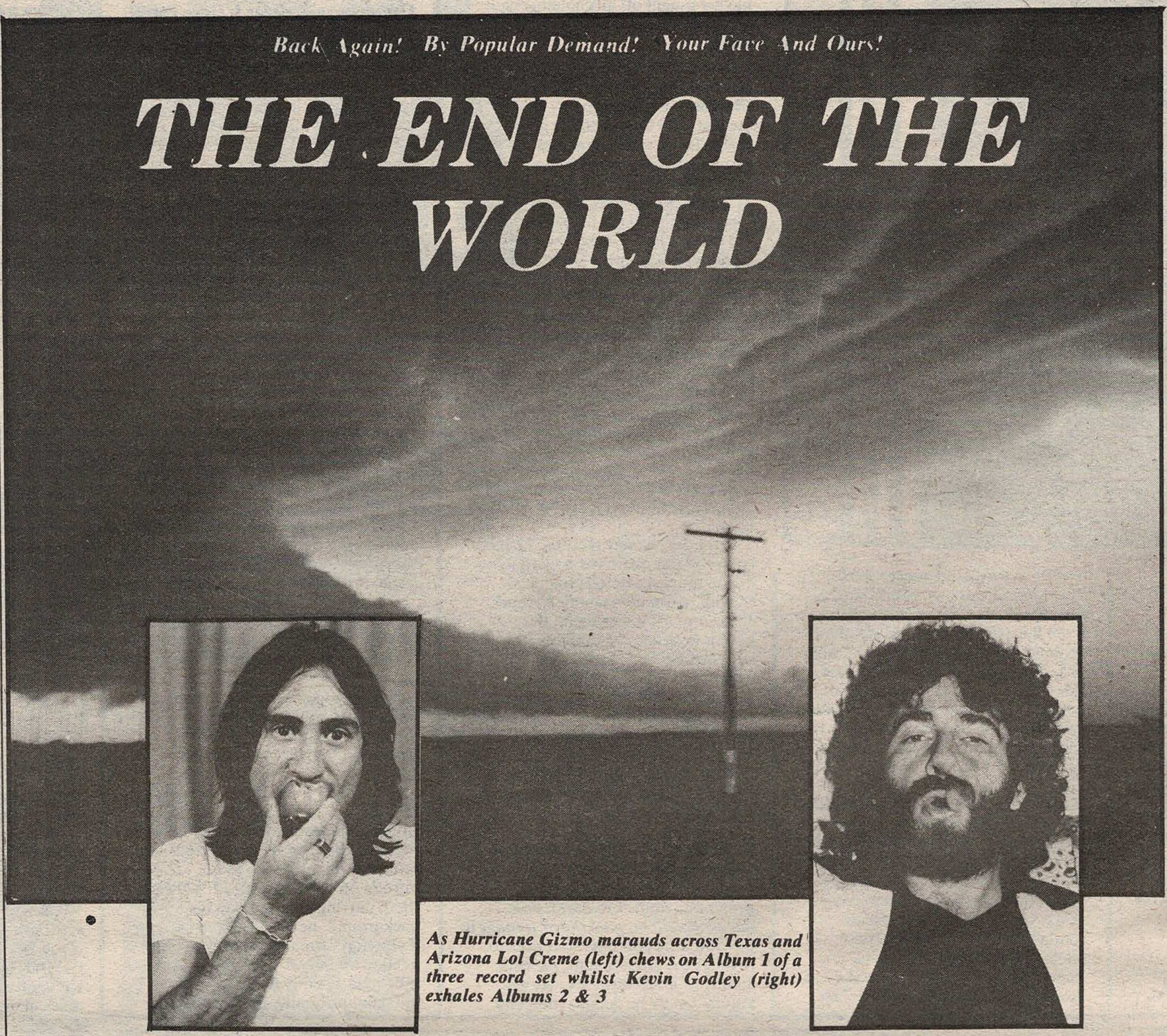
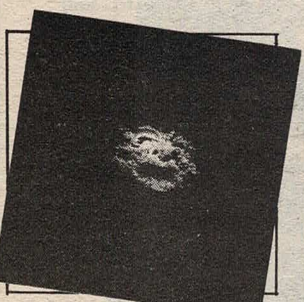


As Hurricane Gizmo marauds across Texas and Arizona Lol Creme (left) chews on Album 1 of a three record set whilst Kevin Godley (right) exhales Albums 2 & 3



LOL CREME/
KEVIN GODLEY
Consequences (Mercury)

GET YOUR eleven quids ready, kids — let's see the colour of your artistic appreciation!

What you get is a beautiful black box with gold leafoid lettering and a tasteful picture of a cloud formation resembling a monstrous face.

Inside there is a glossy 20-page booklet which contains an explanation of the musical concept, four full-colour pictures illustrating the concept ("the story of man's last defence against an irate nature") and a log of the year's work which Godley and Creme put into the album, written by Paul Gambaccini.

On top of all that, you get a couple of records too. Three, to be precise, all pressed on tasteful black plastic and performed by Godley, Creme, Peter Cook and Sarah Vaughan. A supergroup.

The ultimate coffee table album it would be nice to think that it was all a joke on the part of the supercilious G&C — the album for people who love to be told *how* they were sold their consumer luxury goods, be it limited edition silver coins in the *Sunday Times* Colour Supplement, or the - most - expensive - album - in - the - history - of - recording in *NME*.

Triple albums, of course, tend to be successful. "Bangla Desh", "All Things Must Pass", "Wings Over America" — all are central artefacts in the rise of Hip Easy Listening as detailed by Bob Edmands (NME 15.10.77) (and, notably, all were perpetrated by the progenitors of the genre via "Sgt Pepper").

This one could stiff out in spectacular fashion — or it *could* begin a trend even more manipulative and product-orientated than the current state of bland-rock.

I mean, seven songs on three albums! Posh rock made easy — no need for songs (horrid, childish things they are, anyway) — all you need is a lot of spectacular sound effects to show how long you must have spent crafting your masterpiece, a posh comedian to link it all together, and bonanza!

Ah, sound-effects! The ultimate in rock wallpaper . . . . and, what's more, the power to make them can now be yours for just £75.00!!!

Yes, that's the miracle! The entire album, which *you* thought was done by taking the London Philharmonic Orchestra over Niagara Falls in a canoe, is actually performed on *guitars* with the aid of . . . . (DARA DARA) . . . . The Gizmo!

Another possibility opens up: the whole set is no more than a grandiose marketing demonstration of the Gizmo, the gadget which Lol and Kevin devised with some professor at UMIST — and which is shortly to hit the market, giving every punk in the land ready access to the full panoply of techno-flash tedium.

It could change the course of rock!

In fact, "Consequences" was originally conceived as the B-side of a 7″ single. If you'll bear with me for the next couple of hours, I'll flash through what it grew into . . .

Album One is the Gizmo record. No special guests on this work-out, just Lol Creme, Kev Godley and a studio full of sound FX.

This is where they fulfill the task they originally set out on: to use gizmo to dramatise an imaginary uprising by the elements against mankind. On the other records, when Peter Cook gets going, they personalise the plot, homing in on one small group of people under attack — but this album concentrates on the natural elements.

Ignoring the one "real" song on the record, what you get is an array of FX — water, fire, wind, etc — interspersed with a linking gizmo orchestral theme.

I've seen this set dismissed as not being "real" music, which presents an interesting question of definitions. But if music is organised sound, then this is more musical than most rock'n'roll.

Although it's a fairly futile attempt at entertainment, the gizmo record is still a notable achievement in orchestration. Depends whether you want to be impressed or entertained.

(Footnote: not *all* the sounds on this album were achieved by Gizmo. Some of them required complicated manoeuvres like shaking newspapers in front of the mikes, so don't expect not to have to work at it once you've spent yer 75 quids.)

Sides 3, 4 and 5 are dominated by Peter Cook's virtuoso quasi-comical performance, playing numerous different voices to expound the plot, which centres around a pianist called Blint. He is the one person in the world who's spotted the disaster coming and who may just hold the antidote to the catastrophe — in the form of his Great Composition.

Interspersed with the occasional "real" song, Cook conducts a marvellously pointless, agitated business meeting in the office upstairs from Blint's studio. Cook's dialogue is underscored by Creme and Godley's incidental music, as luxuriously textured as all 10cc's productions. Who else would use several minutes of choral accapella boogie for a score?

Against my better judgement, I find myself enjoying it. Nevertheless, Cook's performance suffers terribly from the almost total absence of good jokes.

In fact, the set's faults are quite the opposite of what you'd expect. Rather than it being an over-ambitious attempt to mate diverse elements, the mating actually works extremely well, but the individual parts fail to stand up on their own.

The seven songs, like those on "Deceptive Bends", all wear an irritatingly complacent air, and would not make a convincing album on their own. Likewise, although Cook's an excellent performer, his part drags on far too long, with too many irrelevancies.

The best parts are exactly those where the songs, effects and dialogue work off each other. At a few points Godley and Creme achieve a cohesion virtually unrivalled in the annals of the concept album.

Finally, the sixth side presents Blint's concerto. Arranged in typically whimsical 10cc fashion, it is ironic in its dependence upon the old acoustic piano, calming the elements where technology failed.

Mainly, "Consequences" just turned out far too long. Like this review. Now all I've got to do is fix myself up with a dramatised season in the West End.

Phil McNeill

So you thought you
...JUST HEAR HIS
Mercury

UMS

SANTANA
Moonflower (CBS)

YOU HAVE to hand it to him. Carlos Santana may only know a handful of licks, but at least they're attractive — like the moment when he suddenly hits that sunburst change on his guitar, or those long notes he holds and holds in orgasmic peals, and that luxurious, honey tone that anyone could identify blindfold.

These are, of course, to be found in abundance on the new double live Santana labum. So too are the tympanis thundering to wind up the beast and the congas striving for that endless electric samba. It's all here, along with versions of the most popular Santana tunes of old, versions of less famous new Santana tunes, a sprinkling of new studio material and the group's usual bugbear, awful vocals.

There's "Black Magic Woman". Inevitably. It sounds hurried, careless and unnecessary, in both execution and inclusion. Nor is it any surprise to find "Soul Sacrifice", to which the same applies, except this is more funky.

The re-runs of songs from the last two albums are uniformly lacklustre. Inspiration is replaced by perspiration and at times that too is missing; In its place is a sad, tepid feeling, a bang-'em-out approach. The pits are frequent — "Let The Children Play", "Dance, Sister, Dance" — and there are points when Santana come over no better than Edmundo Ross trying his disco luck.

For a band that was once reputed to have been one of *the* hottest live outfits, this is a sorry testament to continuing decline. Pick any side of '75's triple live "Lotus", and it'll wipe the floor with all four sides of this, for both instrumental prowess and emotion.

The new band (only Tom Coster and Jose Areas remain) lack either the guts or the talent to do anything more than let Santana repeat himself, attractive as that may be, while they imitate with much less vigour, his old band.

The one novelty is a suffused, easy jazz-funk found on the studio tracks. There is noticeably no material from the heady "Welcome" days. Santana seems intent on living down his best moments in return for a safe audience.

Paul Rambali

Meanwhile Back in LA

RANDY NEWMAN
Little Criminals (Warner Bros)

RANDY NEWMAN'S probably right when he says his following is composed of "pseudo-intellectuals and reformed acid heads" (bagsy me the second), and that his total album sales are "less than James Taylor's last album sold in Des Moines."

For a major songwriter Newman's audience remains pitifully small — what a cult he turned out to be! — and no wonder. After all, who needs a Southern Californian Jewish recluse who sings about rapists, child molesters, arsonists, necrophiliacs, racists, and slave traders in a voice like stoned Sinatra?

Well me for one, but more importantly Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney, Graham Parker, Harry Nilsson, Alan Price and Jess Roden, for all of whom Newman has been an acclaimed inspiration and for the last three a source of hit material ("Nilsson Sings Newman", "Simon Smith" and "Tickle Me" and "You Can Leave Your Hat On" respectively).

Newman is the songwriters' songwriter; a trade measure of considered craftsmanship and offhand pithy brilliance, totally individual. He's also the critics' darling of course; small wonder, his material lends itself to speculative analysis. He's so goddam *literary* — not in the sense of intellectual but in the sense that his songs are rich in theme and character, stretch the often paltry limits of "rock" songwriting. (Put another way, he's a smartarse.)

Mankind in all its small-minded pathos is Newman's subject (no less), and his strength in writing about it is his own humanity. That might seem a pretty big claim for a guy who sits home all day watching TV (and this is only his fifth studio album in nine years), but then what else would you expect from one of the great balladeers of the Amerikan soul in the last quarter of the twentieth century?

Like most great American artists, Newman is obsessed by The Great American Dream — its grand promise and vision and its often squalid reality when translated through human frailty and greed.

Ah yes, the inhabitants and places of the real and unsung America — the weirdos, perverts (You Can Leave Your Hat On!), misfits, small timers, and losers, together with the forgotten steel cities (*"Cleveland city of light I hear you calling"*) and forgotten rural backwaters *("It's a real nice day in Dayton Ohio"... "Tell us what is Kansas for?")*. If Britain was for Napoleon "a nation of small shopkeepers", then America for Newman is a nation of "little criminals".

It's a little like Ray Davies writing songs about Blackpool, Waterloo, and Muswell Hill; about followers of fashion, aristocratic loafers and Norman Normals, except Newman's songs have a grim psychotic edge to them that these days anyway is lost in Davies sentimentality.

"Little Criminals" contains few surprises for Randy Newman fans; its themes and their focus are largely familiar from his previous work, as are the ring of most of the melodies (and as relentlessly engaging). Stylistically it falls somewhere between the spartan strength of "12 Songs" (with the flashing might of Ry Cooder's fretboard again adding muscle) and the cool orchestrations of "Sail Away" — though thankfully well short of the loopy arrangements Van Dyke Parkes supplied for Newman's forgotten first album. For me it's not his best album but it's probably his most elegant. (Did someone mention concepts? Listen, *every* Newman album is a concept album).

Randy Newman flicks dust from the eye of the hurricane.

It starts with the already celebrated "Short People". Like I said, Newman's sympathies are invariably with the small guy — America's Alf Garnetts — so who else could write a song so convincingly venomous about people who are lower to the ground than the rest of us — *"They wear platform shoes on their piggy little feet"* — and then drop in a middle eight like *"short people are just the same as you and I, all men are brothers till the day they die"* for counter blast?

There's more underdogs in "You Can't Fool The Fat Man" and the title track; the former a pool hall cameo whose author is told by the local *padroni* that *"you're just a two bit grifter and that's all you'll ever be"*; the latter about a seedy family of small time crooks who shun a returning prodigal junkie son as a threat to their Bonnie & Clyde free enterprise; *"We don't need no two bit junkie screwing up our happy home."*

"Baltimore" is in the tradition of "Cleveland", a second rate city where citizens *"hide their eyes 'cos the city's dying and they don't know why"*; and "Kathleen", a paean to third rate meathead romance, though Cooder's ominous guitar is out of sync with the song's sentiments. Or maybe you'd prefer a haunting fragile song about a 1930's German child molester, "In Germany before The War"?

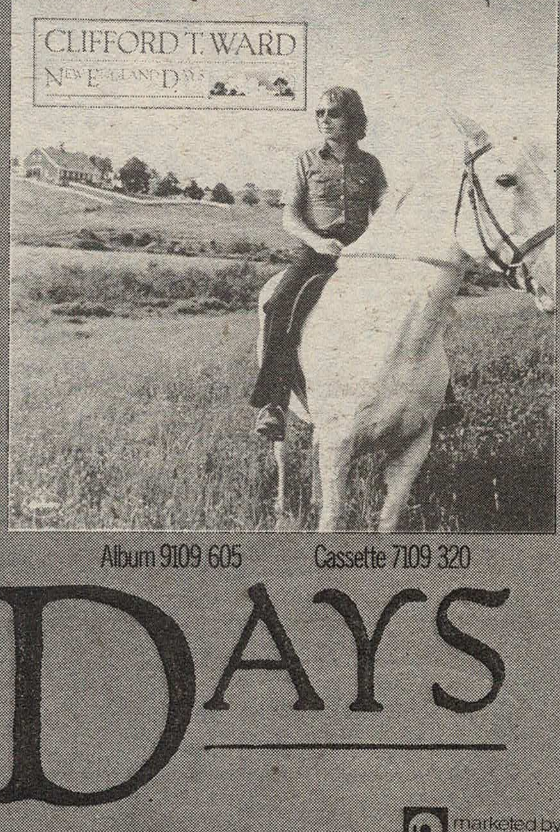
Probably the stand-out track is "Rider In The Rain", a scarcely concealed metaphor for Amerika — restless, violent, always pushing onto a new frontier: *"Many times been tried in battle/Many men have died in vain/And I'm goin' to Arizona/I'm a rider in the rain."* Newman grabs a compulsively simple C&W riff, has Waddy Wachtel weave silver threads of steel guitar round it and on the choruses gives The Eagles something worth hanging those immaculate harmonies on for a change.

Newman's attitude to America is made more explicit in "Sigmund Freud's Impersonation of Albert Einstein in America", which invokes both Newman's Jewish Euro-intellectual heritage and the promise of the "new world" that lured emigres from the "old country". As usual, there's a bitter double edge to the proceedings; *"America America, God shed his grace on thee/You have whipped the Filipino/Now you rule the Western sea"*. And even more telling: *"America America/Step out into the light/You're the best dream man has ever dreamed/And may all your Christmases be white."* The last line is pure Newman — simultaneously satiric bathos, and genuine fondness for folk romance (wonder when it last snowed in LA).

Passing on the slight "I'll Be Home", the rather forgettable "Jolly Coppers On Parade" and the melancholy "Texas Girl At The Funeral Of Her Father" that leaves "Old Man On The Farm"; almost a sequel to "Old Man" on "Sail Away" — a song about a man facing his death, performed with touching delicacy by Newman.

Like I said Newman's audience is pitifully small for his stature in the business. Doubtless the faithful will all have to possess this latest collection though for some it may fall short of expectations: for the unitiated it's a good a place as any to start sampling the man's brilliant and quirky talents.

Neil Spencer



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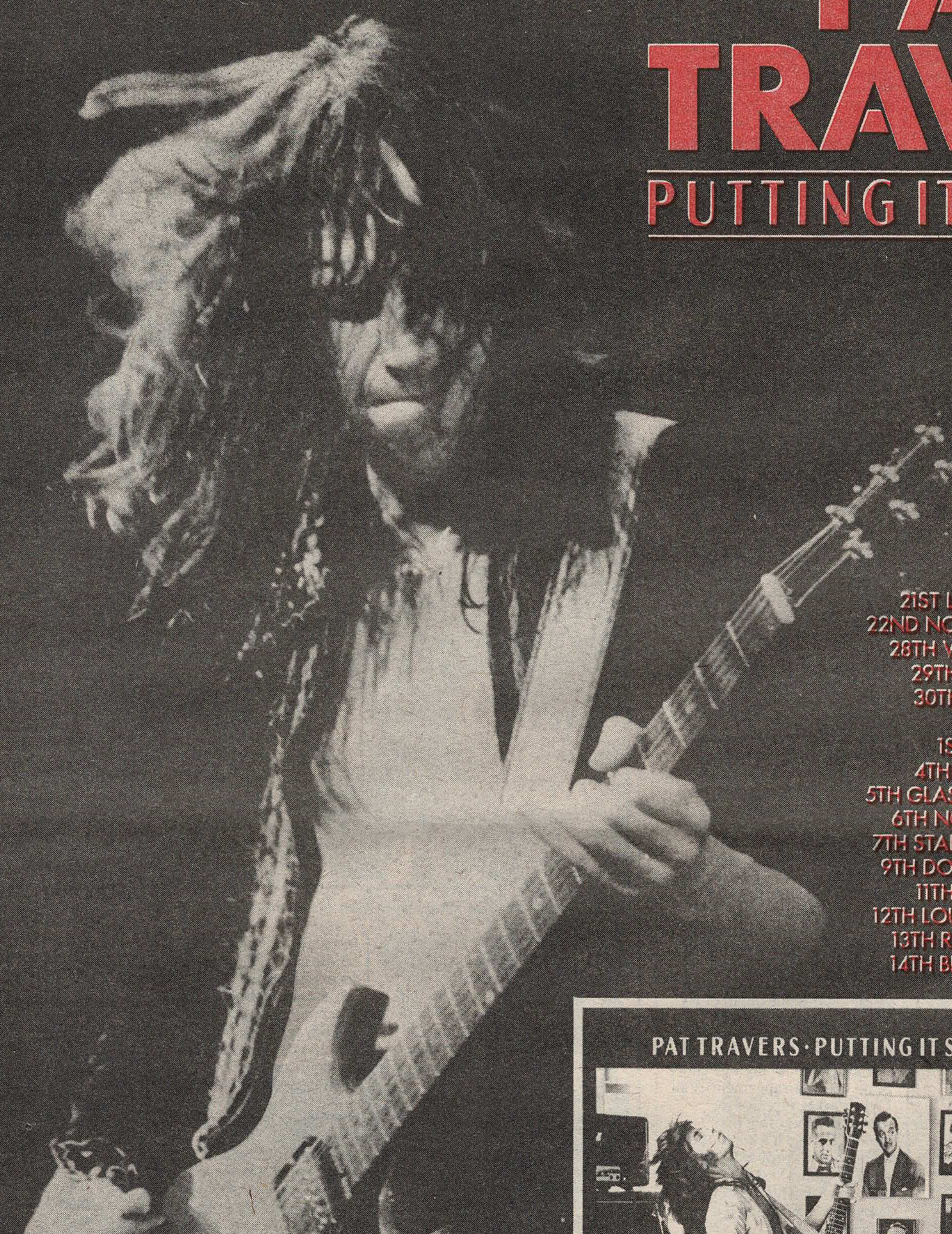

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THE EMOTIONS
Rejoice (CBS)

WHILE SYMPATHISING with Cliff White's tirade under the guise of last week's Consumer Guide To The '70s, and while agreeing that this has been a stupendous decade for black American music — with almost certainly, more barriers being broken down than in the whole of rock and reggae put together — I still have to admit that black records which break through their snazzy veneer to touch my life are rare.

"Best Of My Love" by The Emotions is one of them. There's a couple of singles like it a year — Melba Moore's "This Is It" Natalie Cole's "This Will Be" — great '70s female pop soul. This one, in particular, sounds rather like a mix of Aretha and The Supremes shoved through the sneaky logistics of the '70s machine.

Masterminded by Earth Wind & Fire boss Maurice White, The Emotions are three sisters — Pamela, Wanda and Sheila Hutchinson, (curiously, Pamela replaces sister Jeanette, who appeared on "Flowers", the hitless album whose UK release preceded "Rejoice" by a matter of weeks).

In keeping with liberated soul women like Denise Lasalle, Millie Jackson and Deniece Williams, however, they're by no means just the pretty facade for the operations of their producer. Although White did write "Best Of My Life", the Hutchinson sisters had a hand in writing nearly half the impressively varied material on "Rejoice".

Nevertheless, they still suffer from the lack of identity which afflicts so many of their ilk. Whereas Lasalle or Jackson stamp their ferocious authority on everything they touch, all The Emotions have to fall back on is their deft touch, their perfectly integrated group singing, their vibrant performance and their infectious material.

That's all. That and their faultless backing — sometimes by E&F and occasionally by a studio band — which, although somewhat *too* unobtrusive for its own good, is always lush yet crisp, finely weighted to carry each song effortlessly without ever swamping it.

All it lacks is a meaning. Sure, it's the expression of the emergent black middle class independence, etc. But despite what they *represent,* The Emotions communicate little except for a superficial mood.

But then, maybe you aren't interested in all that boring communication lark. If so be my guest.

Phil McNeill

ROY WOOD
Wizzo (Warner Brothers)

I ALWAYS empathised with Roy Wood because his eyes looked like I felt like he knew there was something wrong going on but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

I liked The Move before they got old, the Electric Light Orchestra before they got pretentious and I revelled in the numerous reincarnations-renovations of Wizzard. "Ball Park Incident", "See My Baby Jive", "Rock And Roll Winter (Loony's Tune)", "This Is The Story Of My Love (Baby)" — they all had such *attack*.

Whereas this collection is about as potent as a plastic banana. Roy Wood seems to have acknowledged Bowie's theory that all forms of sound have become complacent, and then bumblingly stumbled all over it, gathering together a group of proficient and pointless musicians who play extended solos of the type one hoped the New Wave had beached forever and haphazardly gilding them with lyrics of the *"I've done everyone and it all means less than zero"* pitch.

Nothing has a structure, rambling on and on like the Happy Wanderer. There are saxophones, a troubled disco riff, a hint of HM and not so much as a nuance of Wizzard's expert expresso humour. Imagine Blood, Sweat and Tears playing "Let's Face The Music (And Dance)."

Side one starts as a John Barry Private Detective/High Finance theme and side two as Black Sabbath playing disjointed jazz-funk, but both eventually hotfoot it back to the haven of Bowie's best. This album is "Low" with a beard and a Brum accent.

Julie Burchill

JEAN LUC PONTY
Enigmatic Ocean
(Atlantic)

CONSECUTIVE SOLOS with fiddling unison bits between each and longer ones at the end. Speed is the essence as each player tries to blind with science.

A succession of riffs bases a style that's merely a flat reminder of the acrobatics performed by Ponty's ex-chums, the Mahavishnu Ork, with Alan Holdsworth's guitar getting the honours.

Reflecting the serious concern for Improvisation is a serious concern for the plight of the ocean, and after the Overture come two interchangeable Suites: one is "Enigmatic Ocean" and the other is "The Struggle Of The Turtle To The Sea", which is *not* evocative of the turtle that lays its offspring so far in shore that most die before reaching the sea.

With an aquatic theme in sight then, the pertinent analogy is that the music here laps like waves on a quiet beach. Nothing ever happens, just these endless solos that come and go like the tides.

Taking Ponty's violin as A, the guitar as B and the synthesiser as C, the order of play is abacabcbbaabcabb and fade.

Paul Rambali

DIANA ROSS
"Baby It's Me"
(Motown)

YOU MIGHT think that Motown had made an odd choice when they asked Richard Perry to produce this latest set by Diana Ross. After all, Perry's had much success with white folks who work in essentially black idioms, but none worth mentioning when it comes to black folks striving for a "whiter" sound.

Perry was the man who produced an ill-fated album for Martha Reeves when Motown wanted to move her into the Las Vegas hotel circuit. Since then, Ms Reeves has achieved very little, other than to remain a blissful memory for Motown fanatics from the sixties.

So why pick Perry now? It's true he's had a few smashes with Manhattan Transfer and, most recently, Leo Sayer, but both those acts are on the wrong side of this particular argument. If you were to predict the outcome of this latest alliance, you'd probably expect music sounding like a cross between Manhattan Transfer and Ms Ross' Supremes' format.

In other words, scattish singing and flamboyant dance rhythms. Surprise, surprise. With the opening cut, "Getting Ready For Love", that's exactly what you get.

The drums, the strings, and chorus are all custom-built Motown. Impossible to hear them without experiencing that sense of well-being that went with all those '60's classics.

The vocals, though, are slightly jarring. Ms Ross is no great shakes as a jazz singer, even if she did passably well in her Billie Holliday movie.

Most of the album is similarly unsure of itself.

For example, "Baby It's Me", one of the album's strongest dance cuts owes more to the old Stax approach than to anything by Holland-Dozier-Holland. This is probably due in part to the fact that it was co-written by Donald Dunn, who also guests on guitar. Not that it's a straight Stax life, more like the sophisticated retread that the Average White Band does so well.

Then there's a Stevie Wonder song, "Too Shy to Say", in the same mould of gently schmaltz as Wonder's own version of his "If It's Magic". Both songs sound as though they're destined to become showbiz standards.

The album's happiest tracks, however, are even more derivative than most. "You Got It", "All Night Lover", "Top Of The World" derive their existence from Ms Ross' own back catalogue. Any of them could date from virtually any stage of her career, and the fact is that Ms Ross sounds most at her ease with this kind of music.

The problem is how to progress gracefully. Ms Ross handles a couple of Melissa Manchester songs, "Confide In Me" and "Come In From The Rain", with great emotional intensity, and that is clearly one way ahead.

The problem with trying out a variety of musical trappings is how to avoid making albums that sound like samplers. That's a difficulty that hasn't quite been surmounted here.

Bob Edmands

DEAD END KIDS
Breakout (CBS)

THE BAY City Rollers turn criminal! What did they do? Make off merry with the milk money? Set a cat's arse on fire? Anyhow, here they are backing up against the wall (in a very *masculine* way).

See their turn-ups quarrelling with their ankles! See their stripey socks and wimpy Technicolour gym shoes! See their braces holding up ripped and bleached denim with their names scrawled on! See their blow-dried toupees and moronic mouths!

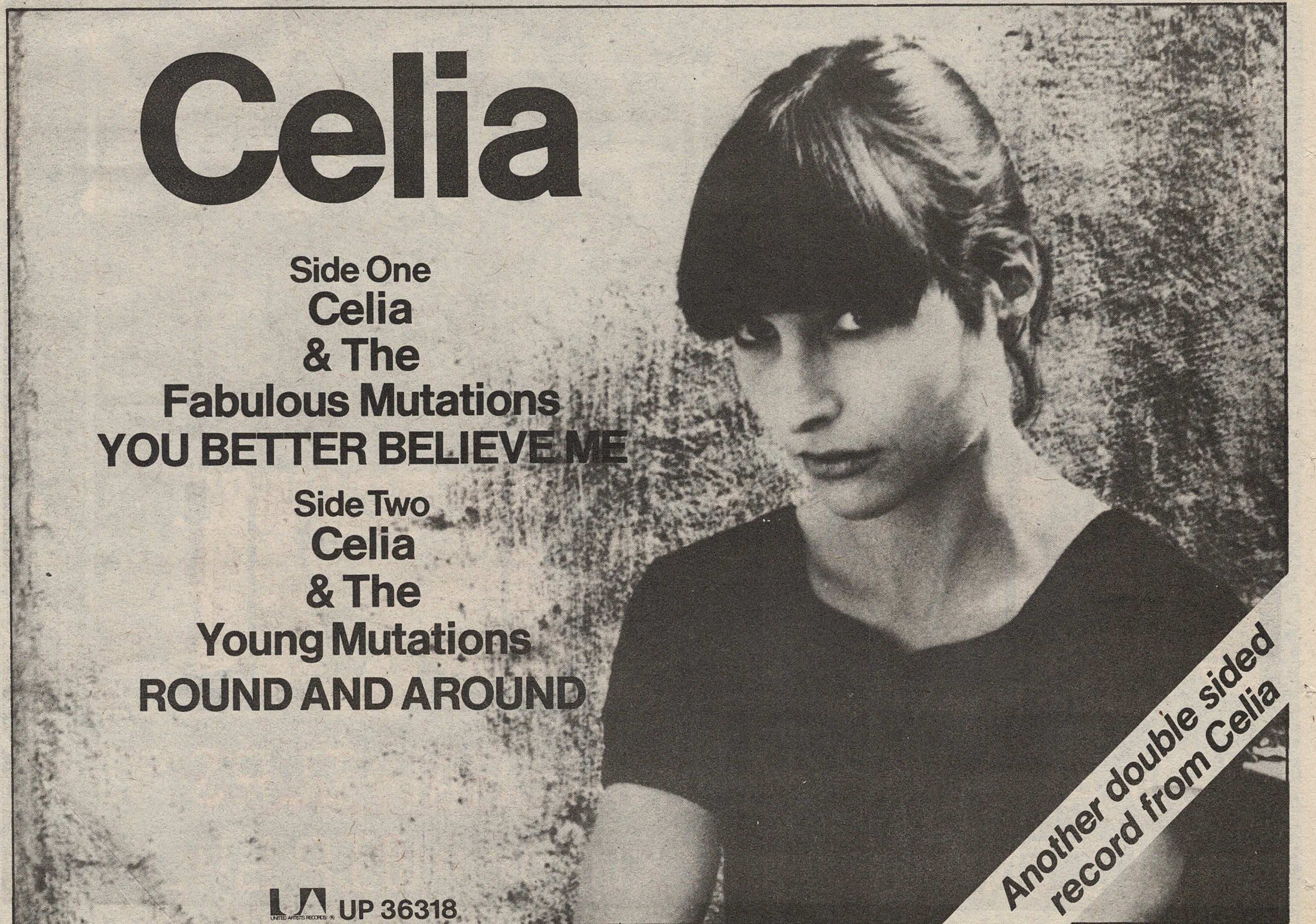
Read their titles and tremble! "Going Out The Back Door", "Breakaway", "Last Night In Chinatown", "C'Mon Let's Go" and (their theme song) "Tough Kids". I'll say! But wait, it's not the Rollers, it's the newest protegees of Barry Blue.

Their version of "Glad All Over" made me blush from my temples to my toenails while "Roxanne" beats The Stranglers for sexism anyday. "Breakaway" sinks even lower. Breakaway? I'd rather break your necks, kids.

"We're the Tough Kids / And we come from the wrong side of town / We're the Tough Kids / And everyone tries to keep us down." Keep you down? They should *put* you down, sonny. The Big Sleep.

Old ones, new ones, fast ones, slow ones and plain limp ones. Who needs it, except for Tam Paton? How dare they desecrate the tomb of the dear forgotten-but-not-gone Rollers so? It makes you want to throw up all over your plaid breeches.

Julie Burchill



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WAR

Platinum Funk
(Island)

AS THEIR name suggests, War possess a militant aggression which sets them apart from the multitudinous US funk outfits. Even their quieter moments reveal a hard rock approach.

Their previous studio effort, "Why Can't We Be Friends?", was one of last year's most enjoyable albums and I've not heard many releases during '77 to rival the overall excellence of (the unfortunately-titled) "Platinum Funk".

From its opening bars, "War Is Coming" is an obvious contender for an all-time group classic, fit to be placed alongside "Slipping Into Darkness", "Cisco Kid", "Smile Happy" and "Low Rider".

It boasts one of those exhilarating intros which immediately grab you by the short and curlies, and far from easing up, the song relentlessly piles on de polyrhythms until something approaching hysterical aural orgasm occurs. Your ears don't bleed, exactly, but they sure do ejaculate.

The combination of Harold Brown's drums, Papa Dee Allan's percussive arsenal (including one — count it — steel drum) and B.B. Dickerson's monster belching bass line, provide a rivetting rhythmic backdrop for the tribal vocals. Some neat flutter-tonguing flute from Charlie Miller completes the cocktail (emphasis on the cock).

Nothing else on the album is quite as impressive as this, but none of it is any less than good. All War's music, anyway, is imbued with a joyful uniqueness which is astounding considering the constrictive field they work in.

Ignore the words and "L.A. Sunshine" *("L.A. is my home town, is a funky town")* is yet another syncopated leviathan, Miller's sax bursts brilliantly integrated with that incomparable rhythm section.

"River Niger" fluctuates adventurously, Miller's sax — mellow and abrasive by turn, strangely Egyptian in feel (honest!) — carrying the main theme in tandem with Lee Oskar's award-winning harp. Exultant shouts and chants mingle with a curious chorus of *"Monkey chaser, monkey chaser"*.

Many bands, be they rock, jazz or soul pretenders, could learn a helluva lot from War — long may they wage their funked-up music upon us!

Monty Smith

TURNING POINT

Creatures Of The Night (Gull)

TURNING POINT are that rare and exquisite animal, the creative jazzrock combo.

This their first album catches them acknowledging influences — a necessary process, you understand — whilst showing every sign of being well able to transcend same. Like Josef Zawinul's Weather Report and Christian Vander's Magma, Turning Point shape strong, serene and at times unbelievably s-p-a-t-i-a-l music. Space as in weightlessness, not SF.

Rest assured, this quintet are vital relief from the prevalent tedium of current crossover. There's no pyrotechnic piffling on "Creatures", only honest sensitivity, mature restraint and good grace.

The seven fluent pieces here all hum and hinge on Jeff Clyne's electric bass and Paul Robinson's drums — a doubled heart pulse, tough and tender, pushy and pliant. For the book, dig Clyne's pensive phrasing at the front of "Better Days" and Robinson's uncluttered precision throughout "The Journey".

Turning Point play songs really. Pepe Lemer's voice is all the more expressive for being just that. No words, only emotions — and you do the rest. It's better that way. On occasion her lines merge with those of saxist Dave Tidball to forge a helix of bewildering enchantment. Sounds unlikely? Hear it.

Tidball himself will go places. He's already travelling far and wide, soft and slippery on alto. brusque and breathy on tenor. Brian Miller's keyboards complete the composite, chordal counterpoint to Clyne for focus and lush, lyrical solos for colour.

It's all here: funk fuel *without* the robotics in "Princess Aura"; rarefied atmospheres in "Vanishing Dream"; intimate afterglow in "My Lady C". You can dance or dally depending.

Turning Point put melody and rhythm equal first, share players' prizes like true democrats. They're really very special. I love this album. You might too.

Angus MacKinnon

LIZA MINNELLI

Tropical Nights (CBS)

WEIRDIE OF the week honours to Judy Junior for this peculiar change of tack that has her wasting her talents and sometimes rather awesome voice in a tedious and puzzling fashion.

"Tropical Nights" seems to be a poor bid to score points in rock (c.f. Streisand's recent efforts) while her being is highly visible via *New York, New York*. Certainly, it's far too cacophonous for Minnelli's MOR or camp cabaret minions.

She makes a Latino go at a Stevie Wonder throwaway in "I Love Every Little Thing About You" and chucks in the perfunctory funk of Minnie Riperton's "When It Comes Down To It". She betrays her own confusion about what she's trying to pull off when she bumps showbizily through a bizarre medley of the title track and "Bali Ha'i".

The rest of the material is a forgettable collection by her arranger Jim Grady, "Jimi Jimi" being the most intriguing simply because it may or may not refer to Hendrix (is the word cosmic in the second verse a clue?).

Holy moley! It isn't rock, soul or jazz but a kind of phoney, tinselled, over-orchestrated amalgam, aptly symbolised by a gawdawful cover photo of Minnelli decked out with boa, plastic shoes and a champagne glass, resembling a bewildered Bette Midler.

Take my advice, sis, and find some more believable numbers or go back to the cabaret.

Angie Errigo

IMPORTS

THOUGH VIRGIN recently claimed that **Gong's** Paris Hippodrome concert, recorded last May, was *not* going to appear on album at this point in time, a double elpee titled "Gong Est Mort — Vive Gong" and documenting that selfsame gig, can now be found on the Tapioca label.

Though the Virgin mobile was not allowed to record the event, the rumours circulated that the album was substandard sound-wise have proved completely unfounded for the fi is acceptably hi and though Daevid Allen's zany vocal soirees are often over the top, "Gong Est Mort", otherwise pans out equally fine on a musical level.

New labels are proliferating in the States again — the latest being Tomato, who've released three fine double in "Cajun Swamp Music — Live!", featuring Clifton Chenier, the uncrowned king of zydeco, "A Tribute To Leadbelly", which contains material sung and played by **Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee,** and "Townes Van Zandt — Live At The Old Quarter, Houston, Texas" — a solo set by the singer-songwriter, cut at the venue that has hosted such as Guy Clark and Jerry Jeff Walker in recent times.

HMV report that they're expecting "The Blues World Of **Eric Clapton",** a double, in from Japan anyday now — but in the meantime, their current biggest seller is "Rock And Roll Album" (RCA) an **Elvis** double that contains 24 of El's more potent rockers. As a compilation it is infinitely preferable to most of the shoddy jobs now on the market — but then again, the price is prohibitive this being in the region of £14.95.

"Lou Reed" (RCA), the French treble-album boxed set recently mentioned in this column is currently in the shops and selling for around £9.50. The main attraction for collectors is the inclusion of a "bonus" single titled "Nowhere At All", which is allegedly a previously unreleased cut.

Depressingly — as if we haven't got enough rubbish of our own — the French have now begun to fill up our racks with sammaplers of their disco fodder. Two recent arrivals have been "Alain Bashung" (Egg) and "Chrisland" (Baccara), both of which nobody wants to talk about. But keyboardist Patrick Juvet's "Paris By Night" (Barclay) has stirred up a little interest, being arranged and produced by "Oxygene" hit-maker Jean Michel Jarre.

CDR's latest import list contains much of interest. The company has just signed a deal giving them the British distribution rights for the German Brain label, so they're now bringing in copies of "The History Of German Rock 1972-76", a sampler containing tracks by Jane, Scorpions (with Michael Schenker), Neu, Grobbshnitt, Klaus Schulze, Guru Guru, plus "This Is Atomic Rooster". Also on the CRD listing are a number of continental CBS releases that include Chicken Shack's "Golden Era Of Pop Music", "Poohlover" by I Pooh, the latest offering from one of Italy's most highly rated bands, and "Twin Peaks", a live set recorded by Leslie West's Mountain at Japan's Osaka Koseinenkin Hall in August, 1973.

Stix Hooper, Wilton Felder and Joe Sample are listed as the collective producers for **Ray Barretto's** salsa-flavoured "Eye Of The Beholder" (Atlantic), while the rest of this week's arrivals from the States include **Dave Loggins'** "One Way Ticket To Paradise" (Epic), **Buck Owens'** "Our Old Mansion" (Warner Bros), **Ray Charles'** "True To Life (Atlantic), **Black Oak's** "Race With The Devil" (Capricorn). **Steve Goodman's** "Say It In Private" (Asylum), **Wildfire's** "Flame Thrower" (Casablanca), **Tom Powers'** "Love And Learn" (Big Tree), "The David Grisman Quintet" (Kaleidescope) and John Hartford's "All In The Name Of Love" (Flying Fish).

Fred Dellar

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ISLAND

PACIFIC EARDRUM

Pacific Eardrum
(Charisma)

DAVE MACRAE is the keyboard wiz who broke down my ingrained dislike of that fashionable family of hybrids. To hear him with Mike Westbrook's big band or Neil Ardley's vertiginous charts is to hear resourcefulness and teamwork at its best.

Usually confined to filigree and brocade, the electric piano proves itself capable of a structural role with Macrae on the strength. Everything moves on castors. His breaks seem to start up-and-running, like the old B Monogram movie cuts to speeding cars: exhilarating.

All these virtues are well in evidence on his band's — Pacific Eardrum — debut album. My own preference for the leader's work in other contexts has to do with genre, and not relative excellences. This is a thoroughly professional jazz-rock affair, varied, melodically catchy, full of startling changes in direction.

Trap figures scuttle stereophonically from one speaker to the other, provoking a percussionist's echo. The layering of tempos, particularly on "Desert Dance", is complex without being clever-clever: loose and switchy.

"Active Factor" assembles its ingredients — rub-a-dub rock drumming, chiming keyboard fragments, clop of bongo — and strafes the dreamy vocal line in intermittent rushes. The soprano playing is very secure here — and throughout — with none of that curdling off-key plangency most tenor-based musicians seem to be stuck with.

I prefer the programmatic pieces, "Smoke Signal" and "Sand Sea and Samba", to the Soul vocals — "convic-shun" and repeat — of "In Search of a Dream" or "Crossin' Wires". Joy Yates has a strong voice, breathy and intimate on "Sitting on a Daisy", powerful on "Smoke Signal".

The outstanding moment for me is Dave Macrae's almost Bach-like introduction to "Sand Sea and Samba", though all his interjections seem to accomplish more with less than any other patron of the National Grid.

Brian Case

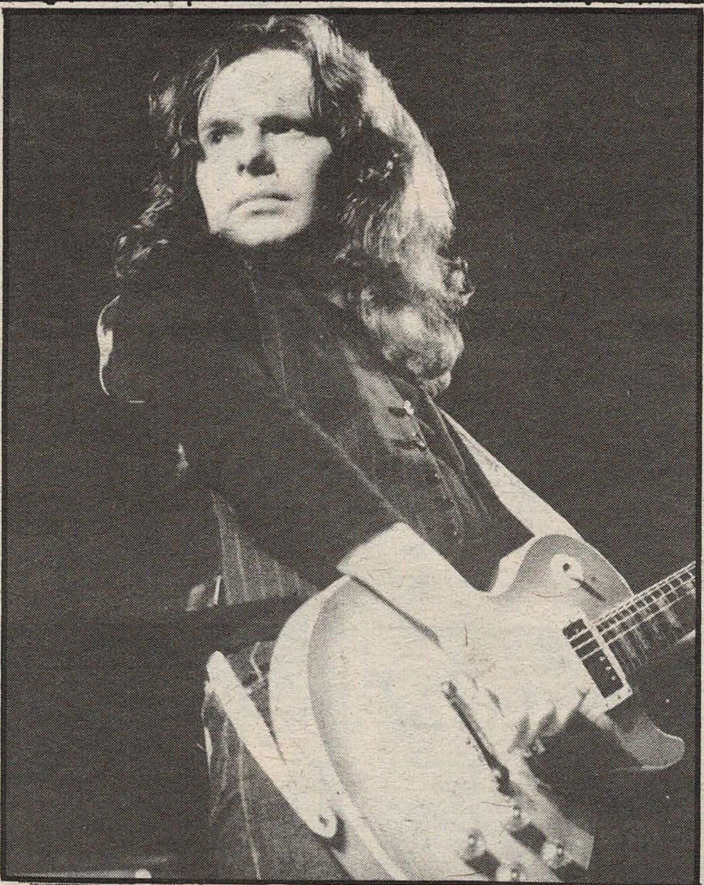
CAMEO

Cardiac Arrest
(Casablanca)

THEIR PLAYING is precision tooled to the point where 'tight' is hardly an adequate description (an asset which is enhanced by an excellent, crisp mix). They obviously aren't too po-faced about life and therefore give their funky workouts endearing titles like "Post Mortem" and "Rigor Mortis". By rights they should really be on Stiff records.

As to what they're all about, weelll . . . consider them somewhere midway between The Fatback Band and The Commodores with a touch of Parliament thrown in for good measure. I like them, if only because "Post Mortem" is a slick variation on one of James Brown's most compulsive riffs, first aired in 1970.

Cliff White



With Back Street Crawler, 1976

KOSSOFF
A Legacy

PAUL KOSSOFF

Koss (DJM)

WHEN PAUL Kossoff died, the event barely merited a mention in the Fleet Street dailies, let alone on radio and TV.

And yet Koss meant more to a section of the rock public than even Elvis himself. Koss certainly didn't invent or in anyway redefine rock 'n' roll. And he wasn't glamorous or rich. He wasn't even especially famous.

But this dumpy and perhaps tormented kid who'd known what it was like to be the focus of an adoring public when some of us hadn't even left school had a profound effect on British rock.

Paul Kossoff was very much a people's hero. Just the mention of his name would set an audience ablaze. Today there's much idle pratting about rock stars having street followings; Kossoff's was stronger than most.

Undoubtedly his talent was enormous, if limited and often in need of direction. Perhaps Kossoff knew himself that he'd never better his work with Free (or that he'd never find a more perfect environment) and that was why he gave up the creative ghost.

The original Free were, after all, as good a rock 'n' roll band as any, interpreting Southern R&B in a way that The Faces could never manage, with no desire to flirt with the stuff jet set dreams are made of. Moreover, the gap Free left has never been filled.

Today much is said about how young the new bands are. None of the new wave front-liners are as young as Free were when they started playing under the shadow of Cream, a shadow from which they soon emerged. And despite their youth, each of them was virtually without peer in their chosen field.

Yet something held them back. And it held Koss back more than the others. While his erstwhile colleagues Rodgers and Kirke hit the dollar trail, Koss sank further, finally returning to fulltime work with Back Street Crawler, named after the one solo album he'd painfully got together.

Though Crawler themselves were than little more than a poor Free surrogate the album of the same name is a great little record and stands as a better tribute to Koss that this shamefully lacklustre offering.

It does, however, feature one cut from "Back Street Crawler", the exquisitely haunting "Time Away", which demonstrates that given the necessary impetus Kossoff could work in fields artistically far removed from Free.

The track makes you wonder what Koss could have done if he'd have been pushed a lot more than he was. True, he hadn't really had time to settle in with Crawler but I doubt whether they would have given him the inspiration to take him into anything approaching new territory.

Actually, the first half of this double set is all right. The second, being essentially a Back Street Crawler live album, is entirely disposable. Just listen to the shambling version of Koss's signature tune "The Hunter".

Okay, so it's all unrelated stuff, but it hardly presents Kossoff at his finest. Surely there must be a batch of live Free material around, the ideal chance for those who never saw the group to witness Free's very special magic.

As it is, DJM have included "Mr Big" from "Free Live". Great, slow burnin', cogent stuff, the band playing with undiluted passion. The interplay between Andy Fraser's bass and Koss's guitar is packed full of tension. When did you last hear a British rock band play with so much flair and imagination while retaining the basics?

Koss's working out on a blues, as he did so admirably on the classic "Goin' Down Slow" on Free's first album "Tons Of Sobs" (talk about energy), is conspicuous by its absence here. While there's nothing wrong with his playing on the unreleased studio cuts included (Jim Capaldi's "You and Me", Eddie Baird's "You've Taken Hold Of Me", Crawler's "Molten Gold", "Sidekick To The Stars" and "Never Take Me Alive"), they don't feature Koss at his hellblazing best.

One obscure Free cut is included, "The Worm", the B side of the band's debut single "Broad Daylight". Basic blues-rock stuff, with a riff not a million miles away from Cream's "Politician". It's okay, but nothing more.

Those of you who wish to find out what Koss was all about would be far better investing in one of Free's albums or "Back Street Crawler". "Koss" doesn't do him justice at all.

A shame.

Steve Clarke

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24	The Boomtown Rats	2.99
*25	Bright Lights and Back Alleys — Smokie	2.90
26	Bad Reputation — Thin Lizzy	2.99
27	Passage — The Carpenters	2.99
28	Rough Mix — Pete Townsend & Ronnie Lane	2.95
29	My Aim Is True — Elvis Costello	2.50
*30	Street Survivors — Lynyrd Skynyrd	3.10
31	Motivation Radio — Steve Hillage	2.90
32	Gone To Earth — Barclay James Harvest	2.95
33	The Best Of Tavares	2.90
34	Simple Dreams — Linda Rondstadt	2.50
35	In City Dreams — Robin Trower	2.80
36	Front Page News — Wishbone Ash	3.10
37	Hotel California — Eagles	2.99
38	A New World Record — Electric Light Orchestra	2.75
39	Be Seeing You — Dr Feelgood	2.50
40	Makin' Love & Music — Dr Hook	2.90
41	A Star Is Born	2.99
42	Their Greatest Hits — Eagles	2.99
43	Joan Armatrading	2.80
44	Even In The Quietest Moments — Supertramp	2.99
*45	Night Moves — Bob Seger	3.10
46	Magic Fly — Space	2.75
47	Love For Sale — Boney M	2.50
48	Songs In The Key Of Life — Stevie Wonder	6.00
49	Anytime Anywhere — Rita Coolidge	2.80
50	Mink De Ville	2.90

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BUY EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS

WATCH OUT FOR THESE GREAT NEW ALBUMS AT OUR PRICE DISCOUNTS.

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12 TOTTENHAM COURT RD. W1 TEL: 01-636 4631 • 26/28 KENSINGTON CHURCH ST. W8 TEL: 01-937 4282
95 CLARENCE ST. KINGSTON TEL: 01-546 6353 • 219A FINCHLEY RD. NW3 TEL: 01-624 2217
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marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 **01-437 6603**

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS & MEMBERS

Wed. 26th Oct. (Adm 75p)
X RAY SPEX
The Jolt & Jerry Floyd

Thurs. 27th Oct. (Adm 75p)
QUANTUM JUMP
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri. 28th Oct. (Adm 75p)
GLORIA MUNDI
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat. 29th Oct. (Adm £1.50)
Surprise appearance of
WISHBONE ASH
Ian Fleming

Sun. 30th Oct. (Adm 65p)
Free admission with this ad. before 8pm.
GRAND HOTEL
Smiler & Nick Leigh

Mon. 31st & Tues. 1st Nov.
THE SAINTS
Plus support & Ian Fleming
(Admission £1)

Wed. 2nd & Thurs. 3rd Nov.
THE BOYS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd
(Admission 90p)

Hamburgers & other hot & Cold snacks are available

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6

Thursday October 27th 60p
JOHNNY CURIOS & THE STRANGERS

Friday October 28th 60p
Tony McPhee's TERRAPLANE

Saturday October 29th FREE
THE WARSAW PAKT
+ SORE THROAT

Sunday October 30th 60p
BEES MAKE HONEY

Wednesday November 2nd FREE
RUMBLE STRIPS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday October 27th £1.00
GONZALEZ
+ THE ALLIGATORS

Friday October 28th £1.00
PLUMMET AIRLINES
+ THE SKULLS

Saturday October 29 £1.00
THE ONLY ONES
+ LP SERVICE

Sunday October 30th 75p
RADIO STARS
+ WARSAW PAKT

Monday October 31st 50p
SAM APPLE PIE
+ CATCH

Tuesday November 1st 50p
ALKATRAZ
+ THE WAITE

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel. 01 603 6071)

COLOSSEUM II

IN CONCERT
Sunday November 20th
AT 7.30 PM
VICTORIA PALACE
LONDON

Tickets available from box office (01-834 1317/8)
Price £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 and £1.00.

HOPE & ANCHOR

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday October 27th 75p
ADVERTISING

Friday October 28th 75p
SAM APPLE PIE

Saturday October 29th 75p
PRAIRIE OYSTER

Sunday October 30th 60p
WARREN HARRY

Monday October 31st 75p
WIRE

Tuesday November 1st 75p
THE MANIACS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
THE MOTORS

FLYING ACES
MARK POPPINS–RECORDS

ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM, N.W.1

SUNDAY 30th OCTOBER at 5·30

ADMISSION £1·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1. TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday Oct. 26th £1.00
NO DICE
+ ABBOT
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

Thursday Oct. 27th £1.50
G. T. MOORE
+ RAY ROYER BAND

Friday Oct. 28th £1.50
THE STRUTTERS
+ EASY

Saturday Oct. 29th £2.00
ROKOTTO
+ JACKAL

Monday Oct. 31st £1.00
ADVERTISING
+ LIGHTNING RAIDERS + BLIPS
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

Tuesday Nov. 1st £1.00
X.T.C.
+ WIRE + Support
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

Wednesday Nov. 2nd £1.00
NO DICE
+ ROGER THE CAT
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

Thursday Nov. 3rd £1.50
PACIFIC EARDRUM
+ SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

OCTOBER
Thur 27 METROPOLIS EX PRETTY THINGS
Fri 28 GONZALEZ SUPPORTED BY THE PLEASERS
Sat 29 BLACK SLATE, and 20th CENTURY

NOVEMBER
Tues 1 THE LURKERS
Wed 2 FROM U.S.A. LOUISANA RED – AN EVENING OF THE BLUES

AND DON'T FORGET FOLKS ½ PRICE BOOZE BEFORE 10 p.m.

ROY GUEST for EVOLUTION presents

SANDY DENNY

AND FRIENDS
National Tour from November 6th

LONDON, BRIGHTON, CROYDON, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, OXFORD, CARDIFF, BRISTOL.

See local press for details

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words words words words words words words words words words

WORDS (Barry Clarke) City Hall St. Albans
Tuesday November 8th at 7.45 pm
WRIT & SPROUT WITH

THE FABULOUS POODLES

+ AFTER THE FIRE
Mary Jane disco — bar — food
Advance tickets £1 (inc. VAT) from box office Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel 64511 or £1.20 (inc VAT) on door
Tues Nov 29th DARTS & AMAZORBLADES

words words words words words words words words words words

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Beside British Rail: New Barnet
Tel: 01-499 0465

Thursday, Oct. 27th—
DEAD FINGERS TALK

Friday, Oct. 28th—
JERRY THE FERRET

Saturday, Oct. 29th—
PEKOE ORANGE

Sunday, Oct. 30th—
TENDERFOOT

Tuesday, Oct. 31st—
CARDIAC ARREST

FRIARS

MAXWELL (VALE) HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY OCTOBER 29th at 7.30 pm
Alan Hull's

RADIATOR + ILLUSION

AC Sounds & Vision

At the time of going to Press, tickets (135p) were still available from Earth Records Aylesbury. There will however definitely be no tickets available at door on night

HELP!

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.

Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex
Telephone Uxbridge 39125

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28th—

RADIATOR

(featuring ALAN HULL, ex-Lindisfarne)
+ CLAIRE HAMMILLS
TRANSPORTER
Tickets 80p in advance, £1.00 on door

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4th—
ALL NIGHTER with

RACING CARS
GONZALEZ
THE ENID

PIGSTYE HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA, AMAZORBLADES, RUMBLE STRIPS
DISCO — FILMS : Guest D.J. : BARBECUE BAR till late
Tickets £2.00 in advance only. Postal applications to Social secretary

COMING SOON:
Wilko Johnson Band, Fairport Convention, Mike Harding, Frankie Miller

2 miles from M4. Nearest tube Uxbridge

GET THE TASTE FOR

SOLID WASTE

at
THE MUSIC MACHINE—NOV 1st *with XTC*
THE MARQUEE CLUB—NOV 2nd *with The Boys*

"They write songs with fast flashy riffs and sharp bristling hooks—*NME*.

All enquiries to Pete at KAMIKAZE MANAGEMENT. Tel: 01 588 6480 ext 293 or CHELMSFORD (0245) 71003.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE

Prince Consort Road, SW7
FRIDAY OCTOBER 28th
in the Union Concert Hall
A special Friday Imperial College Disco starring

WARREN HARRY

Next Saturday, November 5th

THE TYLA GANG

+ T.H.E.
+ DISCO + BAR
Tickets £1.00

Advance tickets from ENTS Tickets, IC Union, Prince Consort Rd., S.W.7

THE ROCK CLUB

NEW WRITTLE ST., CHELMSFORD

Thurs. Oct. 27th, 8pm—11pm
ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
(Ex Lindisfarne) 80p

Sun. Oct. 30th, 8pm—11pm
UNCLE PO
40p

THE NITE SPOT
THE EMBANKMENT BEDFORD

sounds exciting!
Fully licensed from 8-late

THURSDAY 27th OCTOBER
THE MOVIES

THURSDAY 3rd NOVEMBER
ROOGALATOR

SUNDAY 6th NOVEMBER
THE KURSAAL FLYERS

ADVANCE BOOKING OFFICE OPEN DAILY FROM 9·30 a.m. (except Sunday)
Enquiries and reservations Tel: BEDFORD 212555

DISCO Plus Your Favourite D.J.

Doors open 7·30pm No person under 18yrs admitted No membership required

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

MINEHEAD Football Club: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: PATCHWORK
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JOAN ARMATRADING
NEWCASTLE University: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
NORWICH Lads Club: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND/JOHN JAMES
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: JENNY HAAN'S LION
NOTTINGHAM University: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
OXFORD Polytechnic: TOM ROBINSON BAND
PETERBOROUGH Technical College: BUSTER JAMES BAND
PETERLEE Senate Club: THE CRABS
PLUMPTON Agricultural College: AMAZORBLADES
REDDITCH Tracey's: BLACK GORILLA
ROYTON Maple Squash Club: FOSSIL
SAWBRIDGEWORTH Memorial Hall: GYPP
SOUTHEND Kursaal Ballroom: AC/DC
ST. ALBANS City Hall: PAT TRAVERS BAND
STROUD Subscription Rooms: MUSCLES
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: RED HOT
SWANSEA White Swan: SLEEVER
TAUNTON Odeon: SLIM WHITMAN
WATFORD Wall Hall College: BUSTER CRABBE/SCREENS
WELWYN GARDEN CITY Mid Herts College: THE PLEASERS/JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS/OUTCAST
WIGAN Casino: THE MOVIES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOKING Horsell Parish Hall: GROODIES/JIMI BENDIX & THE STARTER MOTORS

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: OLD TENNIS SHOES
AYLESBURY Kings Head: WHEELZ
BARROW Maxim's Disco: THE CRABS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: EAZY
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Westhill College: GARBO
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THIEVES LIKE US
BRISTOL Colston Hall: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: WALLY WHYTON / BRYAN CHALKER'S NEW FRONTIER / CLAIRE HAMILL / PETE STANLEY / BRIAN GOLBEY
BURNLEY Carlton Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: UNCLE PO
CHELTENHAM The Plough: JOHNNY COPPIN BAND
CHESTER Deeside Leisure Centre: THE DRIFTERS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
CROYDON Greyhound: BOOMTOWN RATS
DENTON Chapel House Hotel: JUNE TABOR
DUNDEE Ambassador Hotel: IGNATZ
DURHAM Wheatley Hill Club: AMERICAN TRAIN
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: ALAN STIVELL
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: MEAL TICKET
HANLEY Victoria Hall: THE CLASH / RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: DYNAMITE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: FOUR TOPS
KEELE University: MARTIN SIMPSON
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: BURLESQUE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SUPERTRAMP
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE PIRATES
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: JOAN ARMATRADING
LIVERPOOL The Moonstone: QUAD
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: 29th & DEARBORN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE / THE MOTORS / FLYING ACES
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: SACHA DISTEL
LONDON E.1 Half Moon Theatre: A TO Z
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: MOON
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: TRAPEZE
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: DANDIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: WARREN HARRY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: X-RAY SPEX / WARSAW PAKT
LONDON LEWISHAM Riverdale Hall: KENNY BALL BAND
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON Palladium: RAY STEVENS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BONE IDOL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON WESTERN RD. Robins Place: HANDBAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: THE DRANSFIELDS / JOANNA CARLIN
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: SMOKIE
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange: ROD McKUEN
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: FABULOUS POODLES
MILTON KEYNES Leisure Centre: THE YETTIES
NEWBRIDGE Memorial Hall: TYLA GANG
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RONNIE STORM & THE TYPHOONS
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: STEEL PULSE
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: FRED WEDLOCK
POYNTON Folk Centre: BULLOCK SMITHY / TERRY WALSH
READING Top Rank: THE STRANGLERS / DICTATORS
REDCAR Civic Hall: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: PAT TRAVERS BAND
SOUTHAMPTON University: BULLY WEE
SOUTHPORT Blundell Arms: HOT VULTURES
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: FRANK SINATRA JNR.
STOURBRIDGE The Mitre: COSMOTHEKA
TORQUAY Princess Theatre: SLIM WHITMAN
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: KILLJOYS

Monday

ABERTILLERY Rose Hayworth Club: JENNY DARREN

Pictured below
SMOKIE (top)
RUNAWAYS (bottom)

STILL MORE TOURS OPEN

● **ALAN STIVELL, the leading exponent of Celtic music, begins a short British tour at London Hammersmith (Thursday), Southport (Friday), Edinburgh (Sunday) and Carlisle (Monday).**

● **SMOKIE are back in British action again after a long period of touring abroad. They have concerts at London Rainbow (Friday), Blackpool (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Coventry (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).**

● **SMOKEY ROBINSON, the near-legendary Motown giant, pays his first visit to Britain for ten years. He's headlining just four major concerts — at London Hammersmith (Saturday and Wednesday), Manchester (Monday) and Liverpool (Tuesday).**

● **FAIRPORT CONVENTION are playing a series of selected concerts between now and Christmas, and the first of these is at Croydon on Sunday.**

● **DEMIS ROUSSOS begins his annual British tour this weekend. The king of the quivering vibrato opens his nationwide trek at Manchester (Sunday) and Bridlington (Monday).**

● **RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW provide one of the main highlights of the autumn tour agenda, when they kick off their sell-out concert itinerary with two nights in Newcastle (Monday and Tuesday).**

● **THE RUNAWAYS don't start their British tour proper until November 7, but before they go off to Europe, the girls appear in Belfast on Thursday.**

● **A COUPLE of one-off London concerts to bring to your attention: RAY STEVENS is at the Palladium on Sunday, and the new GEORGE DUKE BAND at the Rainbow on Tuesday.**

BANNOCKBURN Tartan Arms: IGNATZ
BATH University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMIGHAM Mayfair Suite:AC/DC
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: CHARGE
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BRIGHTON Dome: GARY GLITTER
CARLISLE Market Hall: ALAN STIVELL
CASTLE DONNINGTON Power Social Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
CHELTENHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
COVENTRY Mr. George's: RED HOT
DONCASTER Outlook Club: KURSAAL FLYERS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: BURLESQUE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: ROD McKUEN
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
EXETER University: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP
FARNHAM The Maltings: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO / NICK LOWE / IAN DRURY / WRECKLESS ERIC / LARRY WALLIS
HALIFAX Civic Theatre: GUY 'N' DOLLS / 5000 VOLTS / SHEER ELEGANCE / LOVE AFFAIR
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: STAGE FRIGHT
HUDDERSFIELD White Swan: THE SKUNKS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
LEEDS Royal Park: KNIFE-EDGE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JOAN ARMATRADING
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCRATCH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RAW DOGS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ADVERTISING / LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TELEMACQUE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BUBBLE BAND ROCK SHOW
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: WOODY & THE SPLINTERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: WIRE
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: BOB PEGG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SAM APPLE PIE / THE CATCH
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SAINTS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: THE FAMOUS ALBERT
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WOODS BAND
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / THE ANTS / THE VOID
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: WISHBONE ASH
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
MALVERN Winter Gardens: MAX BOYCE
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: SMOKEY ROBINSON / VIOLA WILLS
MANCHESTER Blee Vue: DEMIS ROUSSOS
MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: TYLA GANG
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
PRESTON Club Royale: ROOGALATOR
READING University: BULLY WEE
SHEFFIELD Totley College: OSCAR
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: THE STRANGLERS / DICTATORS
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: THE DRIFTERS

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: THE CRABS / IGNATZ
BATH Sports Centre: PETER GABRIEL (charity concert)
BELFAST Ulster Hall: ROD McKUEN
BILLINGHAM Smiths Arms: HOT VULTURES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TYLA GANG
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIDLINGTON Spa Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
BRIGHTON Dome: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
CAMBRIDGE Blimps: NEW HEARTS
CAMBRIDGE University: CARAVAN
CARDIFF Top Rank: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
CARDIFF University: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP
CHELTENHAM The Plough: STORMRIDER
COVENTRY Theatre: SMOKIE
DUNDEE Maryatt Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
EDINBURGH Assembly Rooms: THE REZILLOS
GLOUCESTER Cambridge Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
HATFIELD Forum: GUYS'N'DOLLS / 5000 VOLTS / SHEER ELEGANCE / LOVE AFFAIR
HEDNESFORD Angelsey Hotel: GARBO
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SUCKER
HERTFORD Castle Hall Folk Club: TREVOR LUCAS & DAVE PEGG
HIGH WYCOMBE Newland Club: THE PINK PARTS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: BURLESQUE
LEEDS Knickers Club: THE SKUNKS
LEEDS New Ace of Clubs: THE CORTINAS
LEICESTER University: NEIL ARDLEY
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: SMOKEY ROBINSON / VIOLA WILLS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE LURKERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: XTC / WIRE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: ASTRA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE MANIACS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ALKATRAZ / THE WASTE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SAINTS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROASSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ALTERNATIVE TV
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GEORGE DUKE BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BAZOOKA JOE
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: THE MODELS / HEADACHES / THE TONES / PEROXIDE ROMANCE
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: SUPERTRAMP
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: MATCHBOX
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: JIM CAPALDI
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: ALAN HULL'S RADIATORS / AMERICAN TRAIN
PENZANCE The Garden: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
PLYMOUTH Castaways: PAT TRAVERS BAND
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: SHAM 69
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: MAX BOYCE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: STEVE ASHLEY
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE CLASH / RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
SHEFFIELD University: COLOSSEUM II
SHEFFIELD The Pheasant: JOHN SHANE
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: FOUR TOPS
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: SON OF A BITCH
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SLIM WHITMAN

Wednesday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: FLYING ACES
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO/NICK LOWE / IAN DURY / WRECKLESS ERIC / LARRY WALLIS
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: ROKOTTO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: SON OF A BITCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: KRAKATOA
BRADFORD University: THE CLASH / RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE ADVERTS / THE RAGE
CANTERBURY Kent University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
CHATHAM Central Hall: GUYS 'N' DOLLS / 5000 VOLTS / SHEER ELEGANCE / LOVE AFFAIR
CHELTENHAM Tramps: FLASH CATS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: DAVID PARTON / TRENT & HATCH
DUBLIN Stadium: KENNY ROGERS / CRYSTAL GAYLE
GLOUCESTER Cambridge Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: IDLE JACK
KEELE University: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
KETTERING Freewheelers Club: OZO
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: GARBO
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LOUISIANA RED
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NO DICE / ROGER THE CAT
LONDON Central Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE STRANGLERS/THE DICTATORS
LONDON CHELSEA College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LONDON FOREST HILL St. Germain's Hotel: THIEF
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SIDEKICK
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SMOKEY ROBINSON VIOLA WILLS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RUMBLE STRIPS / PICKPOCKET
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: MICKEY MOUSE ROCK BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON School of Economics: JIM CAPALDI
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BONE IDOL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MANIACS
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: SUPERTRAMP
MANCHESTER University: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
NOTTINGHAM fiveways: JOHN SHANE.
PAISLEY Dico Harry: THE BUZZCOCKS
PENZANCE The Garden: SHAM 69
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
PRESTON Grasshoppers R.F.C.: BRIAN DEWHURST
READING University: BURLESQUE
RYDE I.o.W. La Babalu: THE CRUISERS
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: COLOSSEUM II
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SMOKIE
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: NEIL ARDLEY
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON University: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: YES/DONOVAN
STAINDROP Black Swan: HOT VULTURES
SUTTON Scamps: MIKE BERRY & THE OUTLAWS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: TYLA GANG
WORTHING The Balmoral: XL5

Residencies

BATLEY Variety Club: SHOWADDYWADDY
Week from Sunday
BRISTOL Crockers: PLANETZ
Monday for three days
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Country Club: LOVELACE WATKINS
Week from Sunday
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: OZO
Thursday for three days
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE STRANGLERS/ THE DICTATORS
Wednesday (2) for five days
LONDON Palladium: CLEO LAINE/JOHN DANKWORTH/ JOHN WILLIAMS
Week from Monday
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: STAN GETZ QUINTET/TANIA MARIA
Monday for two weeks
LONDON S.W.1 Quaglino's: BILL FREDERICKS
Monday until December 3
LUTON Cesar's Place: BARRON KNIGHTS
Week from Sunday
MIDDLESBROUGH Marimba Club: RONNIE STORM & THE TYPHOONS
Thursday for three days
NEWCASTLE Imperial Hotel: BARNEY KESSEL
Thursday for four days
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: KENNY LINTON BAND
Tuesday (1) for five days
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE NOBIES/LOUISA JANE WHITE
Week from Sunday.

RECOMMENDED TV

THURSDAY: **Count Basie Band** featured in "Omnibus" (BBC—1).
FRIDAY: **Jack Jones** in concert, with guests **Deniece Williams** and **Marvin Hamlisch** (BBC—2).
SATURDAY: **Sensational Alex Harvey Band** in "Sight And Sound In Concert" (BBC—2 and Radio 1 stereo link); **Peter O'Toole** stars in the film "Lawrence Of Arabia" (ITV).
SUNDAY: "So It Goes" with **Iggy Pop** filmed at Manchester Apollo, plus **The Movies** (some ITV regions, London screening on Saturday).
TUESDAY: **Louisiana Red** and **The Movies** in "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (BBC—2); new series of **"The Goodies"** (BBC—2).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

SMOKEY ROBINSON

Thursday

ALBRIGHTON Cosford R.A.F. Station: GOBBLINZ
BEDFORD Music Club: SWINGLE II
BEDFORD Nite Spot: THE MOVIES
BELSTAFF Ulster Hall: RUNAWAYS/RADIO STARS
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: TYLA GANG
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: DEPRESSIONS
BLACKPOOL Opera House: SACHA DISTEL
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: THE STRANGLERS/DICTATORS
BRADFORD Princeville Club: OSCAR
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BURNING SPEAR/STEEL PULSE
BRISTOL Crockers: HUGGETT
BRISTOL Granary: HERON
BRISTOL Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
BRISTOL The Glen: THE CRUISERS
CANTERBURY Odeon: CARAVAN
COVENTRY Locarno: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
COVENTRY Mercers Arms: RENO
COVENTRY Mr. George's: THE ONLY ONES
COVENTRY Warwick University: KURSAAL FLYERS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON/GEORGE CHISHOLM
DERBY King's Hall: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR
DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
DURHAM New College: ALICE & THE JAGUARS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: JOAN ARMATRADING
EXETER Groucho's: SALONICA
FALKIRK Maniqui: THE ADVERTS/THE RAGE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SUPERTRAMP
GLASGOW City Hall: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: THE REZILLOS/THE MOTELS
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: AC/DC
GRIMSBY St. James House: BULLY WEE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: BUSTER CRABBE
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
KEELE University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
KESWICK Lordore Swiss Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
KING'S LYNN Norfolk College of Art: SOULED OUT
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: BETHNAL
LEEDS University: THE CLASH/RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: GUYS 'N' DOLLS/5000 VOLTS/SHEER ELEGANCE/LOVE AFFAIR
LEICESTER University: JIM CAPALDI
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE MUTANTS
LONDON Alexandra Palace: FRED WEDLOCK
LONDON BATTERSEA Town Hall: TEDDY WILSON TRIO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MISTER SISTER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES' SWEET F.A.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: G. T. MOORE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GEORGIE FAME AND THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON EALING Technical College: THE STUKAS
LONDON E.1 City Arms: CONTEMPT/LONG VEHICLE
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: SHAM 69
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CHICKEN SHACK
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: WHIRLWIND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ALAN STIVELL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON HOLBORN The Blitz: PROPAGANDA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: ADVERTISING
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MATUMBI
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: LOS PARAGUAYOS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SCARECROW
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PLEASERS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool': YES/DONOVAN
LONDON WIMBLEDON Art College: BLUNT INSTRUMENT/THE VOID
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES ENSEMBLE
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: THE SAINTS
MARCH Cromwell's: HELEN SHAPIRO
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: WHITE PLAINS
NOTTINGHAM Beseston Katie's: THE DRONES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
OXFORD Polytechnic: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
PAISLEY Silver Thread: THE CRABS
PENZANCE The Garden: BURLESQUE
PLYMOUTH Drake Club: ROKOTTO
PORTSMOUTH Victory Club: BLACK GORILLA
POYNTON Folk Centre: PETER BOND/ PIERRE BENSUSAN
PRESTON Larches Club: SPICE
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: EATER
SHEFFIELD Broadfield Hotel: RADIO EARTH
SHEFFIELD City Hall: BONEY M
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: WISHBONE ASH/THE MOTORS
STOCKPORT Rudyard Hotel: JEREMY TAYLOR
SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/MICHAEL CHAMPMAN
SWANSEA Circles Club: KRAKATOA
WALLASEY The Dale: JOHN SHANE
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: ELVIS COSTELLO/NICK LOWE/IAN DURY/WRECKLESS ERIC/LARRY WALLIS
WORCESTER Bank House: MUSCLES
YORK Oval Ball: CADILLAC
YORK University: JOHNNY COPPIN

Friday

ABERDEEN Robert Gordon Institute: OSCAR
ALDERSHOT Roundabout Club: SOUL DIRECTION
ALSAGER Civic Centre: ALICE & THE JAGUARS
AYLESBURY Crendon Folk Club: FRED WEDLOCK
BAKEWELL Monsal Head: GAFFA
BATH Viaduct Hotel: JENNY DARREN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: DELROY WASHINGTON
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: ROD McKUEN
BRAINTREE College: SAD CAFE/GRAND HOTEL
BRAINTREE 2J's Club: FLYING SAUCERS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: NIC JONES
BRIDGWATER Blake Hall: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: RED HOT
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SLIM WHITMAN
BURTON 76 Club: TRAPEZE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: AC/DC
CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: THE CRABS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: BERLIN
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: FRUIT EATING BEARS/WILD ANGELS
COVENTRY New Phoenix: RENO
CRAWLEY College: SHAM 69/YOUTHENASIA
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: PAT TRAVERS BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: LOS PARAGUAYOS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: AMAZORBLADES
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: IGNATZ
EDINBURGH Clouds: THE ADVERTS/THE SAINTS/THE RAGE
EDINBURGH University: ROY HARPER & BLACK SHEEP
ELLESMERE PORT The Princes: JOHN SHANE
FARNWORTH Veterans Club: DYNAMITE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JOAN ARMATRADING
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR/MEAL TICKET/THE REZILLOS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: JIM CAPALDI
GUILDFORD Surrey University: STRANGLERS/DICTATORS
HALIFAX Civic Theatre: SACHA DISTEL
HANLEY Victoria Hall: GUYS'N'DOLLS/5000 VOLTS/SHEER ELEGANCE/LOVE AFFAIR
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: THE MOVIES
HARROW Technical College: THE MOTORS
HERTFORD Mid-Herts College: JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SORE THROAT
HORNCHURCH Bull Inn: PEKOE ORANGE
HULL Tech Bar: MENTAL BLOCK
HULL University: HOT VULTURES
KEMPSTONE Rovers Social Club: RESTLESS ROCKERS
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: CAROL GRIMES' SWEET F.A.
LANCASTER Yorkshire House Hotel: JUNE TABOR
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: DAGABAND
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
LEICESTER Rothley Pippin Inn: GOBBLINZ
LEICESTER University: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: X-RAY SPEX
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
LIVERPOOL The Shipperies: BODY
LIVERPOOL University: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON BALHAM The Bedford: DIRE STRAITS/DIRE TRIBE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GONZALEZ/THE PLEASERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRUTTERS/EASY
LONDON Central Polytechnic: ASWAD/CIMARONS/NEW HEARTS
LONDON City University: ROOGALATOR/WRAY POWELL BAND
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Trent Park College: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON College of Printing: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MOON
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SAM APPLE PIE
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES/THE SKUNKS
LONDON LEICESTER-SQ. Centre Charles Peguy: TIM ROSE
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON North Polytechnic: NOVA
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SMOKIE
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bedford College: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SUCKER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON STRAND Kings College: GENERATION X
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: ELVIS COSTELLO/NICK LOVE/IAN DURY/WRECKLESS ERIC/LARRY WALLIS
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: YES/DONOVAN
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: THE CRUISERS
LYTHAM King Edward's: SPICE/CRUSH
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BONEY M
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: MAGAZINE/THE FALL
MIDDLESBOROUGH Rock Garden: BETHNAL
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: WHITE PLAINS
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: THE CLASH/RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
NEWCASTLE University: JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS
NORWICH Toppers: J.A.L.N. BAND
NOTTINGHAM Brancote Technical College: PRYDE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: FIRST REFUSAL
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: KURSAAL FLYERS
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: S.F.W.
PLYMOUTH Castaways: BURLESQUE
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
PRESTON Grapevine: FAST DRIVER
READING University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
REDDITCH College of Further Education: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE BOYS
ROCHESTER Kings Head: BULLY WEE
SALFORD University: CARAVAN
SEALE HAYNE Agricultural College: THE DARTS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
SOLIHULL Bank House Club: JEREMY TAYLOR
SOUTHAMPTON Technical College: PACIFIC EARDRUM
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRE
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: ALAN STIVELL
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: TYLA GANG
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
SUNDERLAND Mecca: STUDS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
WAKEFIELD Newton House Club: CADILLAC
WALKDEN The Stockade: FOSSIL
WALSALL College of Education: STAGE FRIGHT
WALSALL West Midlands College: HEAVY METAL KIDS
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: KITSYKE WILL
WESTHAUGHTON Red Lion Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
WIRRAL Empress Club: ALLAGUS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: STEVE GIBBONS BAND

Saturday

ABERDEEN University: THE SAINTS
ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: THE NEXT BAND
ALDERSHOT Roundabout Club: SOUL DIRECTION
ASHFORD Wye College: FRED WEDLOCK
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR/ILLUSION
BATH University: NEIL ARDLEY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE KILLJOYS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwpood Waterside Rock Club: MUTLEY
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath: Hare & Hounds: SILLY WIZARD
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
BLACKBURN Pleckgate Community Centre: BRIAN DEWHURST
BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: SMOKIE
BOLTON Institute of Technology: PACIFIC EARDRUM
BRADFORD University: JIM CAPALDI
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
BRISTOL Granary: P.G. TRIPS
BRISTOL Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
CARDIFF University: STEVE HILLAGE BAND
CASTLE HEDINGHAM Memorial Hall: BULLY WEE

ALAN STIVELL

CHESTER ABC Theatre: GUYS 'N' DOLLS/5000 VOLTS/SHEER ELEGANCE/LOVE AFFAIR
CORBY Nags Head: EATER
COVENTRY College of Education: BLOOBLO
COVENTRY Mr. George's: LONDON
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: FOSTER BROTHERS
DERBY Kings Hall: STEEL PULSE
DORCHESTER The Tavern: JENNY DARREN
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: TYLA GANG
DURHAM University: CARAVAN
DYFFED R.A.F. Brawdy: THE DARTS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: ROD McKUEN
EDINBURGH University: IGNATZ
FALKIRK Maniqui: OSCAR
GLASGOW Burns Howff: DAGABAND
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: THE ADVERTS/THE RAGE
GLASGOW Technical College: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
GODALMING Shackleford Social Centre: ROY BAILEY/LEON ROSSELSON
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE STRANGLERS/DICTATORS
HAYWARDS HEATH Clair Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
HORNCHURCH Bull Inn: THE ACTORS
HUDDERSFIELD White Lion: HOT VULTURES
HULL University: PHIL MANZANERA & 801
ILKLEY College: ALICE & THE JAGUARS
KEELE University: HANDBAG
LANCASTER Cartmel College: CHINA STREET
LANCASTER University: MOTORHEAD/THE WINDERS
LEEDS The Broadway: JOHN SHANE
LEEDS Wallasey Hotel: CADILLAC
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: CAPTAIN VIDEO
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON BARKING Polytechnic: HEADACHE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLACK SLATE/20th CENTURY STEEL BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ROKOTTO/JACKAL
LONDON CHARLTON The Broom: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: ELECTRIX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MOON
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: PUMPHOUSE GANG
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: THE CRUISERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SMOKEY ROBINSON/VIOLA WILLS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARSAW PAKT/SORE THROAT
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE ONLY ONES/LIP SERVICE
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: RESTLESS ROCKERS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: FLIGHT
LONDON Marqee Club: WISHBONE ASH
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College: THE BOYS/THE LURKERS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON NORBITON The Grove: CLUTCH
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: BETHNAL/THE SKUNKS
LONDON N.7 Factree: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: DELROY WASHINGTON
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Arms: OLD TENNIS SHOES
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BONEY M
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharpe House: MARTIN SIMPSON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: OUT OF THE BLUE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PHILIP RAMBOW
LONDON WEMBLEY Empire Pool: YES/DONOVAN
LOUGHBORUGH University: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
LUTON Kingsway Tavern: WHIRLWIND
MANCHESTER Ardwick: Apollo: THE CLASH/RICHRARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: BOB & HIS DICK/THE ELITE/ON THE ROCKS
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabethan Ballroom: MEAL TICKET
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: SACHA DISTEL
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: JOHN COOPER-CLARK
MANCHESTER Umist: KURSAAL FLYERS
MANCHESTER University: THE PIRATES
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: S.A.L.T.
MILTON KEYNES Open University Club: MATCHBOX

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

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A Halloween Special with
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
+ ANTS + Arti Pus (The Punk Balladeer)
and the Void
D.J. Nick Lee *Admission £1.50*
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st
THE MODELS
PEROXIDE ROMANCE HEADACHE
+ THE TONES
D.J. Jerry Floyd *Admission £1.00*

THE Roxy Club
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COVENT GARDEN, WC2
Wednesday October 26th
Audition Night Adm. 50p
BRICKS
+ CHARGE
Thursday October 27th
OUTSIDERS
+ Martin & The Brownshirts
+ Nippie Erectus
Friday October 28th
NEW HEARTS
+ Mistakes & Meat
Saturday October 29th
TOES
+ SATANS RATS
+THE TICKETS
Sunday October 30th
Special Punk Disco
Member Free. Guests 50p
Jam Sessions Welcome

CATCH
THE STEVE BOYCE BAND
at
THE SQUIRE, BELLINGHAM
Wednesday, November 2nd
THE JOHN BULL, CHISWICK
Sunday, November 13th
Booking enquiries ring Ian 01-669 5589

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Thursday 27 October
Top Rankin Rockers
MATUMBI
Plus full supporting programme
8pm till 1 am Late Bars
Thursday November 3
JAH WOOSH

Harrow Rocks On Sunday Nights
at
LANTERNS
Eastcote Lane, South Harrow
Sunday October 30th
HEAVY DUTY
A Live Rock Band Every Sunday
For more info tel. 01-870 1604

Mid-Herts College
Welwyn Garden City
Saturday October 29th
JOHNNY CURIOUS
+ THE STRANGERS
THE PLEASERS
OUTCASTS
Admission 75p

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WORDS (Barry Clarke) CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday October 29th at 7.45 pm
PAT TRAVERS BAND
+ Surprise Guests (Not The Winders)
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer St., St. Albans. Tel. 64511
or on door
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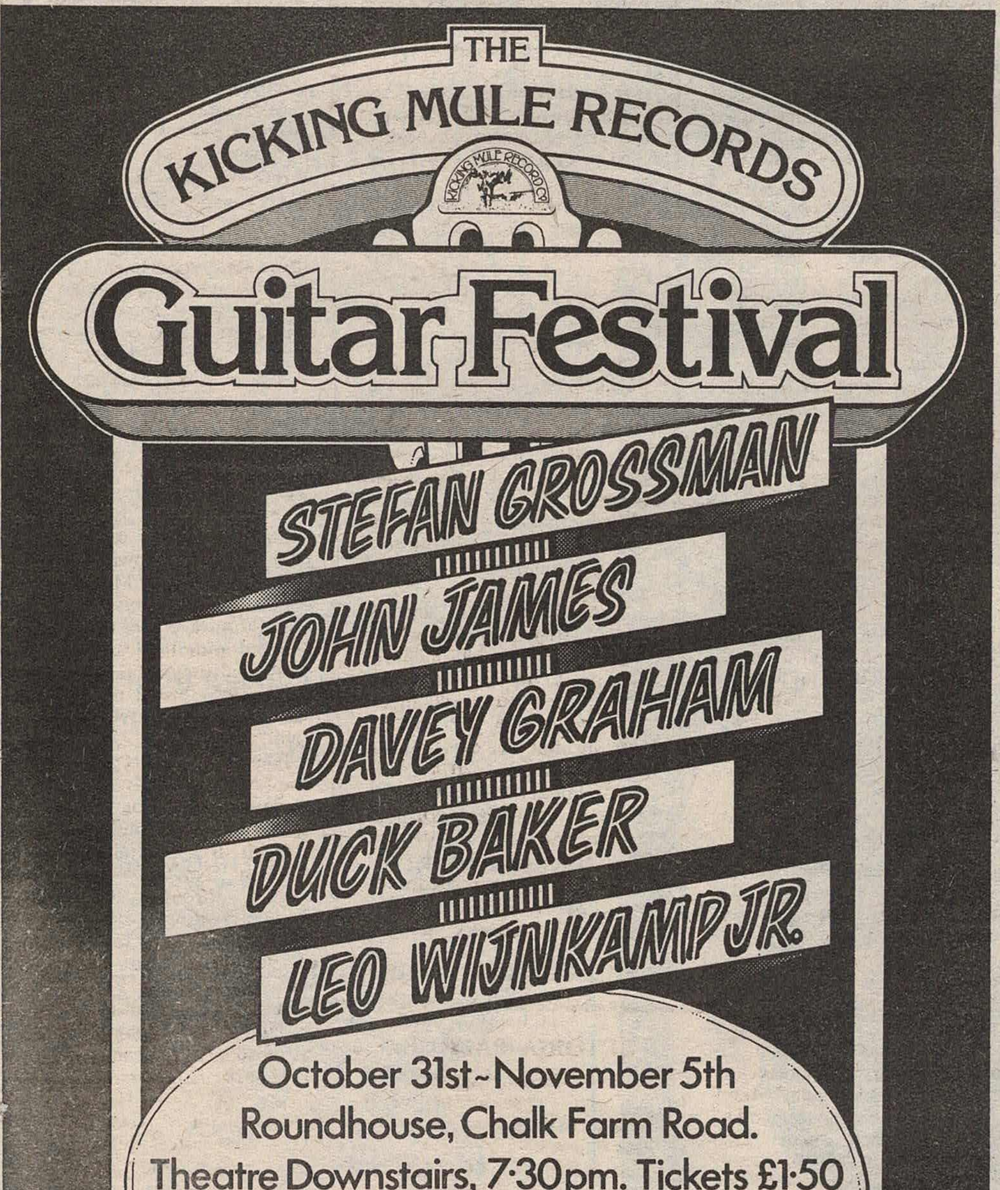

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October 31st~November 5th
Roundhouse, Chalk Farm Road.
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marketed in the UK by Sonet productions

No apologies necessary, we feel, for once again opening On The Town with a report on the activities of Detroit's first citizen. Unfortunately though . . .

Bob Seger has just left the country

Bob Seger

HAMMERSMITH

IF YOU missed Bob Seger on his tour, you can kick yourselves, suckers.

He put out just about the best rock and roll of the year in a faith-restoring (for me) display of both ability and delight in the music.

Meal Ticket opened for The Silver Bullet Band and pulled a sizeable contingent of their own fans, who whooped it up, sang along and called out.

I've always found the band pleasant but a little too faceless — of course, I like a bit of sex appeal with my auditory leasures, and most of these mellifluous countryfied bands are just not my type.

They were very good, however, even if lovely numbers such as "Last Port Of Call" tended to make me fall into irrelevant daydreams of an elegiac nature.

Whatever, the vocals are consistently superb and they deserved their evident crowd appeal.

Seger and his guys don't kid around.

What a kick-off they made with a walloping "Nutbush City Limits", and what skill they demonstrated in sustaining the excitement through a jubilant 90-minute set.

This band is first-rate on every level.

The musicianship I was prepared for, but the visuals were a surprise.

The solidly built Seger hurls himself around with an unexpectedly convincing sort of Mr Teenage America eagerness alongside a Southern boogie desperado figure in guitarist Drew Abbott, the wasted minstrel chic of Robyn Robbins on keyboards and sax player Alto Reed, who might have been the prototype for Floyd of the Muppets.

As for Chris Campbell on bass, he looks like a leprechaun in red racing satins and plays like a devil.

Admittedly, there is something a bit posey and contrived in the staging, from the rock honcho apparel to stunts like Reed's hair-raising leap atop the PA stack.

But they do it all with enough humour, seeming spontaneity and evident enjoyment to make the three-ring circus aspects an engaging part of the whole.

The material was mainly derived from the excellent double live album and "Night Moves", and Seger staggered songs and moods for optimum climax value.

From a taut, strikingly Frankie Miller-like "Fire Down Below", for example, he went into an exquisite, moving version of "Down On Main Street" and then into the heavy, dizzying boogie of "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man".

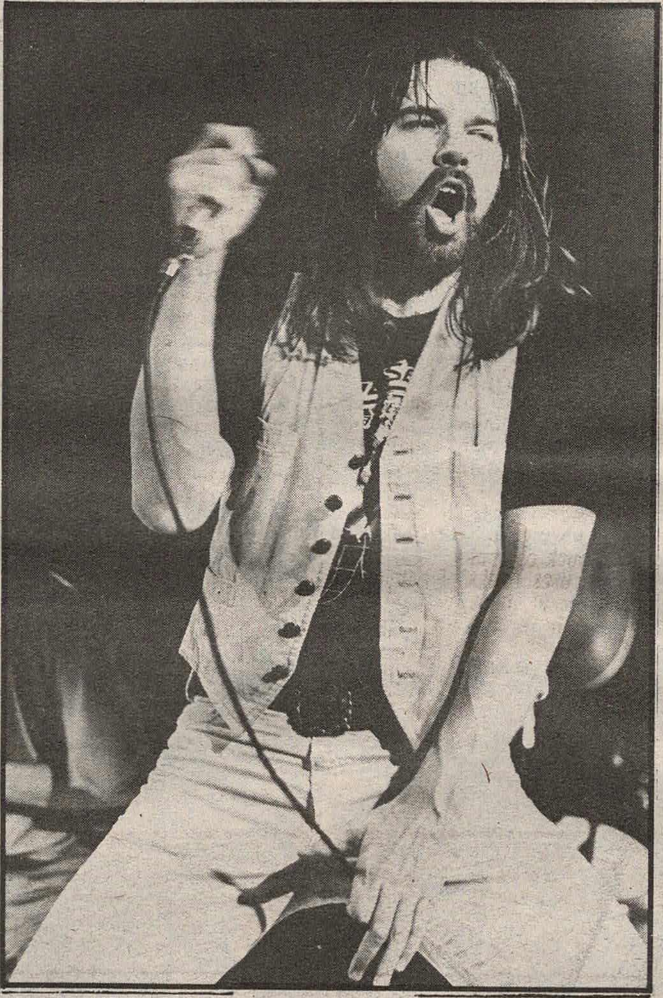
Right along with him all the way, the group's ensemble "groove" is unimpeachable, with Reed and Abbott giving forth stimulating solo breaks with some imagination.

Even the most derivative material, such as the now standard "Get Out Of Denver" was rendered with an aggressive know-how that made it something more than a simple, if witty, Chuck Berry imitation. I think that's what is known as style.

Interestingly, while much of the audience were people in their 20s, there were also punklings, tiny children and more elderly jazz buff types all raving around without discrimination. That's what I like to see.

I started laughing when Seger and Company pulled out the stops on a hysterical "Katmandu".

It was funny because that's precisely where I've been thinking of going lately. But I think I'll stick around and hope to catch more gigs like this one. **Angie Errigo**



Seger's still triumphant. *Pic: GUS STEWART*

Heron

EDINBURGH

THE FIRST time I saw Heron was when they supported Procol Harum some seven months ago. At that time I was singularly struck by the fresh approach and huge potential of this cultured rock outfit.

This time around I'm not so sure.

Out the window went the lively inventiveness and in the back door came sloppy self-indulgence and a distressing number of heavy-metal cliches.

Things did get better after that, however. "Florence", with its Procol Harum-esque atmosphere, went some way to restoring the faith.

Right now, Heron need to take a long hard look at themselves. I understand they're between deals at the moment and new horizons would definitely be beneficial.

What they need is something to aim at, to shake them out of this deepening technoflash rut.

Ian Cranna

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE Society's London venues feature John Stevens' Away at the Star & Garter on October 29, Lighthouse at The Phoenix on 26th and Bob Downes Open Music on November 2, Billy Butterfield at the 7 Dials on October 27 and Henry Lowther's Quarternity on November 3.

Band On The Wall, Manchester, has John Taylor, Norma Winstone and Kenny Wheeler — the line-up on the recent ECM release, "Azimuth" — booked for October 27.

Edinburgh's Platform has John Surman and Albert Mangelsdorff on November 2, and guitarist Mike Britton with the Kenny Fraser Trio on 9th. The season on jazz concerts continues at Greenwich's Albany Empire with the Stan Tracey Quartet on November 1 and Swift on the 8th. The Pizza Express in Dean Street has Billy Butterfield on October 28 and the Tommy Whittle Quartet and Barbara Jay on 29th.

The Poetry Consortium, little daunted by the recent arrest of Carmine Galente, is staging a Festival of Poetry and Jazz at the Chichester Festival Theatre on November 12, with the Stan Tracey Quartet and poets mobhanded, including Ted Walker, Leslie Norris, Laurie Lee, Hans Magnus Enzensberger and Edouard Maunick.

The Nonesuch label is now being distributed through WEA.

Mainly a classical and ethnic outfit, it does have the best of the Scott Joplin interpretations by Joshua Rifkin.

The ethnic catalogue is quite an eye-opener for jazzers, and anyone who digs, for example, recent Don Cherry or Ornette or Neil Ardley, might check out their Balinese gamelan music, Tibetan Buddhism or the Persian stuff in the Explorer series.

Charles Ives borders on the Art Ensemble of Chicago,, George Crumb's use of amplified pianos and percussion contrasts with the Afro-American experiments of Pullen and Graves, and nobody has done more with the synthesizer than Morton Subotnick on "The Wild Bull" or "Silver Apples Of The Moon".

New release from Arista — Cecil Taylor's solo piano "Indent", one-time stablemate of "Spring of 2 Blue J's", and a tornado of an album.

Two from Black Lion — Max Collie's "Gospel Train" and "The Best Of British Jazz" which includes tracks by Alex Welsh, Humph, Chris Barber, Cleo Laine, the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Band and John Surman with Joe Temperley.

Brian Case

ON THE TOWN

How to be a super-talented nonentity

Chris Spedding

SHEFFIELD

APART FROM Joe Cocker (now engaged in a career of professional regurgitation), Chris Spedding is probably Sheffield's most famous son in the music world.

So it's a pity that on the night he gigs in Sheffield, the Trendy Trots are throttling the vast proportion of the city's rock audience down at the Top Rank.

Still, the crowd was of a respectable size, and seemed, for the most part, to be enjoyably impressed by what they saw and heard.

After all, Spedding's got quite a neat image — expressionless weasel face, greased-back hair, leather jacket and Flying V — and he *can* play a guitar.

His live band (Mick Oliver, rhythm guitar; Steve Currie, bass; Tony Newman, drums) are exceptionally tight, if somewhat simplistic.

There's more than a suspicion that Spedding picked them deliberately for their basic approach; with a guitarist like that, who needs other soloists?

But what exactly does he *do* with his undoubted ability? He's tried his hand at all manner of session-work, and is on record as saying he dislikes the jazz and avant-garde stuff he's done, rock being his first love and forte.

But, blessed though he is with a certain virtuosity, he's as yet been unable to carve himself a particular style, remaining instead a jobsworth fretboard technician, sort of a Japanese axe-hero: all imitation with no inspiration.

His predicament can be likened to that of the note-perfect concert pianist who's practised so hard he's ironed out any personal peculiarities, thus preventing himself from making any personal musical contribution to a piece.

It shows in his material, most of which relies on tried and tested forms and steadfastly refuses to break new ground: relentless rhythms over which he churns out solos with cold impersonality and little individuality.

The best number of the evening was the opener, Garland Jeffreys' "Wild In The Street", which possessed a life his own compositions (taken mainly from the "Hurt" album) lacked.

"Guitar Jamboree", an ungainly construction which acts merely as a showcase for his multi-faceted talent, outlines this situation perfectly, underlining the jobsworth aspect of his playing. A rundown of axe-heros' famous phrases, it fails completely to realise that mimicry is not an art-form, but only reinforces the original's status as a work of art.

Besides which, he can't do Chuck's or Jimi's riffs as well as Chuck or Jimi.

He uses banks of coloured fluorescent tubes for lighting, similar to those used by Kraftwerk in their live show.

At first, they seemed incongruous, where Kraftwerk's had complied perfectly with their intentions; but after a while, they attained a symbolic importance.

Here, at last, is the heartless muzak, the all-round synthetic environment, that the Gospel according to Kraftwerk has prophesied.

All in all, a pretty pointless performance.

Support band **New Hearts** I could feel neither a great attraction to, nor a great animosity towards.

Under normal circumstances (i.e. pre-Pistols) they'd probably have scraped a contract. In the current deluge, however, they've apparently blagged quite a sizeable sum from CBS. (But good on them!)

First impressions (second and third, come to that) show them as being heavily influenced by The Jam's '60s mod chic — bassist and guitarist in gaudy striped blazers, vocalist in natty red suit, much jumping up and down a la Weller and Foxton, etc.

And they're so damn *young!* The kind of cute snottiness that third-form girls get crushes on every day.

The bassist gets a beautiful sound out of his Fender Jazz Bass, and the drummer's pretty neat, but both guitar and vocals are under-amplified; their material leaves quite a bit to be desired, too, although they've plenty of time to improve on that score.

And any band that can open with a song called "I'm Not Free, But I'm Cheap" has to have *some* potential.

Perhaps CBS do have a point.

Andy Gill

The three faces of Thunder. *Pix: GUS STEWART*

Johnny Thunder/ RAINBOW

IF THIS was a demonstration of what is becoming of the new wave, hold everything.

In reverse order, I give you the sad principals of the night:

In fourth place — the audience, kids seeking an enjoyable evening outnumbered by a mirthless posse of heavy posers, the punk equivalent of yesteryear's weekend hippies, modelling new black leather gear and carefully disarranged green hair.

In third place — The Heartbreakers. I don't hold them completely responsible for an objectionable debacle. I like the band, and "L.A.M.F." is a great first album. They have some good songs, and Thunders is really a talented guitarist. But it was difficult on this occasion to ascertain these things, and they came across as an exceptionally sulky bunch of uncaring rip-offs.

In second place — whoever was responsible for the most disgraceful, offensive, impenetrable, buzzing sound to assault listeners in conscious memory.

To cap the event perfectly, in first place — the security "men", almost as numerous as the paying audience, who made me sick, shoving people around as if they were lunatic criminals for merely sitting on upraised seats or trying to dance in their places in a pitiable attempt to have a good time.

Initially it seemed to me that I ought to excuse much that was wrong on the grounds that I was feeling low and should be fair to the band.

Then I thought why should I be the one apologising? They're supposed to make me feel good. Bum notes don't make a bad gig and a duff sound isn't the end of the world, but it is right and proper to demand a little joy from rock and roll.

No joy, no love, no fun.

I came to dance and I was in tears by the end.

Angie Errigo

Kursaal Flyers

LEEDS

PREVIOUSLY amiable purveyors of flick-knife and fairground chic, the Kursaal Flyers have seemingly capitulated now to the pogo-ism of punk.

They have headed upriver from Canvey Island to the Westway — their new single is called "Television Generation" (a limited edition 12-incher?); they all sport carefully clipped Regular Army haircuts, and they have gained a skinny, staccato-armed lead guitarist, Barry Martin, whilst losing the staider pedal steel — changes which suggest bandwagonning rather than commitment.

The music, however, is as good as ever, if not better.

The new streamlined Kursaal set of 18 numbers in 60 minutes displays to perfection their blend of hard-hitting, melodic, '60s-style pop.

From "The Sky's Fallin' In On Our Love" all the way through to the encore "Friday On My Mind", the good-natured professionalism of lead singer Paul Shuttleworth and his Kursaal cohorts strikes straight and true at the pleasure centres of the brain.

Shuttleworth is still the quiffed and charismatic cynosure of the "Golden Mile" era, but now his leering-eyed style is charged with an energy and excitement that was once buried beneath the fairground props.

He spins, twists and bounces with commendable verve, all the while contributing to those special four-part harmonies which make the Kursaals so easy on the ear.

"Questionnaire", "Street Of The Music" and "Speedway" are marvellous pop-rock songs crafted with inspired precision, but now they are played with a cut-throat urgency that brooks no compromise, only surrender.

Barry Martin (lead) and Vic Collins (rhythm) throw off sharp, propulsive major chords effortlessly driving the band through time and key changes.

It's all a little too fast for dancing but the enthusiastic audience responds with a variety of amphetamined twitches.

They're musicianly, compelling to watch and delightful to hear. If you get a chance — see them, 'cos contrary to rumour, speed needn't kill.

Andrew Simmons

Phil Manzanera / 801

VICTORIA PALACE.

THERE IS someting to be said for the notion that Phil Manzanera's music, as such, doesn't exist.

Listening to it is like watching a chameleon that can't remember its true colour — it asserts no identity of its own other than a basic shape.

That shape is probably the line-up and the band's cold musicianship. Beyond that, 801 change style deftly to suit each song, and the songs themselves come in assorted and generally unconnected sizes. Initially this was a qualitative advantage, but by the end it became an annoying drawback.

When they begin, with a slow burn into a slack rendering of "Tomorrow Never Knows", it is obvious that they are a controlled unit.

Manzanera and Simon Ainley's guitars lock in shrill interplay, Paul Thompson's drums pin down hard and Lol Creme and Kevin Godley stand at the back adding distinctive backing vocals, sheet music and beer.

This impression remains for the next three songs, but even now the confusion begins.

They play "Flight 19" straight, a wry modern pop song of the type 10cc once excelled at. "Listen Now" follows with a disco emphasis pointing the similarity to Stevie Winwood's recent single, and "Law And Order" is mechanic enough to draw comparison with latter-day Bowie.

The front line of Manzanera, Ainley and bassist Bill MacCormick is like a tableau; dressed in motionless identical white; all they do is play.

The only visual dynamic is the simple but well-geared light show.

This comes in to play about the same time as the band undergo the major metamorphosis of the evening.

With the second side of "Listen Now", "City Of Light" through to "That Falling Feeling", 801 change from streamlined rock to a convincing mixture of Soft Machine and Pink Floyd.

But it wasn't all like that, and after the "Falling Feeling" set of songs it became noticeably more nebulous.

Running from the jet-age ("Miss Shapiro") to brat simplicity ("Remote Control" — not The Clash, more like The Motors), taking in a leaden version of "You Really Got Me" and, the surprise of the evening, Roxy Music's "Out Of The Blue".

In spite of all this, I actually like most of the music 801 played. What I didn't like was the stiffness with which they played it and the confusion of styles.

Paul Rambali

Left to right: Gray, Scabies and Moped. Slimy Toad wasn't Slimy enough to get his mug in the shot.
Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

WHY'RE YOU doin' it, Rat?

"I need the ten quid, don't I? Otherwise I gotta sign on tomorrow."

Hard time had arrived for Rat ("Don't call me Rat. I'm Chris Miller. I'm sick of this monster I've created.") Scabies.

But help was close at hand. By backing his close chum, Johnny Moped (an eminent member of the Surrey punk hillbillies), Rat was due to pick up ten green ones. Tonight, there would be fresh gruel for Mrs Scabies and all the little Scabies.

Besides, there would be a certain poetic simplicity in Rat's taking up the drum stool with Johnny. Hadn't the job only become vacant in the first place because Johnny Burke had jetted out to Europe to replace the often tired and emotional ("I never threatened suicide. That's a lie.") Scabies after his shock I quit storm-out from The Damned's Tour Of Europe?

Also, noted Eddie and The Hot Rods bassist Paul Gray (currently also to be heard on the Larry Wallis single) was be joining him as the other part of the rhythm section.

The gig was fine. Moped, who's the closest punk has to its very own Chris Farlowe, excelled on such classics of the repertoire as "Somethin' Else", "I'm A Psychotic" and with his Shirelles-esque falsetto workout of Chuck Berry's "Little Queenie", as the Scabies-Gray rhythm axis, with guitarist Slimy Toad, hurtled them along.

"That's the last time I ever play 'New Rose'." growled Scabies after the Moped outfit had delivered The Damned standard.

"Who cares?" sneered a punk voice in the front row.

Chris Salewicz

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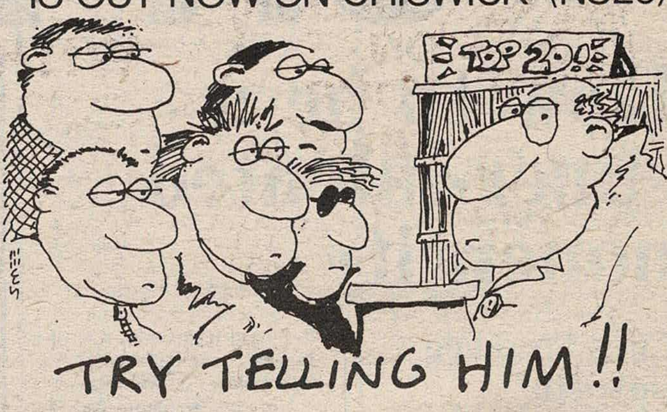
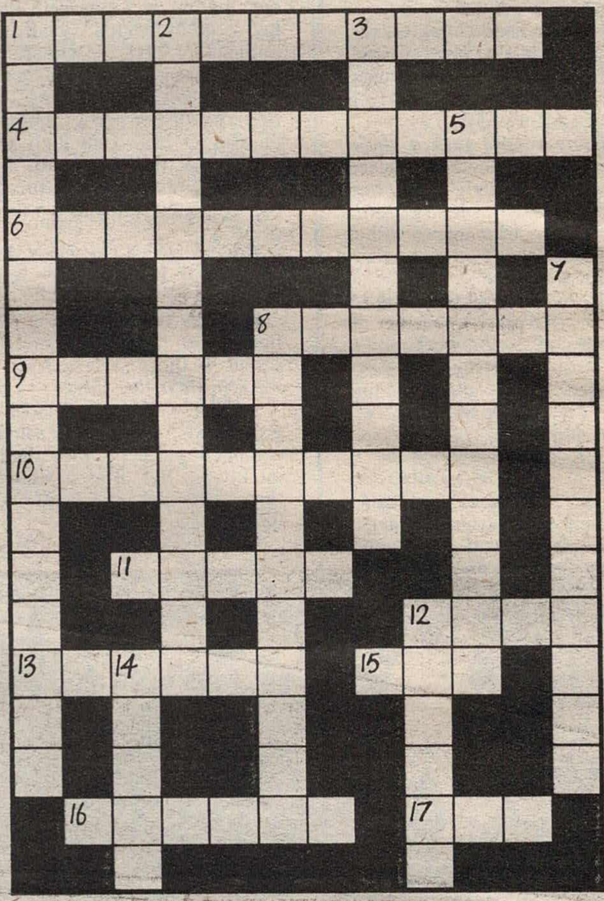


NME Classified

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

have not appeared this week due to a problem at our printers. This week NME has been reduced in size so we apologise for the non-appearance of Career Opportunities & Classifieds.



ACROSS

1 The prototype punkzine, inspired by a Ramones' review in *NME* (7,4)
4 A McCartney ballad, double 'A'-sided with "Yellow Submarine" (7,5)
6 In Roxy's 'separation' he went off with Frank Zappa (5,6)
8 Rod Stewart said the character was based on a friend he used to know
9 Not Masters Of War, Masters of Rods!
10 & 16 Followed "Lyin' Eyes" into UK charts (3,2,5,6)
11 The one after the one after "Stranded"
12 Tom, Atlantic producer
13 American pretty boy popster brothers with just a trace of the Hall & Oates
15 Cut an album called "Limited Edition" for UA in 1974, another called "Unlimited Edition" on Virgin in 1976
16 See 10
17 Techno-flashers in helpful clue (1,1,1)

DOWN

1 Midlands rock and rollers, they've been around for some time but only this year got their first taste of success — in singles charts (5,7,4)
2 "Flamingo" and "Teenage Head", both cut for Kama Sutra in 1971, are considered by afficionados their best works (6,8)
3 He tripped the light fantastic, turned cartwheels 'cross the floor etc. (4,7)
5 Current hit is with the theme song from *The Greatest* (6,6)
7 One half of "Consequences" (5,6)
8 They used to be Simon Dupree and the Big Sound (6,5)
12 Sounds like they've got their own problem, child!
14 She's in the whelk I eat in the sunshine after the rain!

ACROSS: 1 "Virginia Plain"; 6 Bootlegs; 8 (Mike) Nesmith; 9 (Sam) and (Dave); 10 Asylum; 11 Arthur (Brown); 13 Air Force; 15 Brown; 17 Scott Joplin; 19 Saints; 20 Record; 22 Tyla; 24 Dury; 25 Minnie (Riperton); 27 Sean (Tyla); 28 Johnny Thunder(s). **DOWN:** 1 Vibrators; 2 Roogalator; 3 Isley Brothers; 4 Linda Lewis; 5 Motors; 7 Sam (and Dave); 12 Harry Nilsson; 14 Riperton; 16 "(Car) Wash"; 18 Nazareth; 20 (Helen) Reddy; 21 "Car (Wash)"; 23 Dave; 26 Ian (Dury).

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BLACK SABBATH

115. BLACK SABBATH

272. NEW STRANGLERS

508. LED ZEPPELIN

134. GENESIS

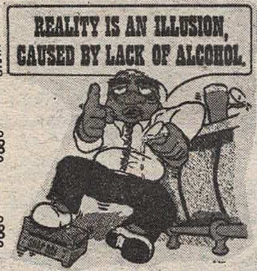
'I KEEP GETTING THESE BLINDING HEADACHES'

267. HEADACHES

ELP

137. E.L.P.

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT


REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

232. REALITY

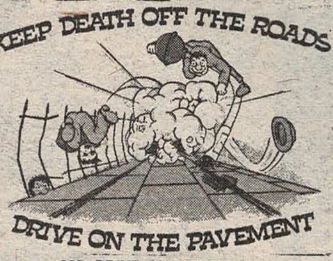
699. FLEETWOOD MAC

Led Zeppelin

148. LED ZEP

Just Passin' Thru.

181. JUST PASSIN


KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROADS
DRIVE ON THE PAVEMENT

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

240 LYNYRD

714 LORD OF RINGS

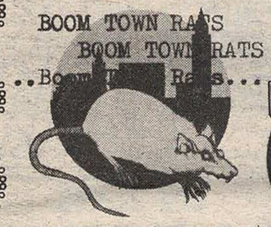
yes

731. YES

713 SLITS

251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

703. STRANGLERS



717. BOOM TOWN RATS

yes

720. YES (GLITTER)

507 FLOYD

I NEVER GET LOST BECAUSE,
PEOPLE ALWAYS TELL ME
WHERE TO GO.

273. GET LOST

StatusQuo

186. STATUS QUO

730. GITANES

PATIENCE MY ASS!
I'M GONNA KILL SOMETHING!

125. VULTURES

528. APOLLO

682. HAWKWIND

707. ENGISH CHEDDAR

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1. HAPPY

2. BUTTERFLY

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FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL

3. ANYTHING

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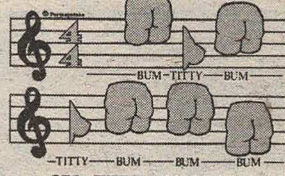
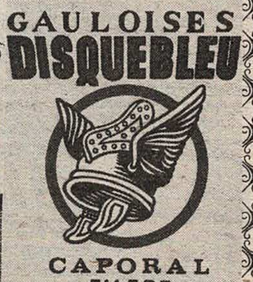


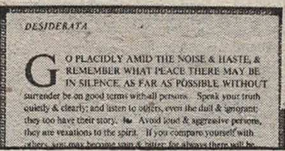
253. TITTY BUM BUM

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE



729. DISQUE BLEU



DESIDERATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with

158. DESIDERATA (complete poem)

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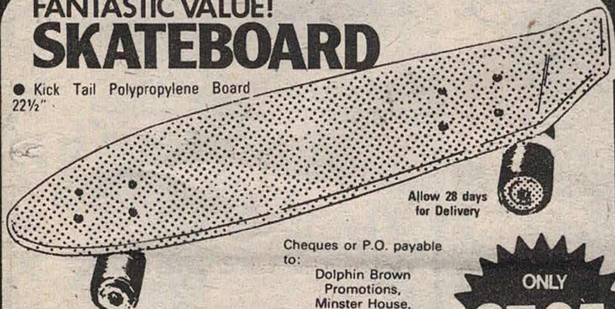

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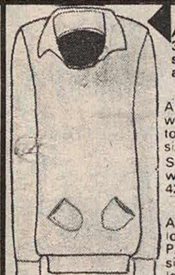

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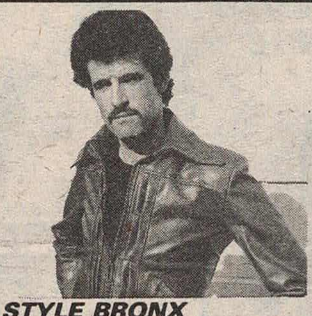

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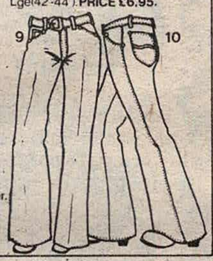

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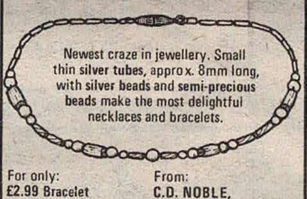

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'LITTLE CRIMINALS'

K56404

Hey! You wanna go cut a rug with those crazy college girls, daddyo? Too bad it's S.U. members only! Still, it's . . .

Student Bag

DEAR PROVINCIAL Punk, let's get some things straight. Much as I appreciated your predicament the night of The Stiffs (I know you won't believe me, but that's your prerogative), I reckon it's time you got your facts right.

Unlike several universities and colleges, we sell tickets to anyone, Union card or no Union card. Tickets sold out after five minutes on the night because most had been brought in advance, and the ones that were left were sold on a first come—first served basis—to the "rotten idle twats" and the "good real hard-working folk" who had bothered to get there early and secure themselves a ticket by queuing. If we could have let everyone in we would have done, but we've got things like fire-limits which we can't do anything about. Its a hard life ain't it?

And ow's about leaving Costello, Dury and their mates out of this, huh? Their tour is called 'Dumping Music On The People' — people, not "rotten idle twats". We've got no prejudices.

Funny; we turned about 400 people away at the door, and only one glass door was broken.
MICK GRIFFITHS, Entertainments Committee, Loughborough University.

LOOK, at most of these "student only" gigs it's not the students who don't want the public at their gigs but the people who run & work in the halls i.e. the University administration and the security and cleaning workers. These are the people who've believed everything they've read in the *Sunday Bogpress* about Punk Rock, and these are the people we should be slagging off, not the students.

But Stranglers, by pulling out of the gig at Exeter University and threatening to pull the place down if you found it was a student only audience, you've just confirmed all these idiots' every thought about you. We should be educating them, not lumping students and the establishment together as common enemies.

Down at Exeter we had to decide which was better; playing to some of the people or to none? What we should be doing in places like Exeter is getting up off our arses and finding some places for bands to play which aren't run by a bunch of old men who're scared of punk rock. The porters at our place really expected to get bottled if they worked the night the Stranglers were on!
A STUDENT (like Hugh Cornwell once was) Exeter University.

I think this Botticelli geezer has got a better slant on it all . . . — N.S.

STUDENTS ARE as diverse a people as the population of the world as a whole. However, there does exist a detectable 'quality' known as student elitism exhibited, for instance, by the Entertainments Committee at Exeter and the like who exclude the public from their gigs. I am in full support of The Stranglers' refusal to play such gigs, and only hope that their example will lead to boycotts by more bands.

Furthermore, it is not the "loutish college types" who are to blame, as was suggested by Mr. Provincial Punk, but the small group of people who actually organise the concerts, and I would urge students to shake off this stigma by protesting in their S.U. meetings to the responsible parties. All or nothing.
ELVIS BOTTICELLI, University of Essex.
Alright El. Here's a warning to Ents Committees though . . .

HAVING READ numerous letters in *NME* regarding whether students only should be allowed to attend gigs at universities, I would like to point out the situation which has arisen at Imperial College, London.

Before this term tickets were readily available for gigs there through Virgin Records and the Students Union. However, following an advert on Capitol Radio for a gig, the GLC moved in and said that crash barriers etc. were needed in the hall for gigs to be allowed. As a result all gigs for this term are doubtful due to the difficult regulations imposed by the GLC.

Why the GLC involvement?

It seems they regard gigs at the college as student only affairs, and so not subject to GLC regulations. **Advertising on Capitol Radio means the gigs are open to the general** public, so now there are no gigs because the GLC has imposed its regulations on the college.

Jean-Jaques Burnel warms up the nubiles at a Bohemian student bar after blowing the Exeter university gig. No, hang on, it's British rock's first casualty, Terry Dene, strumming up a storm.

Life is fun, eh?
G.L.C. BASHER, Arkley, Herts.

P.S. I'm not Harvey Goldsmith.

Neither am I. Isn't that a coincidence. We here at NME say none of us are Harvey Goldsmith — N.S.
I am. — HARVEY GOLDSMITH.

JUST THOUGHT you might be interested in the latest episode of student Punk Paranoia.

I went to see Slaughter & The Dogs at Salford College of Technology. While they were playing "Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone" Wayne Barrett got his answer by a smashed in door and window — no more trouble though.

Next night at Salford University everyone "looking like a punk" was searched, some people three times. I was told to remove my belt as were many others. All dog collars, razor blades, safety pins etc. had to be removed. I had to hand my single safety pin in at the cloakroom and was given a ticket for it!

The Boomtown Rats were playing. Halfway through, the lights went up then they had to stop playing as the ceiling was breaking. Everyone was then cleared out.

Next day it was found that one of the concrete beams had cracked — some pogoing — and consequently all punk bands, maybe all bands have to stop playing there for a while!
COL CHURED, Whalley Range, Manchester.
Just goes to show, they don't build 'em like they used to. A ticket for your safety pin? "Pettiness that plays so rough!" — N.S.

HAVING SEEN Fruit Eating Bears (a punk band) at Southampton University last weekend where admission was 60p when the band came in, and free after they had been on for five minutes, I have to ask these questions:

(1) Is punk dead?

(2) Are the students at Southampton dead?

Kindest regards from one of the two people who actually were standing and occasionally jumped up and down, the band wasn't that bad.
LOS PUNKOS, Mitcham, Surrey.
1. Are the Fruit Eating Bears punk?
2. I'd imagine most were, yes — N.S.

"IT WON'T be on the album and it may not be out at all for very long. So get it while you can. Available only as a single from Saturday, May 28th."

From a back page advert in *NME* (same date) for the Sex Pistols "God Save The Queen" and Virgin "Masters of Hype" Records.

Now who's a B.O.F?
ALAN, Northumberland.
A Virgin S. Pokesman — laughing Al Clark to be exact — told The Bag that although "God Save The Queen" was originally not scheduled to appear on The Pistols album, in view of the fact that it's now five months later, people would expect The Pistols album to be more a "summary" of the group's career. "As many would be disgruntled by leaving off the singles," claimed Big Al.

Anyway, think of the Christmas market. — N.S.

DEAR JULIE Burchill, I have just finished reading your review of "Ha! Ha! Ha!" by Ultravox and I am confused. Why couldn't England score more than two goals against Luxembourg? Yore Pal,
SNOTALE, By The Co-op opposite The Dog and Gun.

Three years of Tory misrule — N.S.

IN THE local evening paper, the *'Evening Post'* 16/9/77, there was a short paragraph stating that a local dance hall, the 'Patti Pavilion', was not to put on rock concerts, even in aid of charity, because of an 'undesirable element' going there to see the concerts. The article did not say what this element was.

Being rather put out by this I went to the Swansea Guildhall to find out exactly why the 'Patti' was closing for concerts.

I asked to see the entertainemnts organiser or manager, Mr Roger Luke. He wasn't in his office. I than asked the girl in the reception could she tell me where he was. She didn't know, but started making phone calls, presumably to different departments in the Guildhall. (Incidentally, the receptionist was very helpful). She asked me why I wanted to see him. I told her, and she seemed understanding.

Finally, she talked to somebody on the phone, presumably Luke and then put down the receiver. I asked again could I see Roger Luke, she said some Committee had made a decision and it couldn't be changed. I said again could I see him personally to ask him why the banning of rock groups (even in aid of charity, mind) and she repeated that some Committee . . . I asked, had any of this mystic Committee ever been to the 'Patti'. "No." I asked how old were the people on the Committee. "Very Old".

Then how did they know what has ever happened any night at the "Patti". They've heard.

I shrugged my shoulders and then the receptionist said "Get a petition".

This is what I would like to do. Do you think it is fair that "very old" people can decide whether you can go and see a rock concert? (Even in aid of charity).

Do you think it is fair that a hall that has been showing rock concerts for years can be shut down for said concerts as easily as that?

I hope you don't. So if *anybody*, young or old, would like to send me a letter complaining about this banning that I can then take on to the Guildhall, I would be really grateful. Or better still, a petition from your area.

This ban stops groups playing and it stops people enjoying themselves, please try and do something about it.
IAN BURNS, 17 Oakridge, Sketty Park, Swansea, South Wales.

CAN I register my usual yearly complaint to the effect that whoever decides which of my cartoons is to be used is picking out a right bunch of rubbish and rejecting all the decent ones? Just to keep readers in the picture and explain the helpless, exploited artists' position.
RAY LOWRY, Manchester.
But I thought your Dylan one was a timeless masterpiece Ray. Gee, cartoonists have no sense of humour. — N.S.

IS THAT *really* N Kent p.27 *NME* October 15th? Yummy.
BORING OLD NUBILE.
What's boring about ol' nubiles — N.K.

REGARDING YOUR *Consumer Guide to the 70's series;* I intend to form a hip easy listening technoflash H.M. band wearing high-heeled glitter wellies. I also hope to gain some new-wave credibility. Do you think I stand a chance?
RON HOPEFUL, Nowheresville, Modogascar, Earth.

Nah, bandwagon jumpers never last. — N.S.

THAT'S some page, that page 94!
DAE WOO, GWENT.

Yeh, it's twenty nine stories high and still growing — CSM.

One good smartass deserves another. — N.S.

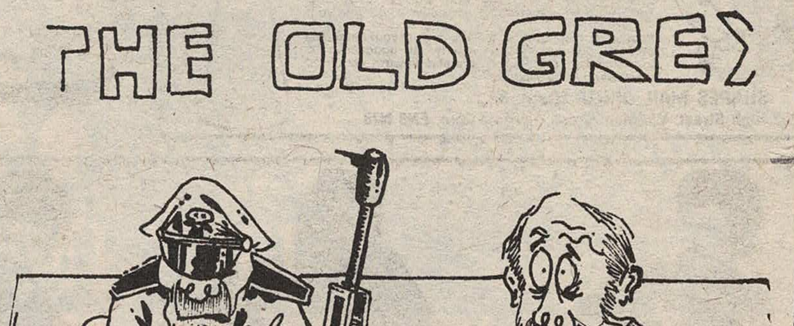
PROMPTED BY Jake Rivera's remarks in that feature on the "Stiff's Greatest Stiffs" tour:—

"Lowe-man is the ligger of the world."

Sorry.
FRANK, Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland.

'S alright, we at Gasbag say "We're all mates with Attica Jake". — N.S.

This lot bagged by NEIL SPENCER



Sent by PETE KNIFTON, Sandiacre, Notts.

In the studio we have Herr Stormhund, lead singer with the group Zyklon-B — the band that bought mass extermination of minority groups out into the open and onto the live stage . . .

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teazers

AND As the leaves continue to fall, New Wave disillusionment sets in. Or is it just grim reality finally showing its head? *T-zers* has it on good authority that the advance **The Boomtown Rats** scored from Ensign (rumoured to be in the region of a quarter of a million quid) was so vast that they had to resort to Well Known Old Wave Scam of recording out of the country to avoid the wrath of the Inland Revenue — for their first album, **Led Zeppelin** were never like this . . .

This week's **Pistols** *T-zer*. Wasn't a certain spending spree in the Pistols' camp another good reason for **McLaren** (the Spirit of **Andrew Oldham** lives) signing his lads to Warners for their one-off US album deal? On same subject, well almost, we hear there is maximum interest from record companies to sign **Glen Matlock's** still guitarless **Rich Kids.** At one time Matlock was keen to recruit **Tom Robinson's** axeman **Danny Kustow.** Those who know about such things, incidentally, maintain that it was Matlock who wrote all of "Pretty Vacant" save for the **Rotten** lyrics . . .

Something better change but not much does: Punks spied turning up in taxis for **Stranglers'** Glasgow gigs.

Surf's up? Rumours of a **Beach Boys** split. **Carl Wilson** is not talking to anyone and staying home, **Dennis Wilson** is touring on his tod to promote his album, while **Mike Love, Al Jardine** and **Brian Wilson** record in Iowa under the name of **Waves . . .**

Not satisfied with raking the ashes once this year, EMI planning Another Big **Beatles** Push. This time it's — "Beatles Love Songs", just in time for Xmas. Competing for your lucre will be a budget **Stones** compilation on Arcade, identical to the "Rolled Gold" set which has been around on Decca for two years. You have been warned . . .

Former Isle of Wight festival promoter **Ricki Farr** now managing **The Tubes . . .**

Jazzer **Miles Davis** apparently fit and healthy again and reported to be guesting on **Joe Zawinul's** imminent solo album, while there's also talk about Miles reforming his old band . . .

While the **Topographic Tokers** make with the boogie at Wembley, their Krass Keyboardsman **Rick Wakeman** is doing an **Elton** by taking over **Nicky Horne's** Capital Radio programme tonight. Must be an improvement — Horne's **Bowie** interview about as scintillating as a double album of turnips growing . . .

Bob Seger claims he loses six pounds weight every time he performs. *T-zers* wonders what kind of state he'd be in if he didn't . . .

After being arrested for illegal possession of a firearm, **Tina Turner,** replying to the judge's fine of $150, said, "I'm a celebrity and need to protect myself!" . . .

Frank Zappa Insults Us All. In a recent interview in the *Toronto Star,* Frank opined, "Most rock journalism is people who can't write interviewing people who can't talk for people who can't read"

US gossip columnist **Liz Smith claims that RCA has signed Elvis'** Dad **Vernon** to do a tour strong on religious songs. It's reported that **Colonel Tom** will put the Whole Show on the road . . .

Aren't they a bit behind the times? *Variety* magazine states that **Robert Stigwood** trying to arrange **Cream** reunion — at least for studio work. **Jack Bruce** refused to comment . . .

New York Liggerama. At apres Madison Square Garden gig party for **Rodders,** one **John Winston Lennon** stole the host's thunder. Held at swank Park Avenue eaterie Regine's, Rod and his gal for the evening, *Bebe Buell* **(Todd Rundgren's** spouse and in the past escorted by **Ron Wood** and **Aerosmith's Steve Tyler)** were enjoying the attentions of all when John and **Yoko** were spotted. It was the Lennons first sortie into New York life since returning from a six month visit to Japan. Despite being Media-Bashed, Dr. O'Boogie, protected by bodyguard, remained pretty schtum, although he did say that he had no intention of going back to work and was a mite perturbed at stealing Rod's glory. John also went out of his way to renew acquaintance with Fleet Street's *Judith Simons,* actually approaching her *(Gawd! — Ed.)* Others present at the post-gig binge who didn't create much of a stir at all were **Steve Harley** and his erstwhile colleague **Duncan MacKay, Fleetwood Mac's Stevie Nicks,** writer **Terry Southern, Robert Palmer, Spencer Davis** and delightful **Carol Bayer Sager . . .**

And as the nationals speculate on whether Bebe is **Stewarts's** new love, we can reveal that she is only one of many. After his Washington gig last week at least five young ladies seen in his hotel room. Only four left before dawn. Bebe wasn't present . . .

More news on Stewart is that the deal American Warners are about to offer him is reported to be the biggest in recording history . . .

Despite **The Jam's** selling out four nights at New Yok's CBGs, *NME* writers in attendance weren't altogether convinced by the group's performance . . .

Also in Noo Yawk **Steve Harley** boasting to anyone who'd listen just how well recording of his first solo album in LA is going . . .

That **Phil Spector** produced **Leonard Cohen** Album "Death Of A Ladies Man" is coming out after all, on Warners in America and CBS over here. As previously reported, all the songs were co-written with Phil Sector and **Dylan** is featured on one cut . . .

Despite denials by **Sabbaff's** singer **Ozzy Osbourne** that he isn't quitting the band, sources close to former **Deep Purple** vocalist **Dave Coverdale** insist that Coverdale is poised to take over Osbourne's slot . . .

David Bowie pleased at not being recognised in Soho pub last week. It's the first public drinking house Bowie has visited in five years. On the other hand, a preening **Freddy Mercury** more than a little put out when photographers failed to respond to his cavorting behind the scenes at last week's British Phonographic Industry's Awards Concert, A Jubilee *(Don't tell me it's still on — Ed)* stunt, the awards included **Queen's** "Bohemian Rhapsody" as Best British Pop Single, **Simon and Garfunkel's** "Bridge Over Troubled Water" as Best International Pop Single, **Cliff Richard** as Best British Solo Artist while **Julie Covington** tied with **Graham Parker** for Most Outstanding New British Recording Artist.

Highlight of the event was a Simon & Garfunkel reunion for "Old Friends" (twice due to technical problems — Artie was not amused) and "The Boxer".

Just in case we didn't make it clear last week, the **Alternative TV** single "Love Lies Limp" is only available as a freebie with the current anniversary ish of *Sniffin' Glue . . .*

And finally, How Much More Establishment Can You Get? Earlier in the week **The Stones** unwittingly thwarted Ruskie spy ships listening in on a NATO exercise when a pilot jammed the air-waves with a Stones tape. Is nothing sacred? . . .

YOUR WEEKLY TRIAL

THE ACKLAM Hall under London's Westway was the venue for scenes of wild boredom last Thursday when Stiff and Chiswick Records ran the first of their talent competitions for bands trying to get the big break.

Groups were invited to play free for the eyes and ears of Stiff / Chiswick bosses, admission to the public was free, and visiting A & R men from rival companies were asked to cough up twenty nicker for the privilege of eavesdropping on the talent. Which was . . . not very talentful according to most witnesses. An exception were Wild Thing (top pic) who put on the evening's most energetic set, whilst Clutch Plate (inset) apparently inspired one member of the audience to remove all his clothes (censored).

If it's as yet not known whether either of London's grassroots companies signed these or any of the other four groups who played, but the public response was not overwhelming. Next month's projected concert includes four all female bands. Wizzard wheeze chaps!

Pix: ROBERT HALL

NEXT WEEK IN NME

It's been two years since the last WHO album; two years in which PETE TOWNSHEND has found himself totally unable to write songs or do interviews. Instead, he's been writing an article / statement / soliloquy / self-examination . . . a document to explain himself in his own way, in his own write. The exclusive British publication of

THE TOWNSHEND FILE

starts next week in NME.

Advertising
'Lipstick' single EMI 2710

We at NME say that

Due to a problem at our printers, this week's NME has had to be restricted in size. Some sections of the paper — notably On The Town and Albums — have suffered space contractions due to circumstances beyond our control. Our apologies to any readers or advertisers inconvenienced by this paging restriction — we hope to be back to normal next week.

It can only get better!

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Dave Lewis/SOUNDS

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defiance and originality that keeps
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'Instrumentally the album is loaded with muscle...'
Nick Kent/NME

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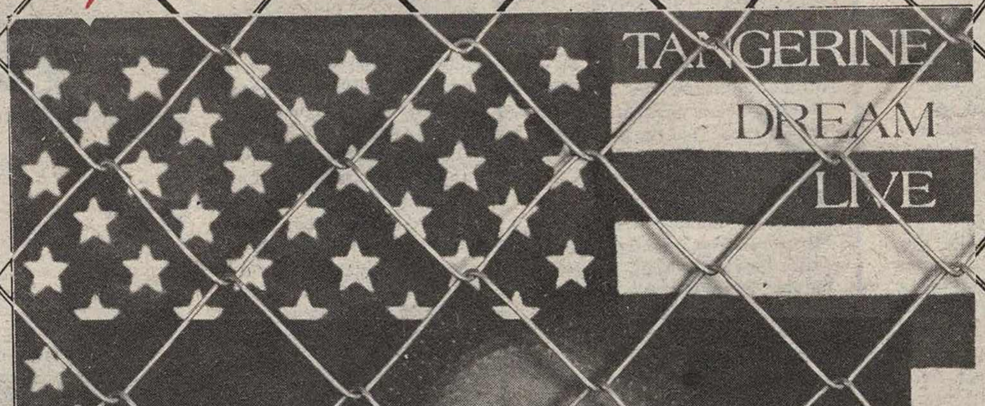
DANGER LIVE

TANGERINE DREAM ENCORE



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